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*Illustrated poems and songs for
young people, ed. by mrs. [L.D.] ...*

Illustrated poems



600050624N

ILLUSTRATED POEMS AND SONGS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

EDITED BY
MRS. SALE BARKER



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., BIRKET FOSTER, HARRISON WEIR, ROBERT BARNES, J. WOLF,
J. B. ZWECKER, J. D. WATSON,
AND OTHERS

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NEW BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

LITTLE WIDE-AWAKE. Edited by Mrs. SALE BARKER. With Original Illustrations by M. E. EDWARDS, HAL LUDLOW, A. W. COOPER, and other Artists.

THE FEATHERS AND FUR PICTURE BOOK. With Thirty-two full-page Illustrations printed in Colours, and numerous Woodcuts.

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GOLDEN HOURS. By Mrs. SALE BARKER. With Illustrations from designs by M. E. EDWARDS, in the highest style of Chromo-Lithography.

PREFACE.

WHEN the Publishers asked me to compile this Book, I anticipated a considerable amount of pleasure in the work before me. I need scarcely say that my anticipations were more than realized. In selecting poetry fitted for young people I necessarily searched through many poems suitable both for young and old, nearly all of which afforded me great pleasure.

Poems, or portions of poems, from all, or almost all, the eminent Poets will be found here—both the living and the dead. That the young people for whom this Book has been especially prepared will thoroughly enjoy the feast before them I have little doubt. Not only will that love of poetry, inherent in the young, be gratified, but their taste for art will be improved and gratified also, in gazing upon the number of beautiful cuts with which this work is filled. On nearly every page will be found Illustrations by Artists whose names are no less eminent than those of the Poets.

Within these pages will be found poems of all sorts—grave and gay, pathetic and humorous—the best of each kind, to suit the minds of young readers, from an early age to those who are more advanced; so that the little ones still in the nursery may find as much pleasure in “Poems and Songs” as their sisters in the school-room, or “the boys home for the holidays.”

Perhaps these pages may be glanced over by others than young people. Let me venture to hope that they may find favour in their eyes also. Indeed, I scarcely think they can fail to do so—for who could help being pleased with poetry gleaned from most of the best Poets, and pictures from the pencils of some of our best Artists?

In appearing so sure of the success of this Book, I feel I do not lay myself open to the charge of vanity or conceit, for my work can deserve no praise,—any more than the butler who places the meats before the guests can be praised for the excellence of the dinner.

I have thought it best in the arrangement of “Poems and Songs” to place all the poems of each Author together, and that each Poet should stand as his name came alphabetically.

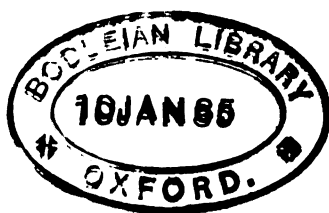
In speeding this Book upon its journey into the world, I feel I am parting with a good friend, whose presence has occupied and cheered me through dark hours; each song and poem exercising some brightening or softening influence of its own on me, like the separate good qualities of some valued friend.

I speed it in its present form only, as one of the public, to welcome it in another; and this I sincerely hope all the rest of the public may do.

I have only to add my best thanks to the Authors who have given kind permission to publish the following poems:—Mr. WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, “Robin Redbreast,” page 9; “Outward Bound,” page 11; “Homeward Bound,” page 12. Dr. W. C. BENNETT, “Baby May,” page 37; “Lullaby,” page 39; “Those Little Blue Shoes,” page 36; “Cradle Song,” page 40. Mr. ROBERT BROWNING, “How they Brought the Good News,” page 46; “The Pied Piper of Hamelin,” page 47. Miss AMELIA B. EDWARDS, “My Jessie,” page 95.

My best thanks are due also to the Publishers of the late CANON KINGSLEY for permitting the following poems to appear in these pages:—“The Lost Doll,” “A Farewell,” “The Sands of Dee,” “The Three Fishers”; also to Miss ROSSETTI for kind permission to publish several of her charming little poems.

LUCY D. SALE BARKER.



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THE STREET OF BY-AND-BYE.

OH, shun the spot, my youthful friends, I urge you to beware !
 Beguiling is the pleasant way, and softly breathes the air ;
 Yet none have ever passed to scenes ennobling, great and high,
 Who once began to linger in the street of By-and-bye.

How varied are the images arising to my sight,
 Of those who wished to shun the wrong, who loved and prized the right
 Yet from the silken bonds of sloth they vainly strove to fly,
 Which held them gently prisoned in the street of By-and-bye.

A youth aspired to climb the height of Learning's lofty hill ;
 What dimmed his bright intelligence ?—what quelled his earnest will ?
 Why did the object of his quest still mock his wistful eye ?—
 Too long, alas ! he tarried in the street of By-and-bye.

"My projects thrive," the merchant said ;—"when doubled is my store
 How freely shall my ready gold be showered among the poor !"
 Vast grew his wealth, yet strove he not the mourner's tear to dry ;
 He never journeyed onward from the street of By-and-bye !

"Forgive thy erring brother, he has wept and suffered long !"
 I said to one ; who answered—"He hath done me grievous wrong ;
 Yet will I seek my brother, and forgive him ere I die."
 Alas ! Death shortly found him in the street of By-and-bye !

The wearied worldling muses upon lost and wasted days,
 Resolved to turn **HEREAFTER** from the error of his ways,
 To lift his grovelling thoughts from earth, and fix them on the sky ;
 Why does he linger fondly in the street of By-and-bye ?

Then shun the spot, my youthful friends ; work on while yet you may ;
 Let not old age o'ertake you as you slothfully delay,
 Lest you should gaze around you, and discover with a sigh,
 You have reached the house of "Never"—by the street of "By-and-bye."

—ABDY.

THE MISTAKEN STAG.

Fable in Verse.

A HANDSOME stag, one summer's day
Was wandering near a lake,
And walking in to cool his feet,
Said: "Here a rest I'll take."

And looking down into the stream,
Reflected saw his head,
His splendid antlers branching out,
His nostrils gleaming red

Then glancing at his slender legs,
He thought them poor and small,
Felt angry at the slim, slight things,
And wished he'd none at all.

Just then an angry growl was heard,
A lion came in sight;
The stag, with beating heart sprang up,
And rapidly took flight.



The slender legs he had abused
Did him good service now,
The lion soon was left behind,
The stag knew scarcely how.

But so it was; those active legs
And little nimble feet
Had galloped swiftly o'er the turf,
And made a good retreat.

Poor stag! he reaches now a wood,
And thinks he'll shelter find;
He's filled with joy—the lion too:
They're of the self-same mind.

The savage lion sees the stag
Plunge in amongst the trees,
His horns are caught, he cannot move,
His blood now seems to freeze.

The lion quickly follows him:
And, when it is too late,
The stag, with bitter self-reproach,
Bemoans his hapless fate.

"I have indeed deceived myself;
Oh! Woe is me!" he cries;
"My antlers, which I valued so,
Have wrought my death," he sighs.

"My slender legs, my little feet,
Which I did so despise,
Did all they could to save my life,"
And so the poor stag dies.

A warning, children, we may take
From this old tale so sad:
We often think what's bad is best,
And what is good is bad.

—ÆSOP.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

Fable in Verse.

A LION was sleeping one hot summer's day,
Enjoying his afternoon doze,
But I don't think he snored in a lionlike way,
For a mouse ran right over his nose.

The lion was tickled, and woke in a rage;
The poor little mouse shook with fear;
He murmured,—“Oh, sir, spare my life! I'll
engage
You'll never again find me near.”

The lion said,—“No, your last moment is here,”
And, indeed, he looked terribly grim:
“For your children and wife you may drop just a
tear,
Then I'll eat you, for that is my whim.”

The little mouse cried,—“If my life you but spare,
Your kindness indeed I'll repay;”
The grim lion looked and said,—“How can you dare
Talk nonsense to me in this way?



“A pigmy like you neither friend is nor foe,”
But the lion looked kind as he spoke;
He smiled, as he said,—“There, I *will* let you
go:
Now I'll sleep as I did ere I woke.”

The glad little mouse ran off very fast;
A grateful and gay mouse was he;
He thought to himself though the danger was
past,
“How good was that lion to me!”

Now before very long,—so old stories tell,—
The lion by hunters was caught;
He was wounded, and bound with strong ropes where
he fell,
And his strength then seemed turned into nought.

The mouse heard the roar, which once frightened
him so;
The cause he now hastened to see,— [woe,
Set to work with his teeth, when he saw his friend's
Gnawed the rope through, and so set him free.

Now you see, little people, the weak and the small,
With a will can do good if they choose
Be grateful, and active, and helpful to all,
While you're children,—there's no time to lose.
—Æsop.

THE BALD KNIGHT.

Fable in Verse.

A PARTY of huntsmen went hunting one day
On their horses so gallant and brave;
Among them a knight with a wig on his head;
He was bald, and indeed did not shave.

When his horse jumped, and pranced, and cur-
vetted about,
He thought of his fine head of hair,
Put his hand to his head—a wry look on his face,
Then a smile, when he found the wig there.



He thought with alarm, and a sinking of heart,
How he might lose his wig in the run;
How cold he would be, how absurd he would
look;
How the others would think it good fun.

Before very long he detested his wig,
To him such a trouble and bore,
A weight on his mind, as well as his head,
It troubled him still more and more.

At last the wind rose, and blew a great puff,
Away went the hat and the wig;
The poor knight was bald, his friends laughed
aloud,
But the knight cared for that not one fig.

At least if he did, he concealed well his pain,
And joined in the joke with great glee,
He pulled up his horse, laughed as loud as the rest,
Said: "No wonder the wig has left me,

"The hairs in my wig once grew on a head,
That head is now shaven and shorn,
What wonder they left me who am a new friend,
When they left him with whom they were born?"
—Æsop.

THE WOLF AND THE CRANE.

Fable in Verse.

ONE day a hungry, greedy wolf,
In eating much too fast,
Had lodged a bone within his throat,
Each moment seemed his last.

He cried for help, and struggled hard,
His breath could scarcely draw;
His pain and anguish sharper grew,
He suffered more and more.



At last a crane was passing near,
And, coming close, she said :—
“For money I will take it out,”
Wolf said :—“Your fortune’s made.

‘I’ll freely give so large a sum
That rich you’ll ever be;
Pray take this horrid bone away
That now is torturing me.”

It was agreed, and Mrs. Crane,
Although she was alone,
Thrust head and neck right down his throat,
And soon brought up the bone.

Then having done what she agreed,
And seeing Wolf at ease,
She said :—“I’m glad I fished it out,
And now, my payment, please.”

The thankless wolf said :—“Payment, no!
Enough you have your head;
When once within my jaws, I might
Have snapped it off instead.”

—ÆSOP.

THE ROBIN.

SEE, mamma, what a sweet little prize I have found!
A robin that lay half-benumbed on the ground.
I caught him and fed him and warmed in my breast,
And now he's as nimble and blithe as the best.

Look, look, how he flutters!—He'll slip from my hold:
Ah, rogue! you've forgotten both hunger and cold!
But indeed 't is in vain, for I shan't set you free,
For all your whole life you're a prisoner for me.



Well housed and well fed, in your cage you will sing
And make our dull winter as gay as the spring,
But stay,—sure 't is cruel, with wings made to soar,
To be shut up in prison, and never fly more.

And I, who have so often longed for a flight,
Shall I keep you prisoner?—Mamma—is it right?
No, come, pretty robin, I must set you free,—
For your whistle, though sweet, would sound sadly to
me.
—LUCY AIKIN.



THE BEGGAR MAN.

THE BEGGAR MAN.

AROUND the fire, one wintry night,
The farmer's rosy children sat ;
The faggot lent its blazing light,
And jokes went round, and careless chat.

When, hark ! a gentle hand they hear
Low tapping at the bolted door ;
And thus, to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard t' implore.



"Cold blows the blast across the moor,
The sleet drives hissing, in the wind,
Yon toilsome mountain lies before—
A dreary, treeless waste behind.

"My eyes are weak and dim with age,
No road, no path, can I descry ;
And these poor rags ill stand the rage
Of such a keen inclement sky.

"So faint I am—these tottering feet
No more my feeble frame can bear ;
My sinking heart forgets to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

"Open your hospitable door,
And shield me from the biting blast ;
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
The weary moor that I have passed."

With hasty steps the farmer ran,
And close beside the fire they place
The poor half-frozen beggar man,
With shaking limbs, and pallid face.

The little children flocking came,
And warmed his stiffening hands in theirs,
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheered his drooping soul,
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
The big round tear was seen to roll,
And told the thanks he could not speak.



The children, too, began to sigh,
And all their merry chat was o'er ;
And yet they felt, they knew not why,
More glad than they had done before

—LUCY AIKIN.



ROBIN REDBREAST.

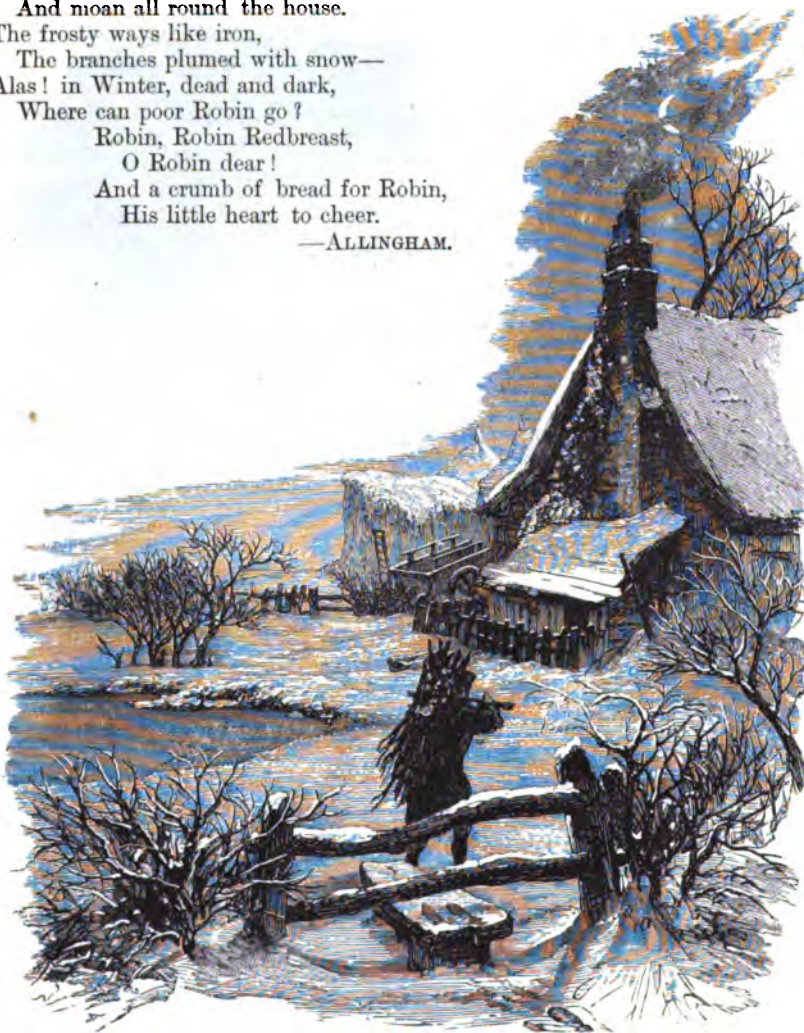
A child's song.

GOOD BYE, good bye to Summer,
For Summer's nearly done ;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun.
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away—
But Robin's here, in coat of brown,
With ruddy breast-knot gay.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear !
Robin sings so sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts ;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts.
The leathery pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough ;

It's Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,
'T will soon be Winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear !
And what will this poor Robin do !
For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheatstack for the mouse,
When trembling night-winds whistle
And moan all round the house.
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow—
Alas! in Winter, dead and dark,
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer.
—ALLINGHAM.





OUTWARD BOUND.

CLINK-CLINK-CLINK ! goes our windlass.
"Ahoy!"—"Haul in!"—"Let go!"
Yards braced and sails set,—
Flags uncurl and flow.
Some eyes that watch from shore are wet,
(How bright their welcome shone!)
While, bending softly to the breeze,
And rushing through the parted seas,
Our gallant ship glides on.

Though one has left a sweetheart,
And one has left a wife,
'Twill never do to mope and fret,
Or curse a sailor's life.
See, far away they signal yet—
They dwindle—fade—they're gone!
For dashing outwards, bold and brave,
And springing light from wave to wave,
Our merry ship flies on.

Gay spreads the sparkling ocean :
But many a gloomy night
And stormy morrow must be met
Ere next we heave in sight.
The parting look we'll ne'er forget,
The kiss, the benison,
As round the rolling world we go.
God bless you all!—blow, breezes, blow!
Sail on, good ship, sail on !

—ALLINGHAM.



HOMeward BOUND.

HEAD the ship for England !
Shake out every sail !
Blithe leap the billows,
Merry sings the gale.
Captain, work the reck'ning—
How many knots a day ?
Round the world and home again,
That's the sailor's way.

We've traded with the Yankees,
Brazilians, and Chinese,
We've laughed with dusky beauties
In shade of high palm-trees.
Across the Line and Gulf Stream,
Round by Table Bay,
Everywhere and home again,
That's the sailor's way !

Nightly stands the North Star
Higher on our bow,
Straight we run for England,
Our thoughts are in it now.
Jolly time with friends ashore,
When we've drawn our pay—
All about and home again,
That's the sailor's way !

Tom will to his parents,
Jack will to his dear,
Joe to wife and children,
Bob to pipes and beer,
Dicky to the dancing-room
To hear the fiddles play—
Round the world and home again,
That's the sailor's way !

—ALLINGHAM.



KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS.

SIR JOHN and Sir Bevis were knights of old,
 Who went to the Holy Land ;
 Each had a spirit free and bold,
 Each had a firm, strong hand ;
 Each showed, by the cross upon his vest,
 He had chosen the Christian's part—
 'Tis one thing to wear it upon the breast,
 Another, within the heart.
 Wise in counsel, and bold in fight,
 Tell me which was the Christian knight ?

Sir John, he prized the wine-cup well,
 And sat at the banquet long,
 He loved the boastful tale to tell,
 And to sing the boisterous song.
 He slew the foe who for mercy cried,
 And burned his castle down.
 He wasted the country, far and wide,
 And won what he called renown ;
 But his deeds were hateful in Heaven's sight,
 Let no one call him a Christian knight.

Sir Bevis supported the widows' cause,
 And upheld the orphans' claim—
 Did good, but never for man's applause,
 For little he sought for fame.
 When his most bitter foe he found
 Bleeding upon the plain,
 His thirst he quenched, and his wounds he bound,
 And brought him to life again.
 Gentle in peace, as brave in fight,
 Was not Sir Bevis a Christian knight ?

Those warlike times, they have passed away—
 Knights wear the Red Cross no more ;
 But contrasts exist in modern day,
 Great as in days of yore.
 Gentle, generous, true, and kind,
 E'en in the child we see ;
 That he may be of a chivalrous mind,
 Though but of a low degree.
 Guarding the weak, and loving the right,
 Be each British boy as a Christian knight.
 —A. L. O. E.



THE WAVES ON THE SEA-SHORE

ROLL on, roll on, you restless waves,
That toss about and roar;
Why do you all run back again
When you have reached the shore?

Roll on, roll on, you noisy waves,
Roll higher up the strand;
How is it that you cannot pass
That line of yellow sand?

Make haste, or else the tide will turn;
Make haste, you noisy sea;
Roll quite across the bank, and then
Far on across the lea.

"We must not dare," the Waves reply:
"That line of yellow sand
Is laid along the shore to bound
The waters and the land;

"And all should keep to time and place,
And all should keep to rule,
Both waves upon the sandy shore,
And little boys at school."

—AUNT EFFIE



THE LITTLE BOY AND THE STARS.

You little twinkling stars, that shine
Above my head so high,
If I had but a pair of wings,
I'd join you in the sky.

I am not happy lying here,
With neither book nor toy;
For I am sent to bed, because
I've been a naughty boy.

If you will listen, little stars,
I'll tell you all I did:
I only said I would not do
The thing that I was bid!

I'm six years old this very day,
And I can write and read,
And not to have my own way yet
Is very hard indeed.

I do not know how old you are,
Or whether you can speak;
But you may twinkle all night long,
And play at hide-and-seek.

If I were with you, little stars,
How merrily we'd roll
Across the skies and through the clouds,
And round about the Pole!

The moon, that once was round and full,
Is now a silver boat;
We'd launch it off that bright-edged cloud,
And then—how we should float!

Does anybody say, "Be still,"
When you would dance or play?
Does anybody hinder you
When you would have your way?

Oh! tell me, little stars, for much
I wonder why you go
The whole night long from east to west,
So patiently and slow?

"We have a Father, little child,
Who guides us on our way;
We never question—when He speaks
We listen and obey."

—AUNT EFFIE.



DAME DUCK'S FIRST LECTURE ON EDUCATION.

OLD Mother Duck has hatched a brood
Of Ducklings, small and callow :
Their little wings are short, their down
Is mottled grey and yellow.

There is a quiet little stream
That runs into the moat,
Where tall green sedges spread their leaves,
And water-lilies float.

Close by the margin of the brook
The old Duck made her nest,
Of straw, and leaves, and withered grass,
And down from her own breast.

And there she sat for four long weeks,
In rainy days and fine,
Until the Ducklings all came out—
Four, five, six, seven, eight, nine.

One peeped out from beneath her wing,
One scrambled on her back :
"That's very rude," said old Dame Duck,
"Get off! quack, quack, quack, quack !

"Tis close," said Dame Duck, shoving out
The egg-shells with her bill :
"Besides, it never suits young ducks
To keep them sitting still."

So, rising from her nest, she said,
"Now, children, look at me :
A well-bred duck should waddle so,
From side to side—d' ye see ?"

"Yes," said the little ones, and then
She went on to explain :
"A well-bred duck turns in its toes
As I do :—try again."

"Yes," said the Ducklings, waddling on :
"That's better," said their mother ;
"But well-bred ducks walk in a row,
Straight—one behind another."

"Yes," said the little Ducks again,
All waddling in a row.
"Now to the pond," said old Dame Duck :
Splash, splash ! and in they go.

"Let me swim first," said old Dame Duck,
"To this side, now to that :
There, snap at those great brown-winged flies,
They make young ducklings fat.

"Now, when you reach the poultry-yard,
The hen-wife, Molly Head,
Will feed you with the other fowls,
On bran and mashed-up bread.

THE CLOCKING-HEN.

"The hens will peck and fight, but
mind,
I hope that all of you
Will gobble up the food as fast
As well-bred ducks should do.



"You'd better get into the dish,
Unless it is too small;
In that case, I should use my foot,
And overturn it all."

The Ducklings did as they were bid,
And found the plan so good,
That, from that day, the other fowls
Got hardly any food.

—AUNT EFFIE.

THE CLOCKING-HEN.

"WILL you take a walk with me,
My little wife, to-day?
There's barley in the barley-field,
And hay-seed in the hay."

"Thank you," said the Clocking-Hen;
"I've something else to do;
I'm busy sitting on my eggs,—
I cannot walk with you.



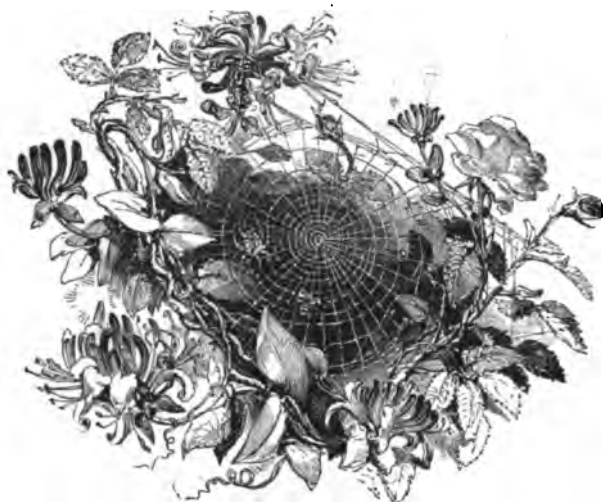
- "Clock, clock, clock, clock!"
Said the Clocking-Hen:
"My little chicks will soon be hatched,
I'll think about it then."

The Clocking-Hen sat on her nest,
She made it in the hay;
And warm and snug beneath her breast
A dozen white eggs lay.

Crack, crack! went all the eggs;
Out dropped the chickens small!
"Clock!" said the Clocking-Hen,
"Now I have you all.

"Come along, my little chicks,
I'll take a walk with *you*."
"Hollo!" said the Barn-door Cock,
"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

—AUNT EFFIE.



A COBWEB MADE TO ORDER.

A HUNGRY Spider made a web
Of thread so very fine,
Your tiny fingers scarce could feel
The little slender line.
 Round-about, and round-about,
 And round-about it spun,
 Straight across and back again,
 Until the web was done.

Oh, what a pretty shining web
It was, when it was done!
The little Flies all came to see
It hanging in the sun.
 Round-about, and round-about,
 And round-about they danced,
 Across the web and back again
 They darted and they glanced.

The hungry Spider sat and watched
The happy little Flies ;
It saw all round about its head,
It had so many eyes.
 Round-about, and round-about,
 And round-about they go,
 Across the web and back again,
 Now high—now low.

“I am hungry, very hungry,”
Said the Spider to a Fly
“If you were caught within the web,
You very soon should die.”
 But round-about, and round-about,
 And round-about once more,
 Across the web and back again
 They fitted as before.

For all the Flies were much too wise
To venture near the Spider ;
They flapped their little wings, and flew
In circles rather wider.

 Round-about, and round-about,
 And round-about went they,
 Across the web and back again,
 And then they flew away.

—AUNT EFFIE.



THE GREAT BROWN OWL.

THE brown Owl sits in the ivy-bush,
And she looketh wondrous wise
With a horny beak beneath her cowl,
And a pair of large round eyes.

She sat all day on the self-same spray,
From sunrise till sunset ;
And the dim grey light, it was all too bright
For the Owl to see in yet.

"Jenny Owlet, Jenny Owlet," said a merry little Bird,
"They say you're wondrous wise ;
But I don't think you see, though you're looking at
me
With your large, round, shining eyes."

But night came soon, and the pale white moon
Rolled high up in the skies ;
And the great brown Owl flew away in her cowl
With her large, round, shining eyes.

—AUNT EFFIE.





THE LITTLE HARE.

Beyond the palings of the park
A Hare had made her form,
Beneath a drooping fern, that made
A shelter snug and warm.

She slept until the daylight came,
And all things were awake,
And then the Hare, with noiseless steps,
Crept softly from the brake.

She stroked her whiskers with her paws,
Looked timidly around
With open eyes, and ears erect
That caught the smallest sound.

The Field-Mouse rustled in the grass,
The Squirrel in the trees,
But Puss was not at all afraid
Of common sounds like these.

She frisked and gambolled with delight,
And cropped a leaf or two
Of clover and of tender grass,
That glistened in the dew.

What was it, then, that made her start,
And run away so fast?
She heard the distant sound of hounds,
She heard the huntsman's blast.

Tally-ho!—hoy! tally-ho!
The hounds are in full cry;
Ehew! ehew!—in scarlet coats
The men are sweeping by.

So off she set with a spring and a bound,
Over the meadows and open ground,
Faster than hunter and faster than hound
And on—and on—till she lost the sound,
And away went the little Hare.

—AUNT EFFIE.



PUSSY-CAT.

Pussy-Cat lives in the servants' hall,
 She can set up her back, and purr;
 The little Mice live in a crack in the wall,
 But they hardly dare venture to stir;

For whenever they think of taking the air,
 Or filling their little maws,
 The Pussy-Cat says, "Come out, if you dare;
 I will catch you all with my claws."

Scrabble, scrabble, scrabble! went all the little Mice,
 For they smelt the Cheshire cheese.
 The Pussy-Cat said, "It smells very nice,
 Now *do* come out, if you please."

"Squeak!" said the little Mouse; "squeak, squeak,
 squeak!"
 Said all the young ones too,
 "We never creep out when cats are about,
 Because we're afraid of *you*."

So the cunning old Cat lay down on a mat
By the fire in the servants' hall :
"If the little Mice peep, they'll think I'm asleep,"
So she rolled herself up like a ball.

"Squeak!" said the little Mouse, "we'll creep out
And eat some Cheshire cheese ;
That silly old Cat is asleep on the mat,
And we may sup at our ease."

Nibble, nibble, nibble ! went all the little Mice,
And they licked their little paws ;
Then the cunning old Cat sprang up from the mat,
And caught them all with her claws.

—AUNT EFFIE.

THE TURTLE-DOVE'S NEST.

VERY high in the pine-tree,
The little Turtle-Dove
Made a pretty little nursery,
To please her little love.
She was gentle, she was soft,
And her large dark eye
Often turned to her mate,
Who was sitting close by.

"Coo," said the Turtle-Dove
"Coo," said she.
"Oh, I love thee," said the Turtle-Dove :
"And I love *thee*."
In the long shady branches
Of the dark pine-tree,
How happy were the Doves
In their little nursery !



The young Turtle-Doves
Never quarrelled in the nest ;
For they dearly loved each other,
Though they loved their mother best.
"Coo," said the little Doves :
"Coo," said she.
And they played together kindly
In the dark pine-tree.

Is this nursery of yours,
Little sister, little brother,
Like the Turtle-Dove's nest—
Do you love one another ?
Are you kind, are you gentle,
As children ought to be ?
Then the happiest of nests
Is your own nursery.

—AUNT EFFIE

LITTLE RAIN-DROPS.



WHERE do you come from,
You little Drops of Rain,
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
Down the window pane?

They won't let me walk,
And they won't let me play,
And they won't let me go
Out of doors at all to-day.

They put away my playthings
Because I broke them all,
And then they locked up all my bricks,
And took away my ball.

Tell me, little Rain-Drops,
Is that the way you play,
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
All the rainy day?

They say I'm very naughty,
But I've nothing else to do
But sit here at the window;
I should like to play with you.

The little Rain-Drops cannot speak,
But "pitter-patter-pat"
Means, "We can play on *this* side,
Why can't you play on *that*?"

—AUNT EFFIE.





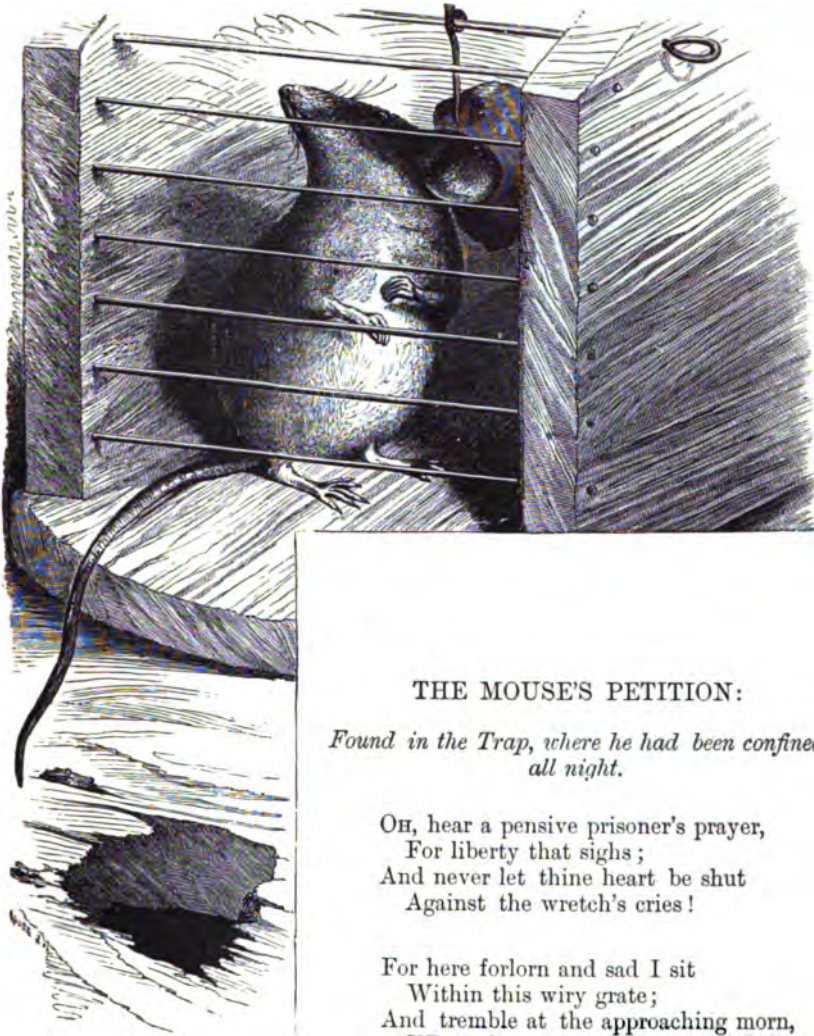
THE OLD SOLDIER.

THE night comes on apace ;
Chill blows the blast, and drives the snow in wreaths.
Now every creature looks around for shelter ;
And whether man or beast, all move alike
Towards their homes, and happy they who have
A house to screen them from the piercing cold !
Lo ! o'er the frost a reverend form advances,
His hair white as the snow on which he treads,
His forehead marked with many a careworn furrow,
Whose feeble body, bending o'er a staff,
Shows still that once it was the seat of strength,
Though now it shakes like some old ruined tower.
Clothéd indeed, but not disgraced, with rags,
He still maintains that decent dignity
Which well becomes those who have served their
country.

With tottering steps he gains the cottage door :
The wife within, who hears his hollow cough,
And pattering of the stick upon the threshold,
Sends out her little boy to see who's there.
The child looks up to mark the stranger's face,
And seeing it enlightened with a smile,
Holds out his tiny hand to lead him in.
Round from her work the mother turns her head,
And views them, not ill pleased.
The stranger whines not with a piteous tale,
But only asks a little to relieve

A poor old soldier's wants.
The gentle matron brings the ready chair,
And bids him sit to rest his weary limbs,
And warm himself before her blazing fire.
The children, full of curiosity,
Flock round, and with their fingers in their mouths,
Stand staring at him ; while the stranger, pleased,
Takes up the youngest urchin on his knee.
Proud of its seat, it wags its little feet,
And prates and laughs, and plays with his white locks.
But soon a change comes o'er the soldier's face ;
His thoughtful mind is turned on other days,
When his own boys were wont to play around him,
Who now lie distant from their native land
In honourable but untimely graves ;
He feels how helpless and forlorn he is,
And big round tears course down his withered cheeks.
His toilsome daily labour at an end,
In comes the wearied master of the house,
And marks with satisfaction his old guest
In the chief seat, with all the children round him ;
His honest heart is filled with manly kindness,—
He bids him stay and share their homely meal,
And take with them his quarters for the night.
The aged wanderer thankfully accepts,
And by the simple hospitable board
Forgets the by-past hardships of the day.

—JOANNA BAILLIE



THE MOUSE'S PETITION:

*Found in the Trap, where he had been confined
all night.*

OH, hear a pensive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs ;
And never let thine heart be shut
Against the wretch's cries !

For here forlorn and sad I sit
Within this wiry grate ;
And tremble at the approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glowed,
And spurned a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong, oppressive force
A free-born mouse detain !

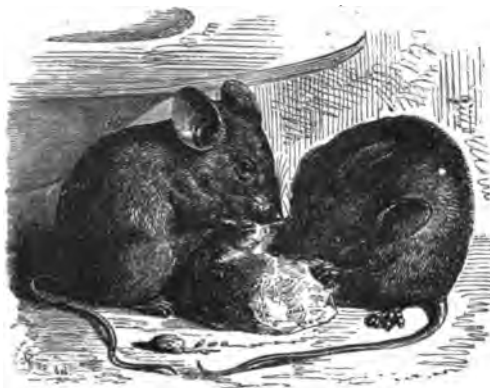
Oh! do not stain with guiltless blood
Thy hospitable hearth!
Nor triumph that thy wiles betrayed
A prize so little worth.

The scattered gleamings of a feast
My frugal meals supply ;
But if thy unrelenting heart
That slender boon deny,—

The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are blessings widely given;
Let Nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of Heaven.

So when destruction works unseen,
Which man, like mice, may share,
May some kind angel clear thy path,
And break the hidden snare.

—MRS. BARBAULD.



MISADVENTURES AT MARGATE.

I was in Margate last July,—I walked upon the pier,—
I saw a little vulgar boy—I said, “What want you here?
The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything but joy.”
Again I said, “What make you here, you little vulgar boy?”

He frowned,—that little vulgar boy—he deemed I meant to scoff—
And when the little heart is big, a little “sets it off;”
He put his finger in his mouth,—his little bosom rose,—
He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose!

“Hark! don’t you hear, my little man? it’s striking nine,” I said,
“An hour when all good little boys and girls should be in bed;
Run home and get your supper, else your ma’ will scold—oh, fie!—
It’s very wrong, indeed it is, for little boys to cry!”

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring,
His bosom throbbed with agony—he cried like anything!
I stopped, and, ‘midst his sobs, I heard him murmur, “Ah!
I hav’n’t got no supper! and I hav’n’t got no ma’!

“My father he is on the seas,—my mother’s dead and gone!
And I am here, on this here pier, to roam the world alone;
I have not had, this live-long day, one drop to cheer my heart,
Nor ‘brown’ to buy a bit of bread with,—let alone a tart.

“If there’s a soul will give me food, or find me in employ,
By day or night, then ‘blow me tight’” (he was a vulgar boy);
“And now I’m here, from this here pier it is my fixed intent
To jump—as many a chap has done, from off the monument.”

"Cheer up! cheer up! my little man—cheer up!" I kindly said;
 "You are a naughty boy to take such things into your head:
 If you should jump from off this pier, you'd surely break your legs,
 Perhaps your neck—then Bogy'd have you, sure as eggs are eggs!"

"Come home with me, my little man—come home with me and sup;
 My landlady is Mrs. Jones—we must not keep her up:—
 There's roast potatoes on the fire,—enough for me and you—
 Come home, you little vulgar boy—I lodge at number two."

I took him home to number two,—with charitable joy—
 I bade him wipe his dirty shoes—he was a vulgar boy,—
 And then I said to Mrs. Jones—the kindest of her sex—
 "Pray, be so good as go and fetch a pint of double X."

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little noise;
 She said she "did not like to wait on little vulgar boys."
 She with her apron wiped the plates, and, as she rubbed the delf,
 Said, "I might go to—Jericho, and fetch the beer myself."

I did not go to Jericho—I went to Mr. Cobb—
 I changed a shilling (which in town the people call a "bob");
 It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar child,
 And I said, "A pint of double X—and please to draw it mild!"

When I came back, I gazed about—I gazed on stool and chair—
 I could not see my little friend—because he was not there!
 I peeped beneath the table-cloth—beneath the sofa too,—
 I said, "You little vulgar boy! why, what's become of you?"

I could not see my table-spoons:—I looked, but couldn't see
 The little fiddle-pattern ones I use when I'm at tea;—
 I couldn't see my sugar-tongs—my silver watch—oh dear!
 I know 't was on the mantelpiece when I went out for beer.

I couldn't see my Mackintosh!—it was not to be seen!
 Nor yet my best white beaver hat,—broad-brimmed, and lined with green;
 My carpet-bag—my cruet-stand,—that holds my sauce and soy—
 My roast potatoes! all are gone!—and so's that vulgar boy!

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones, for she was down below;—
 "Oh, Mrs. Jones! what do you think? ain't this a pretty go?—
 That horrid little vulgar boy, whom I brought here to-night,
 He's stolen my things and run away."—Says she, "And *serve* you right!"

Next morning I was up betimes—I sent the crier round,
 All with his bell and gold-laced hat, to say I'd give a pound
 To find that little vulgar boy, who'd gone and used me so;
 But when the crier cried "*O yes!*" the people cried "*O no!*"

I went down to the "landing-place,"—the glory of the town,
 There was a common sailor-man a-walking up and down:
 I told my tale—he seemed to think I'd not been treated well;
 He called me "Poor green buffer!"—what that means I cannot tell.

That sailor-man he said he'd seen, that morning on the shore,
 A son—of something—'t was a name I never heard before—
 A little "gallows-looking chap,"—dear me, what could he mean?
 With a "carpet-swat," and "mucking togs," and a hat turned up with green.

He spoke about his "*precious eyes*," and said he'd seen him "sheer,"—
It's very odd that sailor-men should talk so very queer;
And then he hitched his trousers up, as is, I'm told, their use,—
It's very odd that sailor-men should wear those things so loose.

A landsman said, "I *twig* the chap,—he's been upon the '*mill*,'
And 'cause he *gammons* so the *flats*, ve calls him Veeping Bill!"
He said "he'd *done me wery brown*, and nicely *stowed* the *swag*."—
That's French, I fancy, for a hat,—or else a carpet bag.

I went and told the constable my property to track;
He asked me if I did not wish that I might get it back?
I answered, "To be sure I do!—it's what I came about;"
He smiled and said, "Sir, does your mother know that you are out?"

Not knowing what to do, I thought I'd hasten back to town,
And beg our own Lord Mayor to catch the boy who'd "*done me brown*."
His Lordship very kindly said he'd try to find him out,
But he "rather thought that there were several vulgar boys about."

He sent for the Inspector then, and I described the "*swag*,"—
My "*Mackintosh*," my sugar-tongs, my spoons, my carpet-bag;
He promised that the New Police should all their power employ,
But never to this hour have I beheld that little vulgar boy!

REMEMBER, then, what (when a boy) I've heard my grandma' tell,
"BE WARNED IN TIME BY OTHERS' HARM, AND YOU SHALL DO FULL WELL;"
Don't link yourself with vulgar folk who've got no fixed abode,
Tell lies, use naughty words, and say they "*wish they may be blowed!*"

Don't take too much of double X! and don't at night go out
To fetch your beer yourself, but make the pot-boy bring your stout!
And when you go to Margate next, just stop and ring the bell,
Give my respects to Mrs. Jones, and say I'm pretty well.

—BARHAM.

THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

OCH! the Coronation! what celebration
For emulation can with it compare?
When to Westminster the Royal Spinster,
And the Duke of Leinster, all in order did repair!
'T was there you'd see the New Polishemen
Making a skrimmage at half after four,
And the Lords and Ladies, and the Miss O'Gradya,
All standing round before the Abbey door.

Their pillows scorning, that self-same morning
Themselves adorning, all by candle-light,
With roses and lilies, and daffy down dillies,
And gould and jewels, and rich di'monds bright.
And then approaches five hundred coaches,
With General Dullbeak—Och! 't was mighty fine
To see how asy bould Corporal Casey
With his sword drawn, prancing, made them keep
the line.

Then the Guns' alarums, and the King at Arums
All in his Garters and his Clarence-shoes,
Opening the massy doors to the bould Ambassydors,
The Prince of Potboys, and great haythen Jews;
'T would have made you crazy to see Esterhazy,
All jools from his jasey to his di'mond boots,
With Alderman Harmer, and that swate charmer,
The famale heiress, Miss Anja-ly Coutta.

And Wellington, walking with his sword drawn,
talking
To Hill and Hardinge, haroes of great fame:
And Sir De Lacy, and the Duke Dalmasey
(They called him Sowlt afore he changed his name),
Themselves presading Lord Melbourne, lading
The Queen, the darling, to her royal chair,
And that fine ould fellow, the Duke of Pell-Mello,
The Queen of Portingal's Chargy-de-fair.

Then the Noble Prussians, likewise the Russians,
In fine laced jackets with their goulden cuffs,
And the Bavarians, and the proud Hungarians,
And Everythingarians all in furs and muffs,
Then Mithur Spaker, with Mithur Pays the Quaker,
All in the gallery you might persave;
But Lord Brougham was missing, and gone a-fishing,
Ounly crass Lord Essex would not give him lave.

There was Baron Alten himself exalting,
And Prince Von Schwartzenberg, and many
more;
Och! I'd be bothered and entirely smothered
To tell the half of 'em was to the fore;
With the swate Peeresses, in their crowns and
dresses,
And Aldermanesses, and the Board of Works;
But Mehemet Ali said, quite gintaly,
"I'd be proud to see the likes among the Turks!"

Then the Queen, heaven bless her! och! they did
dress her
In her purple garmaments and her goulden Crown;
Like Venus or Hebe, or the Queen of Sheby,
With eight young ladies houlding up her gown,
Sure 't was grand to see her, also for to he-ar
The big drums bating, and the trumpets blow.
And Sir George Smart! O! he play'd a Consarto,
With his four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row!

Then the Lord Archbishop held a goulden dish up,
For to resave her bounty and great wealth,
Saying, "Please your Glory, great Queen Vic-tory!
Ye'll give the Clargy lave to dhrink your health!"
Then his Riverence, retreating, discoarsed the
meeting:
"Boys! Here's your Queen! deny it if you can!
And if any bould traitour, or infarior craythur,
Sneezes at that, I'd like to see the man!"

Then the Nobles kneeling to the Powers appealing,
"Heaven send your Majesty a glorious reign!"
And Sir Claudius Hunter, he did confront her,
All in his scarlet gown and goulden chain,
The great Lord May'r, too, sat in his chair, too;
But mighty serious, looking fit to cry,
For the Earl of Surrey, all in his hurry,
Throwing the thirteens, hit him in the eye.

Then there was preaching, and good store of speeching,
With Dukes and Marquises on bended knee;
And they did splash her with raal Macasshur,
And the Queen said, "Ah! then thank ye all for
me!"
Then the trumpets braying, and the organ playing,
And sweet trombones, with their silver tones!
But Lord Rolle was rolling—'t was mighty consoling
To think his Lordship did not break his bones!

Then the crames and custard, and the beef and
mustard,
All on the tombstpnies like a poultherer's shop;
With lobsters and whitebait, and other sweetmeat,
And wine and nagus, and Imparial Pop!
There were cakes and apples in all the chapels,
With fine polonies, and rich mellow pears—
Och! the Count Von Strogonoff, sure he got prog
enough,
The sly old villain, underneath the stairs.

Then the cannons thundered, and the people
wondered,
Crying, "Long live Victoria, our Royal Queen!"
Och! if myself should live to be a hundred,
Sure it's the proudest day that I'll have seen!
And now I've ended, what I pretended,
This narration splendid, in swate poe-thry;
Ye dear bewitcher, just hand the pitcher,
Faix, it's myself that's getting mighty dhry.
—BARHAM.

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

"Tunc miser Corvus adeo conscientiae stimulis compunctus fuit, et execratio eum tantopere excarnificavit, ut exinde tabescere inciperet, maciem contraheret, omnem cibum aversaretur, nec amplius crocicaret: pennae praeterea ei defluebant, et alis pendulis omnes facias intermisit, et tam macer apparuit ut omnes ejus miseressent."
"Tunc abbas sacerdotibus mandavit ut rursus furem absolverent; quo facto, Corvus, omnibus mirantibus, propediem convaluit, et pristinam sanitatem recuperavit."—*De Illust. Ord. Cisterc.*

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair:
Bishop and abbot and prior were there;
Many a monk, and many a friar,
Many a knight, and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree,—

In sooth a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
Never, I ween, Was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out Through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;
Here and there Like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cakes, And dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier! he hopped upon all!
With saucy air, He perch'd on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peered in the face Of his Lordship's
Grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
"We two are the greatest folks here to-day!"
And the priests with awe, As such freaks
they saw,
Said, "The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw!"

The feast was over, the board was clear'd
The flawns and the custards had all disappear'd,
And six little Singing-boys,—dear little souls!
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
Came in order due, Two by two,
Marching, that grand refectory through!
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Emboss'd and fill'd with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match,
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water, and eau de Cologne;
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
One little boy more A napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Carninal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white:
From his finger he draws His costly turquoise;
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight By the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

There's a cry and a shout, And a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turn'd inside
out;
The friars are kneeling, And hunting, and
feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling
The Cardinal drew Off each plum-colour'd shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view;
He peeps, and he feels In the toes and the heels;

They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates,—
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,
—They turn up the rugs, They examine the
mugs:—
But, no!—no such thing;—They can't find THE
RING!
And the Abbot declared that, "when nobody
twigg'd it,
Some rascal or other had popp'd in, and prigg'd it!"

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He call'd for his candle, his bell, and his book!
In holy anger, and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in
drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in
winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying,
He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying!—
Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise To no little surprise,
Nobody seem'd one penny the worse!

The day was gone, The night came on,
The monks and the Friars they search'd till dawn;
When the Sacristan saw, On crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw;
No longer gay, As on yesterday;
His feathers all seem'd to be turned the wrong
way;—
His pinions droop'd—he could hardly stand,—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eye so dim, So wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT'S
HIM!—
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous
thing!
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's
Ring!"

The poor little Jackdaw, When the monks he
saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
And turn'd his bald head, as much as to say,
"Pray be so good as to walk this way!"
Slower and slower, He limp'd on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
When the first thing they saw,
Midst the sticks and the straw,
Was the RING in the nest of that little
Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;

The mute expression Served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,

The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!

—When those words were heard, That poor little bird

Was so changed in a moment, 't was really absurd.

He grew sleek, and fat; In addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!

His tail wagged more Even than before;
But no longer it wagg'd with an impudent air,
No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair.

He hopp'd now about With a gait devout;
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;

And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seem'd telling the Confessor's beads.

If any one lied,—or if any one swore,—

Or slumber'd in prayer-time and happen'd to snore,

That good Jackdaw Would give a great "Caw,"

As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"

While many remark'd, as his manners they saw,

That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"

He long lived the pride Of that country side,
And at last in the odour of sanctity died;

When, as words were too faint, His merits to paint,

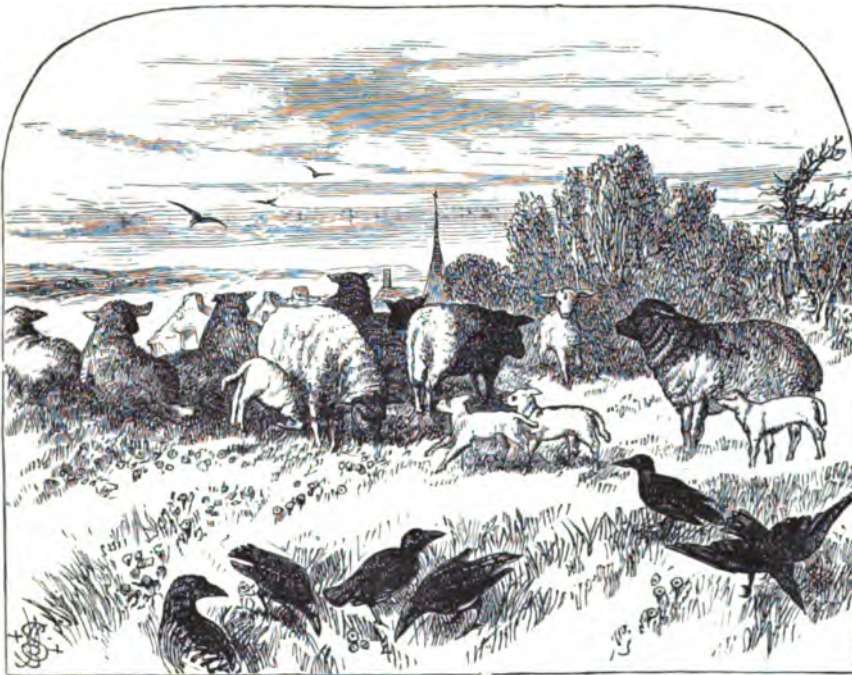
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint!

And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,

It's the custom at Rome, new names to bestow,

So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow!

—BARHAM.



APRIL

WINTER's blowing, cruel snowing,
All is at an end;

Buds and flowers now are growing,
Spring comes like a friend.

Very gently, softly breathing—

"Flowers, I am here!

Soon I'll have you round me wreathing
Clustering far and near."

Little lambs are gaily springing

To their mother's side,

Merry sounds are round us ringing—

Ringling far and wide.

Birdies all rejoicing gladly

At the merry Spring,

We indeed should fare but badly

If they did not sing.

—MRS. SALE BARKER.



A TERRIBLE DREAM.

A LITTLE man lived in a country town,
 Who used to wander up and down—
 Yes, up and down from his own little home
 To the public-house he would ever roam.
 His wife would scold him, he did not care,
 The children hooted, the neighbours did stare.
 The little man kept to his horrible habit
 Of drinking port wine and eating Welsh rabbit.
 One day, as he sat in his favourite place,
 He happened to raise his hand to his face,
 When he found—oh! strange and terrible trouble,
 That his nose had changed in size to double!
 And lumps and bumps stood out on the tip,—
 So large had it grown that he could not sip
 One drop of port wine any longer with ease.
 And, oh! the shock when he tried to sneeze!

He rose to his feet, and he staggered out,
 He called for help, and began to shout;
 But, alas! the fresh air seemed to strengthen his nose,
 For it grew, and it grew, and higher it rose!
 The end of it wandered away down the street,
 He thought he had lost it, but no such treat
 It twined round the sign-post at such a pace
 That it soon stared its master right in the face.
 The children ran, the neighbours fled,
 His little dog howled, and drooped his head.
 He tripped over his nose, and fell with a scream—
 Then found to his joy it was only a dream!
 But the story tells us that, after that day,
 The little man kept from port wine quite away.
 He sat at home, and was kind to his wife,
 Was happy and good for the rest of his life.

—MRS. SALE BARKER.



SUNRISE.

"MAMMA," said Ethel, and she raised
Her great blue eyes to mine,
"Tell me the grandest sight you've seen,
Not pretty, you know, but *fine*."

"Darling," I answered, "what can I say?
Grand sights so many there are
In this glorious world in which we live,
That we need not journey far."

"A mountain is grand with its snow-capped top,
Rearing its head to the sky;
Or a deep ravine, with its rugged sides,
And the waters rushing by.

"But the grandest and most glorious sight,
Darling, I've ever seen,
Is the bright glad sun rising over the sea
In his golden glitter and sheen.

"When the purple clouds are rent apart,
And the diamond rays burst through,
And the fleecy clouds like silver shine,
As they ride in the Heaven's blue.

"Then the crested waves catch the new-born light,
And in pride bear it on to the shore,
In eager haste dashing madly on
With a crash of triumph, and roar.

"Then the birds sing welcome to the sun,
The flowers their heads upraise,
And the earth seems to join with sea and sky
In a hymn of joy and praise."

—MRS. SALE BARKER.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

I LOOKED far back into other years, and lo! in bright array,
I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages passed away.

It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty walls,
And gardens with their broad green walks, where soft the footstep falls :
And o'er the antique dial-stone the creeping shadow passed,
And all around the noon-day sun a drowsy radiance cast.
No sound of busy life was heard, save, from the cloister dim,
The tinkling of the silver bell, or the sisters' holy hymn.
And there five noble maidens sat beneath the orchard trees,
In that first budding spring of youth, when all its prospects please ;
And little recked they, when they sang, or knelt at vesper prayers,
That Scotland knew no prouder names—held none more dear than theirs :
And little even the loveliest thought, before the holy shrine,
Of royal blood and high descent from the ancient Stuart line :
Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight,
And as they flew, they left behind a long-continuing light.

The scene was changed. It was the court, the gay court of Bourbon,
And 'neath a thousand silver lamps, a thousand courtiers throng ;
And proudly kindles Henry's eye—well pleased, I ween, to see
The land assemble all its wealth of grace and chivalry :—
But fairer far than all the rest who bask on fortune's tide,
Effulgent in the light of youth, is she, the new-made bride !
The homage of a thousand hearts—the fond, deep love of one—
The hopes that dance around a life whose charms are but begun,—
They lighten up her chestnut eye, they mantle o'er her cheek,
They sparkle on her brow, and high-souled joy bespeak :
Ah ! who shall blame, if scarce that day, through all its brilliant hours,
She thought of that quiet convent's calm, its sunshine and its flowers !

The scene was changed. It was a bark that slowly held its way,
And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay ;
And on its deck a Lady sat, who gazed with tearful eyes
Upon the fast receding hills, that dim and distant rise.

No marvel that the Lady wept,—there was no land on earth
She loved like that dear land, although she owed it not her birth :
It was her mother's land, the land of childhood and of friends,—
It was the land where she had found for all her griefs amends,—
The land where her dead husband slept—the land where she had known
The tranquil convent's hushed repose, and the splendours of a throne :
No marvel that the lady wept—it was the land of France—
The chosen home of chivalry—the garden of romance !
The past was bright, like those dear hills so far behind her bark ;
The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark !
One gaze again—one long, last gaze—"Adieu, fair France, to thee !"
The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the unconscious sea !

The scene was changed. It was an eve of raw and surly mood,
And in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood
Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds,
That seemed to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds.
The touch of care had blanched her cheek—her smile was sadder now,
The weight of royalty had pressed too heavy on her brow ;
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field.
The Stuart sceptre well she swayed, but the sword she could not wield.
She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams of youth's brief day,
And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play
The songs she loved in early years—the songs of gay Navarre,
The songs perchance that erst were sung by gallant Chatelar :
They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed her into smiles,
They won her thoughts from bigot zeal, and fierce domestic broils.—
But hark ! the tramp of arméd men ! the Douglas' battle-cry !
They come—they come !—and lo ! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye !
And swords are drawn, and daggers gleam, and tears and words are vain—
The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain !
Then Mary Stuart dashed aside the tears that trickling fell :
"Now for my father's arm !" she said ; "my woman's heart, farewell !"

The scene was changed. It was a lake, with one small lonely isle,
And there, within the prison-walls of its baronial pile,
Stern men stood menacing their queen, till she should stoop to sign
The traitorous scroll that snatched the crown from her ancestral line :—
"My lords, my lords !" the captive said, "were I but once more free,
With ten good knights on yonder shore, to aid my cause and me,
That parchment would I scatter wide to every breeze that blows,
And once more reign a Stuart-queen o'er my remorseless foes !"
A red spot burned upon her cheek—streamed her rich tresses down,
She wrote the words—she stood erect—a queen without a crown !

The scene was changed. A royal host a royal banner bore,
And the faithful of the land stood round their smiling queen once more ;—
She stayed her steed upon a hill—she saw them marching by—
She heard their shouts—she read success in every flashing eye.—
The tumult of the strife begins—it roars—it dies away ;
And Mary's troops and banners now, and courtiers—where are they ?
Scattered and strown, and flying far, defenceless and undone ;—
Alas ! to think what she has lost, and all that guilt has won !
—Away ! away ! thy gallant steed must act no laggard's part ;
Yet vain his speed—for thou dost bear the arrow in thy heart !

The scene was changed. ' Beside the block the sullen headsman stood,
And gleamed the broad axe in his hand, that soon must drip with blood
With slow and steady step there came a Lady through the hall,
And breathless silence chained the lips, and touched the hearts of all.
I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its bloom,—
I saw that grief had decked it out—an offering for the tomb!
I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so brightly shone;
I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrilled with every tone;
I knew the ringlets, almost gray, once threads of living gold;
I knew that bounding grace of step—that symmetry of mould!
Even now I see her far away, in that calm convent aisle,
I hear her chant her vesper hymn, I mark her holy smile,—
Even now I see her bursting forth upon the bridal morn,
A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born!
Alas! the change!—she placed her foot upon a triple throne,
And on the scaffold now she stands—beside the block—ALONE!
The little dog that licks her hand—the last of all the crowd
Who sunned themselves beneath her glance, and round her footsteps bowed!
—Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the soul is passed away!
The bright—the beautiful—is now a bleeding piece of clay!
The dog is moaning piteously; and, as it gurgles o'er,
Laps the warm blood that trickling runs unheeded to the floor!
The blood of beauty, wealth, and power—the heart-blood of a queen—
The noblest of the Stuart race—the fairest earth has seen,—
Lapped by a dog!—a solemn text!—Go, think of it alone;
Then weigh, against a grain of sand, the glories of a throne!

—H. G. BELL

THE LITTLE BLUE SHOES.

Oh! those little, those little blue shoes,
Those shoes that no little feet use,
Oh! the price were high
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet;
That, by God's good will,
Years since grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And oh! since that baby slept,
So hush'd, how the mother has kept,
With a tearful pleasure,
That little dear treasure,
And over them thought and wept.

For they mind her for evermore
Of a patter along the floor;
And blue eyes she sees
Look up from her knees
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
A little sweet face,
That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then, oh! wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part,
Than those tiny blue shoes
That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start!

—W. C. BENNETT.



BABY MAY.

• **CHEEKS** as soft as July peaches,
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies' paleness—round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise,
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness,
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness,
Happy smiles and wailing cries,
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes,
Lights and shadows swifter born
Than on wind-swept Autumn corn,
Ever some new tiny notion
Making every limb all motion—

Catching up of legs and arms,
Throwings back and small alarms,
Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,
Twining feet whose each toe works,
Kickings up and straining risings,
Mother's ever new surprisings,
Hands all wants and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under,
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings
That have more of love than lovings,
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness, that we prize such sinning,



Breakings dire of plates and glasses,
Graspings small at all that passes,
Pullings off of all that's able
To be caught from tray or table;
Silences—small meditations,
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations.
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches,
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing;
Slumbers—such sweet angel seemings

That we'd ever have such dreamings,
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
And we'd always have thee waking;
Wealth for which we know no measure,
Pleasure high above all pleasure,
Gladness brimming over gladness,
Joy in care—delight in sadness,
Loveliness beyond completeness,
Sweetness distancing all sweetness,
Beauty all that beauty may be,
That's May Bennett—that's my baby!
—W. C BENNETT.





LULLABY.

LULLABY ! O lullaby !
Baby, hush that little cry .
Light is dying,
Bats are flying,
Bees to-day with work have done ,
So, till comes to-morrow's sun,
Let sleep kiss those bright eyes dry !
Lullaby ? O lullaby !

Lullaby ! O lullaby !
Hushed are all things far and nigh ;
Flowers are closing,
Birds reposing,
All sweet things with life have done :
Sweet, till dawns the morning sun,
Sleep then kiss those blue eyes dry !
Lullaby ! O lullaby !

—W. C. BENNETT.



CRADLE SONG.

SLEEP, boy, sleep—sleep!
For the day is for waking—for rest the night,
And my boy must learn to use each aright;
Let him toil in the day, and steep
Through the night his senses in slumber sound,
To fit him to work when day comes round!
Sleep, boy, sleep—sleep!

Sleep, boy, sleep—sleep!
For my boy must be strong of body and limb,
To do all I'd have to be done by him;
Let his slumbers be sound and deep,
That stout of arm and of heart he may grow,
Both hot to do and keen to know;
Sleep, boy, sleep—sleep!

Sleep, boy, sleep—sleep.
For no puny son must I have—not I,
Made through his days to crouch and sigh,
To bend and to weakly weep;
No, my man must be strong to battle with care,
The bravest to do, and the boldest to dare;
Sleep, boy, sleep—sleep!

Sleep, boy, sleep—sleep!
Yes, thy mother, my boy, would have thee one
By whom this old world's best work is done,—
One who on it its dullards shall sweep.
If it must be, through storm; if it must be, through
strife,
To still freer thoughts, and to still purer life;
Sleep, boy, sleep—sleep!

—W. C. BENNETT.

THE LAMB.

THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER.

THERE was a jolly miller once lived on the River
Dee,
He danced and sung from morn till night,—no lark
so blithe as he ;
And this the burden of his song for ever used to
be :
“I care for nobody, no not I, if nobody cares for
me.

“I live by my mill, God bless her! she’s kindred,
child, and wife ;
I would not change my station for any other in
life :
No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor, e’er had a groat from
me,
I care for nobody, no not I, if nobody cares for
me.”

When spring begins his merry career, oh, how his
heart grows gay!
No summer’s drought alarms his fears, nor winter’s
cold decay ;
No foresight mars the miller’s joy, who’s wont to
sing and say,
“Let others toil from year to year, I live from day
to day.”

Thus, like the miller, bold and free, let us rejoice
and sing,
The days of youth are made for glee, and time is on
the wing,
This song shall pass from me to thee, along the jovial
ring,—
Let heart and voice, and all agree, to say, “Long live
the king.”

—BICKERSTAFFE.



THE LAMB.

LITTLE lamb, who made thee ?
Dost thou know who made thee !
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed
By the stream, and o’er the mead ;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright ;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice :
Little lamb, who made thee ?
Dost thou know who made thee ?

Little lamb, I’ll tell thee ;
Little lamb, I’ll tell thee.
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a lamb.
He is meek and He is mild,
He became a little child :
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee ;
Little lamb God bless thee.

—BLAKE

ON ANOTHER'S SORROW.

CAN I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No! no! never can it be!
Never, never, can it be!

And can He who smiles on all,
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small birds' grief and care
Hear the woes that infants bear,—

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast?
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away?
Oh, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

He doth give his joy to all;
He becomes an Infant small;
He becomes a Man of woe;
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not nigh;
Think not thou canst weep a tear
And thy Maker is not near.

Oh! He gives to us His joy,
That our griefs he may destroy;
Till our grief is fled and gone,
He doth sit by us and mourn.

—BLAKE.



THE BLIND CHILD.

WHERE 's the blind child, so admirably fair,
With guileless dimples, and with flaxen hair
That waves in ev'ry breeze? He's often seen
Beside yon cottage wall, or on the green,
With others matched in spirit and in size,
Health on their cheeks, and rapture in their eyes.

That full expanse of voice to childhood dear,
Soul of their sports, is duly cherished here:
And, hark! that laugh is his, that jovial cry;—
He hears the ball and trundling hoop brush by,
And runs the giddy course with all his might,
A very child in everything but sight.

THE SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

With circumscribed, but not abated powers,
Play, the great object of his infant hours ;
In many a game he takes a noisy part,
And shows the native gladness of his heart ;
But soon he hears, on pleasure all intent,
The new suggestion and the quick assent ;
The grove invites, delight fills every breast.
To leap the ditch, and seek the downy nest,
Away they start ; leave balls and hoops behind,
And one companion leave.—The boy is blind !
His fancy paints their distant paths so gay,
That childish fortitude awhile gives way :

He feels his dreadful loss—yet short the pain,
Soon he resumes his cheerfulness again.
Pondering how best his moments to employ,
He sings his little songs of nameless joy ;
Creeps on the warm green turf for many an hour,
And plucks by chance the white and yellow flower ;
Smoothing their stems, while resting on his knees,
He binds a nosegay which he never sees ;
Along the homeward path then feels his way,
Lifting his brow against the shining day,
And with a playful rapture round his eyes,
Presents a sighing parent with the prize.

—BLOOMFIELD.



A SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

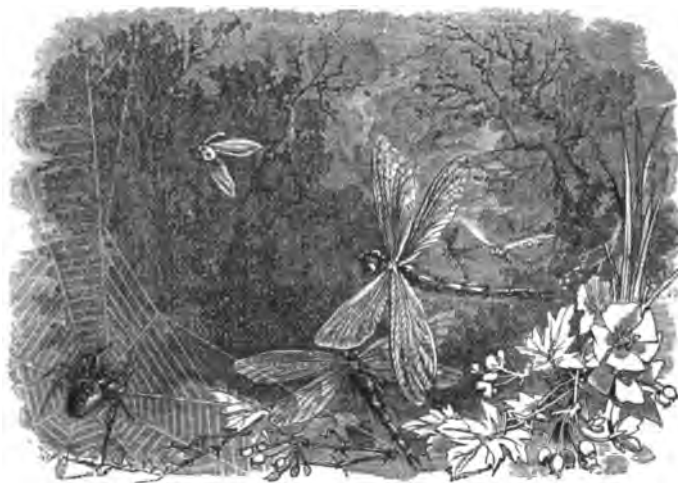
NEGLECTED now the early daisy lies ,
Nor thou, pale primrose, bloom'st the only prize ;
Advancing Spring profusely spreads abroad
Flowers of all hues, with sweetest fragrance stored ;
Where'er she treads, love gladdens every plain,

Delight on tiptoe bears her lucid train :
Sweet hope with conscious brow before her flies,
Anticipating wealth from Summer skies ;
All nature feels her renovating sway ;
The sheep-fed pasture, and the meadow gay ;

And trees, and shrubs, no longer budding seen,
Display the new-grown branch of lighter green ;
On airy downs the shepherd idling lies,
And sees to-morrow in the marbled skies.
Here, then, my soul, thy darling theme pursue,
For every day was Giles a shepherd too.
Small was his charge : no wilds had they to roam ;
But bright inclosures circling round their home.
No yellow-blossomed furze, nor stubborn thorn,
The heath's rough produce, had their fleeces torn :
Yet ever roving, ever seeking thee,
Enchanting spirit, dear variety !
O happy tenants, prisoners of a day !
Released to ease, to pleasure, and to play ;
Indulged through every field by turns to range,

And taste them all in one continual change.
For though luxuriant their grassy food,
Sheep long confined but loathe the present good ;
Bleating around the homeward gate they meet,
And starve, and pine, with plenty at their feet.
Loosed from the winding lane, a joyful throng,
See, o'er yon pasture, how they pour along !
Giles round their boundaries takes his usual stroll ;
Sees every pass secured, and fences whole ;
High fences, proud to charm the gazing eye,
Where many a nestling first essays to fly ;
Where blows the woodbine, faintly streaked with red,
And rests on every bough its tender head ;
Round the young ash its twining branches meet,
Or crown the hawthorn with its odours sweet.

—BLOOMFIELD.



TO THE LADYBIRD.

LADY-BIRD ! lady-bird ! fly away home—
The field-mouse is gone to her nest ;
The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes,
And the bees and the birds are at rest.

Lady-bird ! lady-bird ! fly away home—
The glow-worm is lighting her lamp ;
The dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled wings
Will flag with the close-clinging damp.

Lady-bird ! lady-bird ! fly away home,
The fairy bells tinkle afar ;
Make haste, or they'll catch you, and harness you fast,
With a cobweb, to Oberon's car.

—CAROLINE BOWLES.



THE MARINER'S HYMN.

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner! Christian, God speed thee!

Let loose the rudder-bands!—good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily; tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily! Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow, breakers are round thee;
Let fall the plummet now—shallows may ground thee.

Reef-in the fore-sail there! hold the helm fast!
So—let the vessel ware! there swept the blast.

What of the night, watchman? What of the night?

“Cloudy—all quiet—no land yet—all’s right.”
Be wakeful, be vigilant!—danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth securest to thee.

How gains the leak so fast? Clean out the hold—

Hoist up thy merchandise—heave out thy gold!
There—let the ingots go!—now the ship rights:
Hurrah! the harbour’s near—lo, the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet at inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer—straight for the high
land;

Crowd all thy canvas on, cut through the foam—
Christian! cast anchor now—HEAVEN IS THY HOME!

—CAROLINE BOWLES.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great
pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique
right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the
bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew
near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned
clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the
half chime,
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every
one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear
bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his
track;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and
anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay
spur!
Your Ross galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick
wheeze
Of her chest, saw her stretched neck and stagger-
ing knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble
like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop!" gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" and all in a moment his
roan
Rolled neck and crop over; lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole
weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her
fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-socket's rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrups, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without
peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise,
bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the
ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of
wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good
news from Ghent.

—ROBERT BROWNING.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

HAMELIN TOWN 's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.

Rats!

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own
ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the woman's chits,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again
I've scratched it so, and all in vain,
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;

Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister,
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous),
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat;"
"Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin;
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire
Quoth one: "It's as my great grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked away from his painted tombstone."

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honours," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw;
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same cheque;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampyre bats:
And, as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the house the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step by step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished
—Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was, “At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press’s gripe;
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, Oh! rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast dry-saltery!
To munch on, crunch on, take your nunccheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, come, bore me;
—I found the Weser rolling o’er me.”

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
“Go,” cried the Mayor, “and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace

Of the rats!”—when suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a “First, if you please, my thousand
guilders!”

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havock
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar’s biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
“Beside,” quoth the Mayor, with a knowing
wink,
“Our business was done at the river’s brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what’s dead can’t come to life I think.
So, friend, we’re not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something to drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
• A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!”

The piper’s face fell, and he cried,
“No trifling! I can’t wait, beside!
I’ve promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdad, and accepted the prime
Of the Head Cook’s pottage, all he’s rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph’s kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don’t think I’ll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion.”

“How?” cried the Mayor, “d’ye think I’ll
brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!”

Once more he stept into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musicians cunning
Never gave the enraptured air),
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling, at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,

Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,

Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.

"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When lo! as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed;
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! one was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—

"It's dull in our town since my playmates left;
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings;
And horses were born with eagle's wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,

Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says, that Heaven's Gate
Opes to the Rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,

Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,

And bring the children all behind him,
But when they saw 't was a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never

Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,

"And so long after what happened here
On the twenty-second of July,

Thirteen hundred and seventy-six :"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the Children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor,
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern

To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbours lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison,
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why they don't understand.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers:
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from
mice,
If we promised them aught, let us keep our
promise.

—ROBERT BROWNING.



THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered leaves lie dead :
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood ?
Alas ! they all are in their graves : the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie ; but the cold November rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, our lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the wild rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow ;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook, in autumn-beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs—to find them in the wood and by the stream no more!

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died—
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side;
In the cold moist earth we laid her when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

—W. C. BRYANT.



JOHN BARLEYCORN.

THERE went three kings into the East,
Three kings both great and high;
And they have sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn shall die.

They took a plough and ploughed him down,
Put clods upon his head;
And they have sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong;
His head well armed with pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn entered mild,
And he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Showed he began to fail.

His colour sickened more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They took a weapon long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee,
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgery.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgelled him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turned him o'er and o'er.

They filled up then a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
And heaved in poor John Barleycorn,
To let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further woe;
And still as signs of life appeared,
They tossed him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones;
But the miller used him worst of all,
For he crushed him between two stones.

And they have taken his very heart's blood,
And drunk it round and round ;—
And so farewell, John Barleycorn!
Thy fate thou now hast found.

—BURNS.

BANNOCKBURN.

Robert Bruce's Address to his Army.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to Victory !

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour :
See the front o' battle lower ;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
Wha would fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae base as be a slave ?
Let him turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa' ?
Let him on wi' me !

By Oppression's woes and pains !
By your sons in servile chains !
We will drain our dearest veins
But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !
Let us do, or die !

—BURNS.

THE SOLDIER.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor ;
But glory is the soldier's prize ;
The soldier's wealth is honour :

The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger,
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour o' danger.

—BURNS.

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
And dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man, for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that:
The honest man, tho' ne'er sae poor,
Is King o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man, of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A King can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that;
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

—BURNS.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk
Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd
Awake the early morning

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
On trembling string, or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

—BURNS.

LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea:
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis mild wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall oppress.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae;
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en:
And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
And monie a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never-ending care.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee:
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend
Remember him for me!

Oh! soon, to me, may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house o' death!
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flowers that deck the spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave!

—BURNS.

SCENE IN A SCOTTISH COTTAGE.

THE cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big *ha' Bible*, ance his father's pride,
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside.
His lyart haffets* wearing thin an' bare,
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide;
He walest† a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he scys, with solemn
air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name;
Or noble *Elgin* beets‡ the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays;
Compared wi' these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they wi' our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or, Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the CHRISTIAN VOLUME is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had rot on earth whereon to lay His head:
How His first followers and servants sped,
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounc'd by
Heaven's command.

* Grey locks.

† Read.

‡ Beet—to add fuel to.

SCENE IN A SCOTTISH COTTAGE.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days ;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise—
In such society, yet still more dear ;
While circling time moves round in an eternal
sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart !
The Pow'r incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul,
And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enrol.



Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way,
The youngling cottagers retire to rest ;
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
That He, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide ;
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.
—BURNS.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

WHEN chill November's surly blast made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wandered forth along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man whose aged step seemed weary, worn with care ;
His face was furrowed o'er with years, and hoary was his hair.

"Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?" began the reverend sage ;
"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain, or youthful pleasure's rage?
Or, haply, pressed with cares and woes, too soon thou hast began
To wander forth with me to mourn the miseries of Man !

"The sun that overhangs yon moors out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support a haughty Lordling's pride—
I've seen yon weary winter's sun twice forty times return ;
And every time has added proofs that 'Man was made to mourn.'

"O man ! while in thy early years, how prodigal of time !
Misspending all thy precious hours, thy glorious youthful prime !
Alternate follies take the sway ; licentious passions burn ,
Which tenfold force give Nature's law, that 'Man was made to mourn !'

"See yonder poor o'er-laboured wight, so abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth to give him . . . leave to toil ;
And see his lordly fellow-worm the poor petition spurn !
Unmindful though a weeping wife and helpless offspring mourn.

"If I'm designed yon Lordling's slave—by Nature's law designed—
Why was an independent wish e'er planted in my mind ?
If not, why am I subjected to his cruelty and scorn ?
Or why has Man the will and power to make his fellow mourn ?

"Yet let not this too much, my Son, disturb thy youthful breast ;—
This partial view of human-kind is surely not the last !
The poor, oppressed, honest man, had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense, to comfort those that mourn.

"O Death ! the poor man's dearest friend, the kindest and the best !
Welcome the hour my aged limbs are laid with thee at rest !
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow, from pomp and pleasure torn !
But oh ! a bless'd relief to those that, weary-laden, mourn !"

—BURNS.





THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the
sca,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath
blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown !

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd ;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But thro' it there roll'd not the breath of his pride ;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !
—BYRON.

THE SHIPWRECK.

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters like a veil,
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is masked but to assail.
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale,
And the dim desolate deep ; twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

Some trial had been making at a raft,
With little hope in such a rolling sea—
A sort of thing at which one would have laugh'd,
If any laughter at such times could be.
Unless with people who too much have quaff'd,
And have a kind of wild and horrid glee—
Half epileptical, and half hysterical !—
Their preservation would have been a miracle.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,
And all things for a chance, had been cast loose,
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,
For yet they strove, although of no great use.
There was no light in heaven but a few stars,
The boats put off o'ercrowded with their crews ;
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And, going down head foremost—sunk, in short.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave :
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave ;
And the sea yawned round her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rushed,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder ; and then all was hushed,
Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash
Of billows ; but at intervals there gushed,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek—the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom the one
Was more robust and hardy to the view ;
But he died early, and when he was gone
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
One glance at him, and said, "Heaven's will be done,
I can do nothing !" and he saw him thrown
Into the deep without a tear or groan.

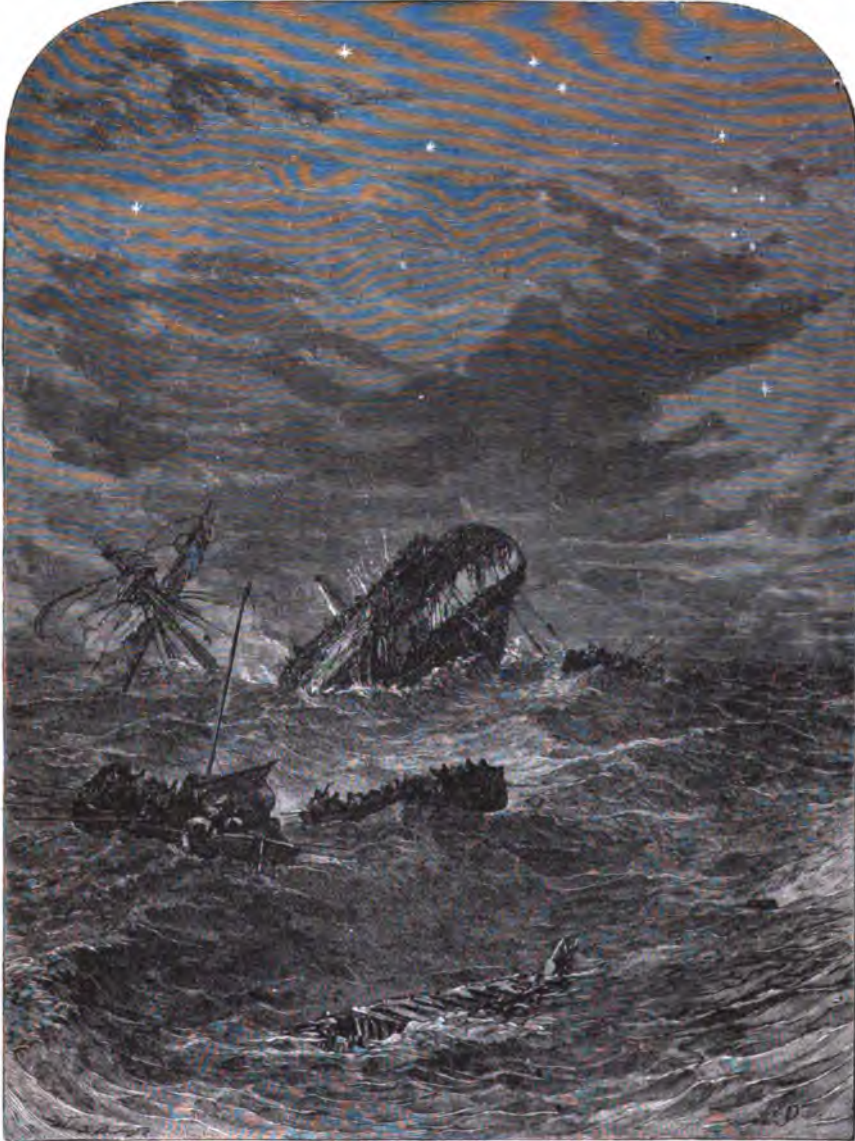
The other father had a weaklier child,
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate ;
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
And patient spirit held aloof his fate.
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed ;
And when the wished-for shower at length was come,
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,
Brightened, and for a moment seem'd to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.

THE SHIPWRECK.

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
And look'd upon it long; and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,

He watch'd it wistfully, until away
'Twas borne by the rude wave, wherein 'twas cast;
Then he himself sunk down, all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.



Now overhead a rainbow, bursting through
The scattering clouds, shone, spanning the dark sea,
Resting its bright base on the quivering blue;
And all within its arch appear'd to be

Clearer than that without, and its wide hue
Wax'd broad and waving, like a banner free,
Then changed like to a bow that's bent, and then
Forsook the dim eyes of these shipwreck'd men.

It changed, of course—a heavenly chameleon,
The airy child of vapour and the sun,
Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermilion,
Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun,
Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,
And blending every colour into one.

* * * * *

As morning broke, the light wind died away,
When he who had the watch sung out and swore ;
If 'twas not land that rose with the sun's ray,
He wish'd that land he never might see more.
And the rest rubbed their eyes, and saw a bay,

Or thought they saw, and shaped their course for
shore—
For shore it was, and gradually grew
Distinct, and high, and palpable to view.

And then of these some part burst into tears,
And others, looking with a stupid stare,
Could not yet separate their hopes from fears,
And seemed as if they had no further care ;
While a few pray'd—the first time for some years—
And at the bottom of the boat three were
Asleep : they shook them by the hand and head,
And tried to awaken them, but found them dead.
—BYRON.



MOONLIGHT NIGHT.



MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

'Tis midnight ; on the mountains brown
The cold round Moon shines deeply down ;
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,

So wildly, spiritually bright ;
Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turn'd to earth without repining,
Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray ?

—BYRON.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"

"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For, should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who would cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy island wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking,
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries;
"Though tempests round us gather,
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing;
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—O my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

—CAMPBELL

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had
lowered
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array.
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'T was autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers
sung.

FIELD FLOWERS.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to
part ;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of
heart.

Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn ;
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted
away.

—CAMPBELL.



FIELD FLOWERS.

Ye field flowers ! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildings of nature, I doat upon you ;
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,
And of broken glades breathing their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood pigeon's note
Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June :
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now what affections the violet awakes ;
What loved little islands twice seen in their lakes,
Can the wild water-lily restore ;
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks
In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion or ague of fear
Had scathed my existence's bloom ;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

—CAMPBELL.

NAPOLEON AND THE SAILOR.

A TRUE STORY.

NAPOLEON's banners at Boulogne
Armed in our island every freeman ;
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him—I know not how—
Unprisoned on the shore to roam ;
And aye was bent his longing brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half-way over
With envy ; *they* could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning—dreaming, doating—
An empty hog's-head from the deep
Come shoreward floating ;

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The livelong day laborious, lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working.

Heaven help us ! 't was a thing beyond
Description wretched : such a wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea-field
It would have made the boldest shudder ;
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,
No sail—no rudder.

From neighbouring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows ;
And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows ;

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering ,
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger ;
And in his wonted attitude
Addressed the stranger :

“Rash man that wouldst yon Channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned,
Thy heart with some sweet British lass
Must be impassioned.”

“I have no sweetheart,” said the lad ;
“But—absent long from one another—
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother.”

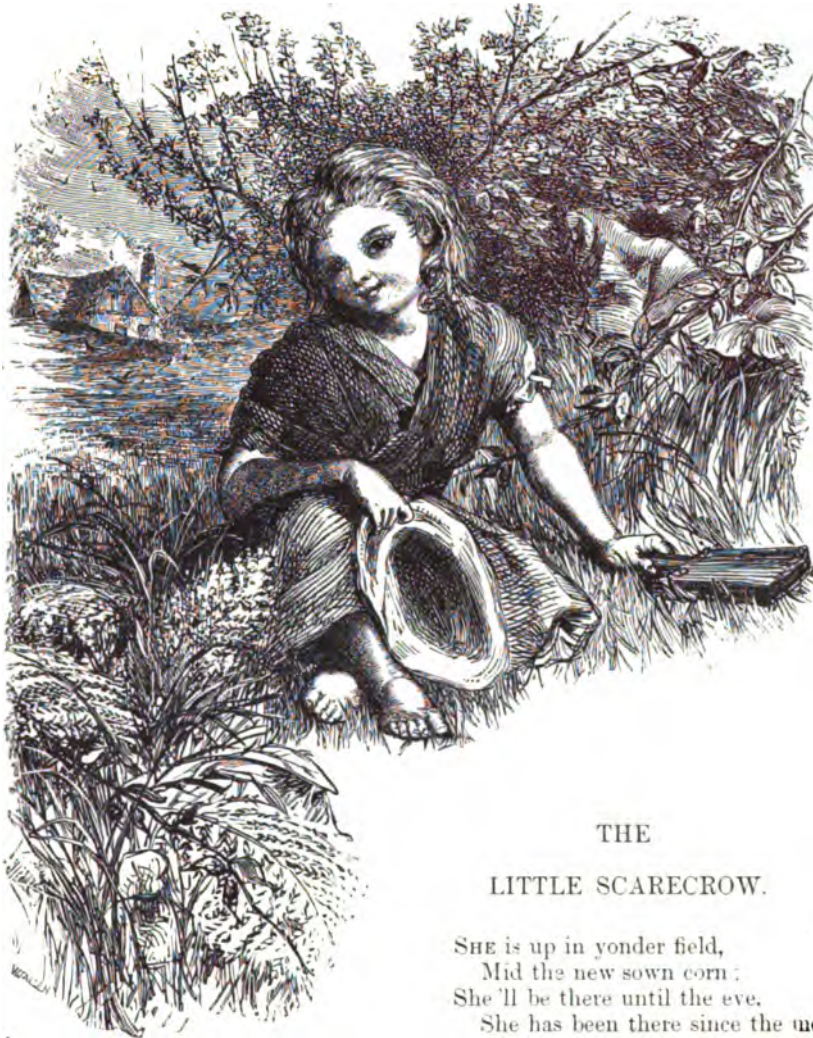
“And so thou shalt,” Napoleon said ;
“Ye've both my favour fairly won ;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son.”

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And with a flag of truce commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scanty shift
To find a dinner plain and hearty,
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparte.

—CAMPBELL





THE
LITTLE SCARECROW.

SHE is up in yonder field,
Mid the new sown corn ;
She'll be there until the eve.
She has been there since the morn.
O, the pretty little creature,
With her bright blue eye,
I heard her noisy clapper,
And her scare-crow cry.

I paused to mark the child—
She was very fair and young ;
She told me she was six,
With her merry little tongue.
In her hand she held her hat,
Which the wild wind swayed ;
And purple were the feet
Of the scare-crow maid.

More happy than a queen,
Though scanty was her food,
The child that sang her song
To that clapper-music rude.
This the maiden's simple lay,
As she warbled in her nook,
"Here clapping every day,
I scare the robber-rook !"

—CAPERN.



THE BAY OF BISCAY.

Loud roared the dreadful thunder,
 The rain a deluge showers,
 The clouds were rent asunder
 By lightning's vivid powers :
 The night both drear and dark,
 Our poor devoted bark,
 Till next day, there she lay
 In the Bay of Biscay, O !

Now dashed upon the billow,
 Our opening timbers creak ;
 Each fears a watery pillow, —
 None stops the dreadful leak .
 To cling to slippery shrouds
 Each breathless seaman crowds,
 As she lay, till the day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O !

At length the wished-for morrow
 Broke through the hazy sky ;
 Absorbed in silent sorrow,
 Each heaved a bitter sigh ;
 The dismal wreck to view
 Struck horror to the crew,
 As she lay, on that day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O !

Her yielding timbers sever,
 Her pitchy seams are rent,
 When Heaven, all bounteous ever,
 Its boundless mercy sent .
 A sail in sight appears,
 We hail her with three cheers .
 Now we sail, with the gale,
 From the Bay of Biscay, O !

—CHERRY

THE THRUSH.

THE BLIND BOY.

Oh, say what is that thing called Light
Which I must ne'er enjoy ;
What are the blessings of the sight ?
Oh, tell your poor blind boy.

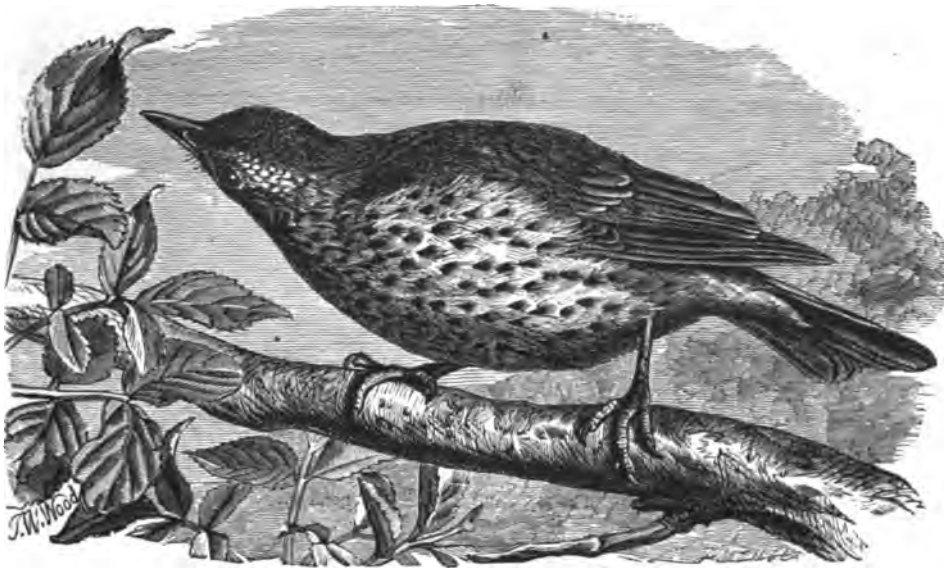
You talk of wondrous things you see ;
You say the sun shines bright ;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make
Whene'er I sleep or play ;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 't were always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe ;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy ;
Whilst thus I sing I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

—CIBBER.



THE THRUSH.

WITHIN a thick and spreading hawthorn bush
That overhung a molehill large and round,
I heard, from morn to morn, a merry Thrush
Sing hymns to sunrise, while I drank the sound,
With joy :—and often, an intruding guest,
I watch'd her secret toils, from day to day,
How true she warp'd the moss to form her nest,
And modell'd it within with wood and clay.

And by and by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs as bright as
flowers,
Ink-spotted-over shells of green and blue ;
And there I witness'd, in the Summer
hours,
A brood of Nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.

—CLARE.



THE PRIMROSE.

WELCOME, pale primrose, starting up between
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak, that strew
The every lawn, the wood and spinney through,
'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green ;
How much thy presence beautifies the ground !
How sweet thy modest unaffected pride
Glows on the sunny bank, and wood's warm side !
And when thy fairy flowers in groups are found,

The schoolboy roams enchantingly along,
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight ;
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight,
O'erjoy'd to see the flowers that truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning Spring !

—CLARE.



THE WOODCUTTER'S NIGHT SONG.

WELCOME, red and roundy sun,
Dropping lowly in the west ;
Now my hard day's work is done,
I'm as happy as the best.

Joyful are the thoughts of home ;
Now I'm ready for my chair,
So, till to-morrow morning's come,
Bill and mittens, lie ye there !

THE CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

Though to leave your pretty song,
Little birds, it gives me pain,
Yet, to-morrow is not long,
Then I'm with you all again.

If I stop, and stand about,
Well I know how things will be,—
Judy will be looking out
Every now and then for me.

So fare ye well! and hold your tongues!
Sing no more until I come;
They're not worthy of your songs,
That never care to drop a crumb.

All day long I love the oaks,
But at nights, yon little cot,
Where I see the chimney smokes,
Is by far the prettiest spot.

Wife and children all are there,
To revive with pleasant looks;
Table ready set, and chair,
Supper hanging on the hooks.

Soon as ever I get in,
When my faggot down I fling,
Little prattlers they begin,
Teasing me to talk and sing.
—CLARE.



A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

The following simple and beautiful lines were composed by the great poet named below for the use of his little girl.

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
God grant me grace my prayers to say.
O God, preserve my mother dear
In strength and health for many a year;
And, oh! preserve my father too,
And may I pay him reverence due—
And may I my best thoughts employ
To be my parents' hope and joy.

And oh! preserve my brothers both
From evil doings and from sloth;
And may we always love each other,
Our friends, our father, and our mother.
And still, O Lord, to me impart
An innocent and grateful heart,
That after my last sleep I may
Awake to Thy eternal day! Amen.

—COLERIDGE.



ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet, and thrush, say "I love and I love!"
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves and blossoms and sunny warm
weather,

And singing and loving, all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings and he sings, and for ever sings he,
"I love my love, and my love loves me."

—COLERIDGE





THE BEST PRAYER.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small ;

For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

—COLERIDGE

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

Day by day the manna fell ;
Oh, to learn this lesson well !
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

Day by day the promise reads
Daily strength for daily needs ;
Cast foreboding fears away :
Take the manna of to-day.

Thou my daily task shalt give :
Day by day to Thee I'd live :
So shall added years fulfil
Not my own—my Father's will.

—CONDER.

JOHN GILPIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the 'Bell' at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."



He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife,
O'erjoyed was he to find
That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in,—
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad!
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again:—

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind !"

"Good lack !" quoth he ; "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now, Mistress Gilpin (careful soul !)
Had two stone bottles found
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

"So ! fair and softly," John he cried ;
But John he cried in vain :
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So, stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, which never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig :
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly
Like streamer long and gay,
Till loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung,—
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said, or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all,
And every soul cried out, "Well done !"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?
His fame soon spread around :
"He carries weight ! he rides a race !
'Tis for a thousand pound !"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced ;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay ;

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony espied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! Here's the house,"
They all aloud did cry;
'The dinner waits, and we are tired.'
Said Gilpin, "So am I."

But yet the horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall;
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now, Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke,
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit:—
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So, turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for *your* pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for *mine*."

Ah, luckless speech and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why?—they were too big.

Now, Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the "Bell,"
"This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain!
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein;

THE KITTENS AND THE VIPER.

But not performing what he meant
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry :

"Stop thief ! stop thief ! a highwayman !"
Not one of them was mute ;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space,
The tollmen thinking as before
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did ; and won it too,
For he got first to town ;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he ;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see !

—COWPER.

THE KITTENS AND THE VIPER.

CLOSE by the threshold of a door nailed fast,
Three kittens sat ; each kitten looked aghast.
I, passing swift and inattentive by,
At the three kittens cast a careless eye,
Little concerned to know what they did there ;
Not deeming kittens worth a poet's care.
But presently a loud and furious hiss
Caused me to stop, and to exclaim, "What's this ?"
When, lo ! with head erect and fiery eye,
A dusky viper on the ground I spy.
Forth from his head his forkéd tongue he throws,
Darting it full against a kitten's nose !
Who, never having seen in field or house
The like, sat still and silent as a mouse ;
Only projecting, with attention due,
Her whiskered face, she asked him, "Who are you ?"
On to the hall went I, with pace not slow,
But swift as lightning, for a long Dutch hoe ;
With which, well armed, I hastened to the spot
To find the viper ;—but I found him not ;

And, turning up the leaves and shrubs around,
Found only—that he was not to be found.
But still the kittens, sitting as before,
Were watching close the bottom of the door.
"I hope," said I, "the villain I would kill
Has slipped between the door and the door-sill ;
And if I make dispatch, and follow hard,
No doubt but I shall find him in the yard."
(For long ere now it should have been rehearsed,
'Twas in the garden that I found him first.)
Ev'n there I found him—there the full-grown cat
His head with velvet paw did gently pat ;
As curious as the kittens erst hand been
To learn what this phenomenon did mean.
Filled with heroic ardour at the sight,
And fearing every moment he would bite,
And rob our household of the only cat
That was of age to combat with a rat,
With outstretched hoe I slew him at the door,
And taught him NEVER TO COME THERE NO MORE !

—COWPER.





THE POOR BOBBIN WEAVER.

Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store,
Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light ;
She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,

Has little understanding, and no wit,
Receives no praise ; but, though her lot be such,
(Toilsome and indigent) she renders much ;
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew ;
And in that charter reads with sparkling eyes
Her title to a treasure in the skies.

—COWPER.

THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

TOLL for the brave !
The brave that are no more,
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side ;

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset ;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought ;
His work of glory done.

THE JACKDAW.

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak ;
She ran upon no rock ;

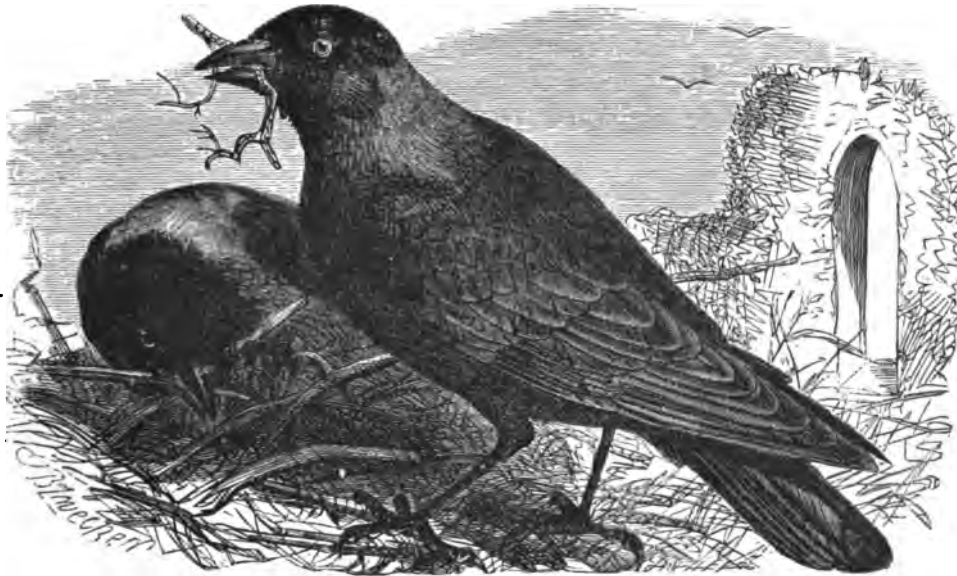
His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full-charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone ;
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

—COWPER.



THE JACKDAW.

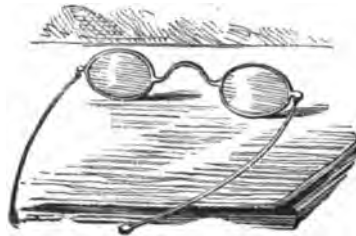
THERE is a bird, that, by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be supposed a crow ;
A great frequenter of the church,—
Where, bishop-like, he finds a perch,
And dormitory too.
Above the steeple shines a plate
That turns and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the weather ;
Look up—your brains begin to swim ;
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him ;
He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight
And thence securely sees
The bustle and the raree-show
That occupy mankind below—
Secure, and at his ease.
You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall :
No, not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great round-about,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs and its businesses,
Are no concern at all of his;
And says—what says he?—"Caw!"

Thrice happy bird! I, too, have seen
Much of the vanities of men;
And, sick of having seen them,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign,
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And—such a head between them!

—COWPER.



CONTEST BETWEEN THE NOSE AND THE EYES.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of
learning;
While Chief-baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

"In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
And your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly
find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession, time out of mind."

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—
"Your lordship observes they are made with a
straddle,
As wide as the bridge of the nose is; in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
(T is a case that has happened, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose;
Pray, who would, or who could, wear spectacles
then?

On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

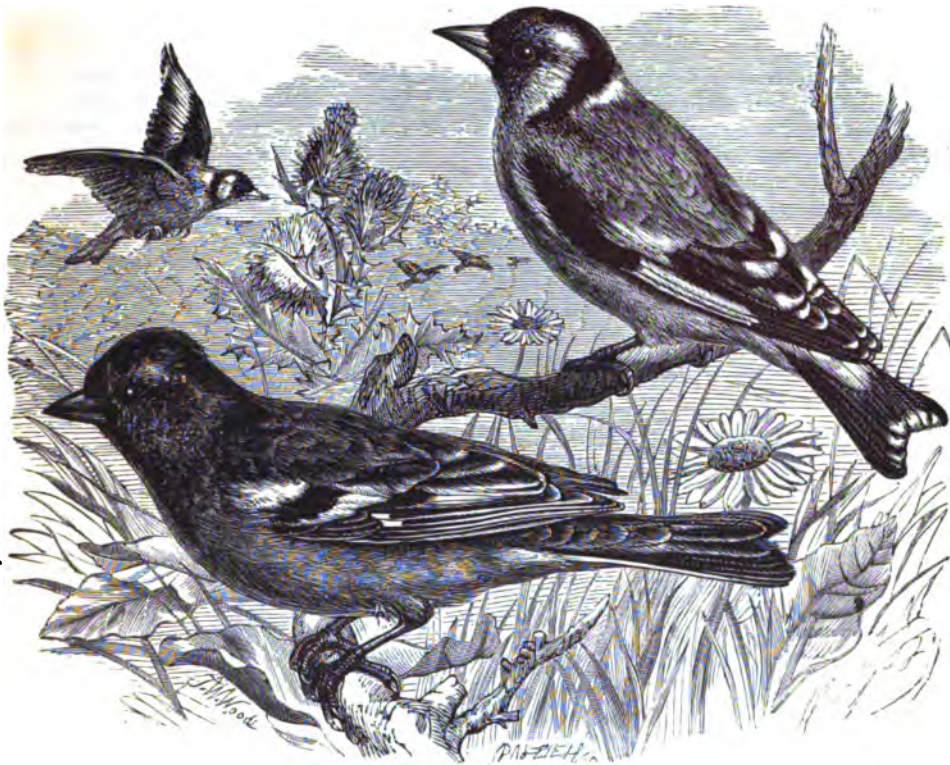
Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how,
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the Court did not think they were equally
wise.

So his lordship decreed, in a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*,
That—"Whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By daylight or candle-light—Eyes should be
shut."

—COWPER.



THE GOLDFINCH STARVED IN HIS CAGE.



THE GOLDFINCH STARVED IN HIS CAGE.

TIME was when I was free as air,
The thistle's downy seed my fare,
My drink the morning dew ;
I perch'd at will on ev'ry spray,
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
My strains for ever new.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,
And form genteel, were all in vain,
And of a transient date ;
For caught, and caged, and starved to death,
In dying sighs my little breath
Soon pass'd the wiry grate .

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,
And thanks for this effectual close
And cure of every ill !
More cruelty could none express,
And I, if you had shown me less,
Had been your prisoner still.

—COWPER.



THE PINE-APPLE AND THE BEE.

THE pine-apples in triple row
Were basking hot, and all in blow ;
A bee of most discerning taste
Perceiv'd the fragrance as he pass'd ;
On eager wing the spoiler came,
And search'd for crannies in the frame,

Urg'd his attempt on ev'ry side,
To ev'ry pane his trunk applied :
But still in vain—the frame was tight,
And only pervious to the light :
Thus having wasted half his day,
He trimm'd his flight another way.

Our dear delights are often such :
Expos'd to view, but not to touch,
The sight our foolish heart inflames,
We long for pine-apples in frames :
With hopeless wish one looks and lingers,
One breaks the glass and cuts his fingers ;
But those whom truth and wisdom lead,
Can gather honey from a weed.

—COWPER.



THE ROSE.

THE rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna conveyed ;*
The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flower,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seem'd, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I snapp'd it, it fell to the ground.

"And such," I exclaim'd, "is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resign'd.

"This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile ;
And the tear that is wiped with a little address,
May be follow'd perhaps by a smile."

—COWPER.

* "Mary" was Mrs. Unwin ; "Anna," Lady Austen.



BOADICEA.

WHEN the British warrior-queen, bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien, counsel of her country's gods,
Sage, beneath a spreading oak, sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Every burning word he spoke, full of rage, and full of grief:
"Princess, if our aged eyes weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties all the terrors of our tongues,
Rome shall perish! write that word in the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred, deep in ruin as in guilt!
Rome, for empire far renowned, tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground:—hark! the Gaul is at her gates!
Other Romans shall arise, heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize, harmony the path to fame!
Then, the progeny that springs from the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings, shall a wider world command.
Regions Cæsar never knew, thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew, none invincible as they!"

Such the Bard's prophetic words, pregnant with celestial fire ;
Bending as he swept the chords of his sweet but awful lyre.
She, with all a monarch's pride, felt them in her bosom glow ;
Rushed to battle, fought, and died,—dying, hurled them at the foe !
"Ruffians ! pitiless as proud, Heaven awards the vengeance due ;
Empire is on us bestowed ; shame and ruin wait for you !"

—COWPER.

PRINCIPLE PUT TO THE TEST.

A YOUNGSTER at school, more sedate than the rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test :
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And asked him to go and assist in the job.

He was very much shocked, and answered, "Oh no !
What, rob our poor neighbour ! I pray you don't go ;
Besides, the man's poor, and his orchard's his bread ;
Then think of his children, for they must be fed."

"You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want, and the apples we'll have ;
If you will go with us, we'll give you a share,
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear."

They spoke, and Tom pondered : "I see they will go ;
Poor man ! what a pity to injure him so !
Poor man ! I would save him his fruit if I could,
But my staying behind will do him no good.

"If this matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they dropped from the tree ;
But since they *will* take them, I think I'll go too ;
He will lose none by me, though I do get a few."

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
And went with his comrades the apples to seize ;
He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan ;
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

Conscience slumbered awhile, but soon woke in his
breast,
And in language severe the delinquent addressed :
"With such empty and selfish pretences away !
By your *actions* you're judged, be your speech what
it may."

—COWPER.

THE SNUG LITTLE ISLAND.

DADDY NEPTUNE one day to Freedom did say,
If ever I lived upon dry land,
The spot I should hit on would be little Britain !
Says Freedom, "Why, that's my own island !"
Oh, 'tis a snug little island !
A right little, tight little island !
Search the globe round, none can be found
So happy as this little island.

Julius Cæsar the Roman, who yielded to no man,
Came by water—he couldn't come by land ;
And Dane, Pict, and Saxon, their homes turned their
backs on,
And all for the sake of our island.

Oh, what a snug little island !
They'd all have a touch at the island !
Some were shot dead, some of them fled,
And some stayed to live on the island.

Then a very great war-man, called Billy the Norman,
Cried, "Hang it, I never liked my land !
It would be much more handy to leave this Nor-
mandy,
And live on your beautiful island."
Says he, "'Tis a snug little island :
Shan't us go visit the island ?"
Hop, skip, and jump, there he was plump,
And he kicked up a dust in the island.

THE SNUG LITTLE ISLAND.

But party deceit helped the Normans to beat ;
Of traitors they managed to buy land ;
By Dane, Saxon, or Pict, Britons ne'er had been
licked,
Had they stuck to the king of their island.
Poor Harold, the king of our island,
He lost both his life and his island ;
That's all very true : what more could he do ?
Like a Briton he died for his island !

The Spanish Armada set out to invade-a,
'T will sure, if they ever come nigh land,
They couldn't do less than tuck up Queen Bess,
And take their full swing on the island.
Oh, the poor queen of the island !
The dons came to plunder the island ;
But snug in her hive the queen was alive,
And "buz" was the word of the island.



These proud puffed-up cakes thought to make ducks
and drakes
Of our wealth ; but they hardly could spy land,
When our Drake had the luck to make their pride
duck
And stoop to the lads of the island !
Huza for the lads of the island ;
The good wooden walls of the island ;
Devil or don, let them come on,
And see how they'd come off the island !

Since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept
tune,
In each saying, "This shall be my land ;"
Should the "Army of England," or all it could bring,
land,
We'd show 'em some play for the island.
We'd fight for our right to the island ;
We'd give them enough of the island ;
Invaders should just bite once at the dust,
But not a bit more of the island.

—DIBDIN.



TOM BOWLING.

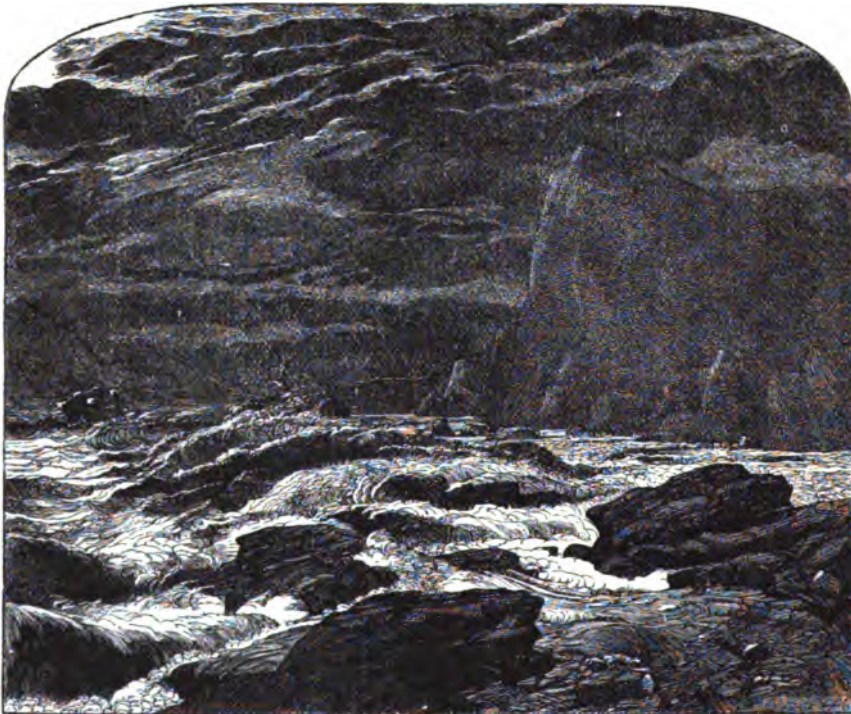
HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew ;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For Death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft ;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare ;
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair :

And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah, many's the time and oft ;
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed ;
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

—DIBDIN.



THE MARINER'S DREAM.

IN slumbers of midnight the Sailor-Boy lay ;
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the
wind ;
But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn,
While Memory stood sideways, half covered with
flowers,
And restored every rose, but concealed every thorn.

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise ;—
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clammers in flower o'er the thatch,
And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in the
wall ;
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch—
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call !

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight ;
His cheek is bedewed with a mother's warm tear ;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the friends, whom his bosom holds
dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulse, all his hardships seem o'er ;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his
rest—
"O Fate ! thou hast blessed me—I ask for no
more."

Ah ! whence is that flame which now glares in his
eye ?

Ah ! what is that sound which now bursts on his ear ?
'Tis the lightning's red gleam, painting wrath on the
sky !

'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere !

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck—
Amazement confronts him with images dire !
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a
wreck—

The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire !

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell—
In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save :
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er the
wave !

Oh, Sailor-Boy ! Sailor-Boy ! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay ;
Unblessed and unhonoured, down deep in the main
Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to Remembrance for thee ;
But still the vast waters above thee shall roll,
And the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be—
Oh, Sailor-Boy ! Sailor-Boy ! peace to thy soul !

—DIMOND.



WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?

"WHAT is that, mother?"

"The lark, my child :

The morn has just look'd out and smil'd,
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to you pure, bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise."



"What is that, mother?"

"The eagle, my boy,

Proudly careering his course with joy,
Firm on his own mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying ;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward and true to the line."

"What is that, mother?"

"The dove, my son :

And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure by that lonely nest,
As the wave is pour'd from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return.
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove ;
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love."

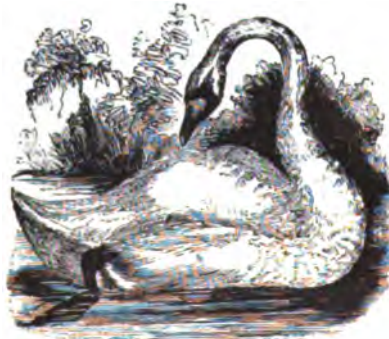


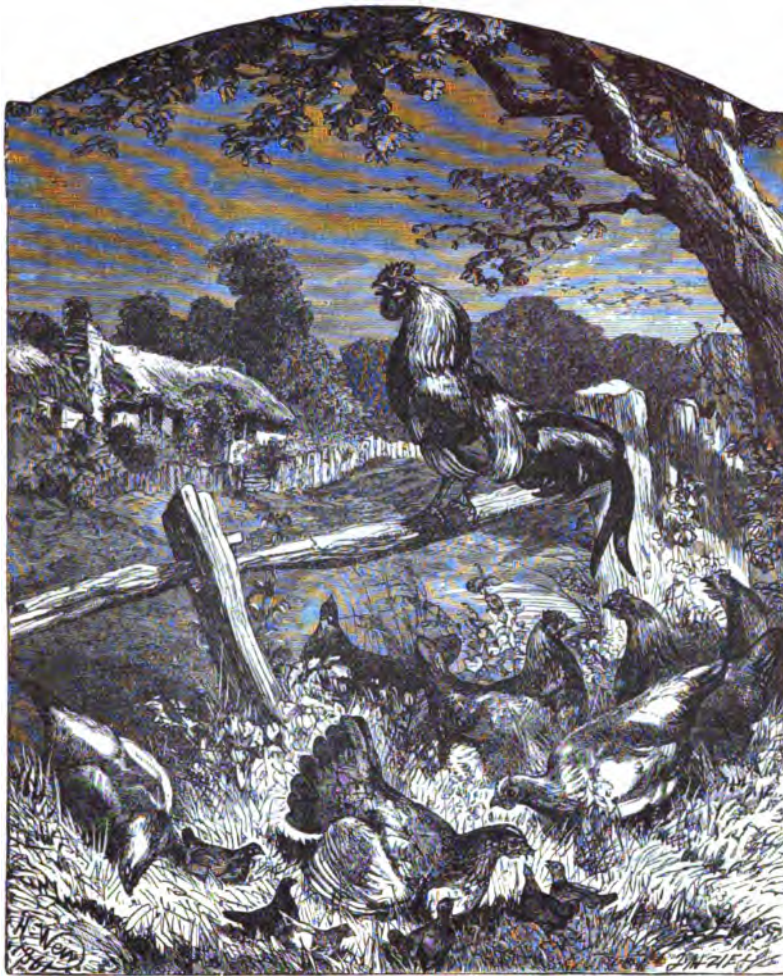
"What is that, mother?"

"The swan, my love :

He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh ;
He is floating down by himself to die ;
Death darkens his eyes, and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so my child, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet it may waft thee home."

—DR. DOANE.





THE COCK.

WITHIN a homestead lived, without a peer
 For crowing loud, the noble Chanticleer.
 More certain was the crowing of this cock
 To number hours than is an abbey clock ;
 And sooner than the morning bell was rung
 He clapp'd his wings upon his roost and sung.

High was his comb, and coral-red withal,
 In dents embattled like a castle-wall :
 His bill was raven black, and shone like jet ;
 Blue were his legs, and orient were his feet ;
 White were his nails, like silver to behold ;
 His body glitter'd like the burnish'd gold.

—DRYDEN.

THE SPIDER.

THE treach'rous spider, when her nets are spread,
 Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie,
 And feels, far off, the trembling of her thread,
 Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling fly :

Then, if at last she find him fast beset,
 She issues forth, and runs along her loom ;
 She joys to touch the captive in her net,
 And drags the little wretch in triumph home.

—DRYDEN.



THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day's as bright as then ;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again.
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your warm breath on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
The village church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest,
Where I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends ;
But, oh, they love the better
The few our Father sends.
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride ;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

THE MERRY FLY.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary kind and true,
But I'll not forget you, darling
In the land I'm going to.

They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there,
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times less fair.

—LADY DUFFERIN.



THE MERRY FLY.

My merry little fly, play here,
And let me look at you ;
I will not touch you, though you're near,
As naughty children do.

I see you spread your pretty wings,
That sparkle in the sun ;
I see your legs—what tiny things ;
And yet how fast they run !

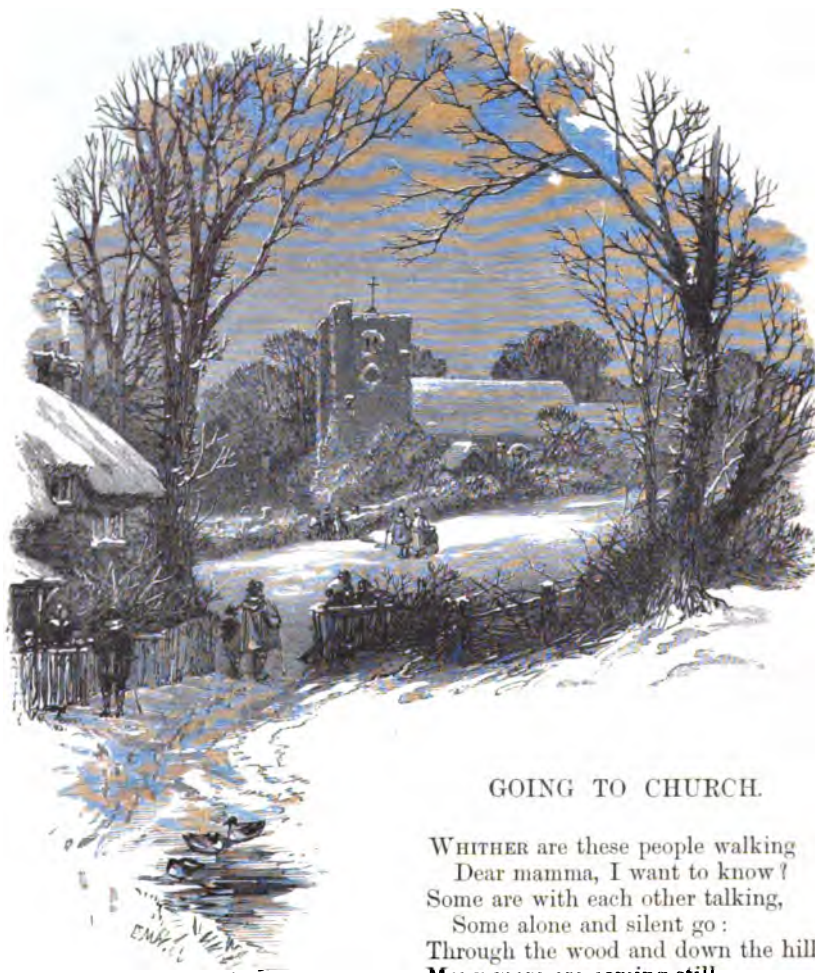
You walk along the ceiling now,
And down the upright wall ;
I'll ask mamma to tell me how
You walk and do not fall.

'Twas God that taught you, little fly,
To walk above the ground,
And mount above my head so high,
And frolic round and round.

I'll near you stand, to see you play ;
But do not be afraid :
I would not lift my little hand
To hurt what God has made.

—MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.





GOING TO CHURCH.

WHITHER are these people walking
Dear mamma, I want to know !
Some are with each other talking,
Some alone and silent go :
Through the wood and down the hill,
Many more are coming still.

Hark, my dear, the bells are ringing,
'Tis to church the people turn ;
Soon sweet psalms they will be singing,
Soon of Jesus' love they'll learn,
Each with bible in his hand,
Goes to pray at God's command.

When to God we join in praying,
Oh, my child, we'll pray for thee !
Oh ! how kind was Christ in saying,
" Little children, come to me."
Will you come and be his own,
Give your heart to him alone ?

—MARY L. DUNCAN.



THE GREEN PASTURES.



THE GREEN PASTURES.

I WALK'D in a field of fresh clover this morn,
Where lambs play'd so merrily under the trees,
Or rubbed their soft coats on a naked old thorn,
Or nibbled the clover, or rested at ease.

And under the edge ran a clear water brook,
To drink from when thirsty or weary with play ;
So gay did the daisies and buttercups look,
That I thought little lambs must be happy all day.

And when I remember the beautiful psalm,
That tells about Christ and His pastures so green ;
I know He is willing to make me His lamb,
And happier far than the lambs I have seen.

If I drink of the waters, so peaceful and still,
That flow in His field, I for ever shall live ;
If I love Him, and seek his commands to fulfil,
A place in His sheepfold to me will He give.

The lambs are at peace in the fields when they play,
The long summer's day in contentment they spend ;
But happier I, if in God's holy way,
I try to walk always, with Christ for my friend.

—MARY L. DUNCAN.



PREPARING FOR SUNDAY.

HASTE! put your playthings all away,
To-morrow is the Sabbath-day.
Come, bring to me your Noah's ark,
Your pretty tinkling music-cart;
Because, my love, you must not play,
But holy keep the Sabbath-day.

Bring me your German village, please,
With all its houses, gates, and trees;
Your waxen doll with eyes of blue,
And all her tea-things, bright and new;
Because, you know, you must not play,
But love to keep the Sabbath-day.

Now take your Sunday pictures down;
King David with his harp and crown,
Good little Samuel on his knees,
And many pleasant sights like these;
Because, you know, you must not play,
But learn of God upon this day.

There is your hymn-book. You shall learn
A verse, and some sweet kisses earn;
Your book of Bible stories, too,
Which dear mamma will read to you;
I think, although you must not play,
We'll have a happy Sabbath-day.

—MARY L. DUNCAN.





THE LAMB'S LULLABY.

THE pretty little lambs that lie,
And sleep upon the grass,
Have none to sing them lullaby
But the night winds as they pass.

While I, a happy little maid,
Bid dear papa good-night ;
And in my crib so warm am laid,
And tuck'd up snug and tight.

And then some pretty hymn Ann sings
Until to sleep I go ;
But the young helpless lambs, poor things,
Have none to lull them so.

Haste, kind mamma, and call them here,
Where they'll be warm as I ;
For in the chilly fields, I fear,
Before the morn they'll die.

MOTHER.

The lambs sleep in the fields, 'tis true,
Without a lullaby ;
And yet they are as warm as you
Beneath a summer sky.

They choose some dry and grassy spot,
Beneath the shady trees ;
To other songs they listen not
Than the pleasant evening breeze.

And when the night is bitter cold,
The shepherd comes with care,
And leads them to his peaceful fold ;
They're safe and shelter'd there.

How happy are the lambs, my love,
How safe and calm they rest ;
But you a Shepherd have above,
Of all kind shepherds best.

His lambs He gathers in his arms,
And in His bosom bears ;
How blest, how safe from all alarms ;
Each child His love who shares !

Oh, if you'll be His gentle child,
And listen to His voice,
Be loving, dutiful, and mild,
How will mamma rejoice !

—MARY L. DUNCAN.



MY LITTLE BROTHER.

LITTLE brother, darling boy,
You are very dear to me :
I am happy—full of joy,
When your smiling face I see.

How I wish that you could speak,
And could know the words I say ;
Pretty stories I would seek,
To amuse you every day :

All about the honey-bees,
Flying past us in the sun ;
Birds that sing among the trees,
Lambs that in the meadows run.

I'll be very kind to you,
Never strike or make you cry,
As some naughty children do,
Quite forgetting God is nigh.

Shake your rattle—here it is—
Listen to its merry noise ;
And when you are tired of this,
I will bring you other toys.

—MARY L. DUNCAN

MY JESSIE.

My Jessie lives beyond the town,
Just where the moorland, bare and brown,
Looks over to the sea :
A little maid of lowly birth,
But, oh ! of all the girls on earth,
The dearest girl to me !

Few summers hath she known : her eyes
Are bluer than the summer skies,
And brimming o'er with fun ;
Her hair is like a golden crown ;
Her little hands are sadly brown ;
Her cheek tells of the sun.



But could you see her come and go,
In summer shine and winter snow,
As I do, day by day ;
Now rising like the lark at morn ;
Like Ruth, now gleaning in the corn ;
Now busy in the hay.

Now racing like a greyhound fleet
Along the glist'ning sands, with feet
Like snow, so white and bare ;
All beauty, health, enjoyment, mirth,
You'd say no queen on all the earth
Was ever half so fair !

—AMELIA B. EDWARDS.





THE BRAMBLE FLOWER.

Thy fruit full well the schoolboy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!
So put thou forth thy small white rose;
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers;

For dull the eye, the heart is dull,
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are!
How delicate thy gauzy frill!
How rich thy branchy stem!
How soft thy voice when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them;

While silent showers are falling slow,
And, 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush!
The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the mossed grey stone
Hath laid her weary head;

But thou, wild bramble, back dost bring
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour!
Scorned bramble of the brake, once more
Thou bid'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er
In freedom and in joy!

—ELLIOTT.



LOVE STRONG IN DEATH.

We watch'd him, while the moonlight,
 Beneath the shadow'd hill,
 Seem'd dreaming of good angels,
 And all the woods were still.
 The brother of two sisters
 Drew painfully his breath :
 A strange fear had come o'er him,
 For love was strong in death.
 The fire of fatal fever
 Burn'd darkly on his cheek,
 And often to his mother
 He spoke, or tried to speak :
 "I felt, as if from slumber
 I never could awake :
 Oh, Mother, give me something
 To cherish for your sake !
 A cold, dead weight is on me—
 A heavy weight, like lead :
 My hands and feet seem sinking
 Quite through my little bed :
 I am so tired, so weary—
 With weariness I ache :
 Oh, Mother, give me something
 To cherish for your sake !

Some little token give me,
 Which I may kiss in sleep—
 To make me feel I'm near you,
 And bless you though I weep.
 My sisters say I'm better—
 But then their heads they shake :
 Oh, Mother, give me something
 To cherish for your sake !
 Why can't I see the poplar,
 The moonlit stream and hill,
 Where, Fanny says, good angels
 Dream, when the woods are still ?
 Why can't I see you, Mother ?
 I surely am awake :
 Oh, haste ! and give me something
 To cherish for your sake !"
 His little bosom heaves not ;
 The fire hath left his cheek :
 The fine chord—is it broken ?
 The strong chord—could it break ?
 Ah, yes ! the loving spirit
 Hath wing'd his flight away :
 A mother and two sisters
 Look down on lifeless clay.

—ELLIOTT.



THE WONDERS OF THE LANE.

STRONG climber of the mountain side,
 Though thou the vale disdain,
 Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide
 The wonders of the lane.
 High o'er the rushy springs of Don
 The stormy gloom is roll'd ;
 The moorland hath not yet put on
 His purple, green, and gold.
 But here the titling* spreads his wing,
 Where dewy daisies gleam ;

* The Hedge Sparrow.

† The Dandelion.

And here the sun-flowert of the spring
 Burns bright in morning's beam.
 To mountain winds the famish'd fox
 Complains that Sol is slow,
 O'er headlong steeps and gushing rocks
 His royal robe to throw.
 But here the lizard seeks the sun,
 Here coils in light the snake ;
 And here the fire-tuft‡ hath begun
 Its beauteous nest to make.

‡ The Golden-Crested Wren.

Oh, then, while hums the earliest bee,
Where verdure fires the plain,
Walk thou with me, and stoop to see
The glories of the lane !
For, oh, I love these banks of rock,
This roof of sky and tree,
These tufts, where sleeps the gloaming clock,
And wakes the earliest bee !
As spirits from eternal day
Look down on earth secure ;
Gaze thou, and wonder, and survey
A world in miniature ;
A world not scorn'd by Him who made
Even weakness by his might ;
But solemn in his depth of shade,
And splendid in his light.
Light ! not alone on clouds afar
O'er storm-loved mountains spread,
Or widely-teaching sun and star
Thy glorious thoughts are read ;
Oh, no ! thou art a wond'rous book,
To sky, and sea, and land—
A page on which the angels look,
Which insects understand !
And here, oh, Light ! minutely fair,
Divinely plain and clear,
Like splinters of a crystal hair,
Thy bright small hand is here.
Yon drop-fed lake, six inches wide,
Is Huron, girt with wood ;
This driblet feeds Missouri's tide—
And that Niagara's flood.
What tidings from the Andes brings
Yon line of liquid light,
That down from heav'n in madness flings
The blind foam of its might ?

Do I not hear his thunder roll—
The roar that ne'er is still ?
'Tis mute as death ! but in my soul
It roars, and ever will.
What forests tall of tiniest moss
Clothe every little stone !
What pigmy oaks their foliage toss
O'er pigmy valleys lone !
With shade o'er shade, from ledge to ledge,
Ambitious of the sky,
They feather o'er the steepest edge
Of mountains mushroom high.
Oh, God of marvels ! who can tell
What myriad living things
On these grey stones unseen may dwell !
What nations with their kings !
I feel no shock, I hear no groan
While fate perchance o'erwhelms
Empires on this subverted stone—
A hundred ruin'd realms !
Lo ! in that dot, some mite, like me,
Impell'd by woe or whim,
May crawl, some atom cliffs to see—
A tiny world to him !
Lo ! while he pauses, and admires
The work of nature's might,
Spurn'd by my foot, his world expires,
And all to him is night !
Oh, God of terrors ! what are we ?—
Poor insects, spark'd with thought !
Thy whisper, Lord, a word from thee,
Could smite us into nought !
But shouldst thou wreck our father-land,
And mix it with the deep,
Safe in the hollow of thy hand
Thy little ones would sleep.

—ELLIOTT.

THE INFANT ORATOR.

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage ;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.

Large streams from little fountains flow :
Tall oaks from little acorns grow :
And though I now am small and young,
Of judgment weak, and feeble tongue,
Yet all great learned men, like me
Once learned to read their A, B, C.

But why may not Victoria's reign
Bring back the good old days again—
Exceed what Greece and Rome have done,
Or any land beneath the sun ?
Or, where's the town, go far and near,
That does not find a rival here ?

Or, where's the boy, but three feet high,
Who's made improvements more than I ?
These thoughts inspire my youthful mind
To be the greatest of mankind ;
Great, not like Cæsar, stained with blood ;
But only great, as I am good.

—EVERETT.

THE COLLIER'S DYING CHILD.

THE cottage was a thatched one, its outside old and mean ;
Yet everything within that cot was wondrous neat and clean :
The night was dark and stormy,—the wind was blowing wild :—
A patient mother sat beside the death-bed of her child,—
A little worn-out creature—his once bright eyes grown dim :
He was a Collier's only child—they called him "Little Jim."

And oh ! to see the briny tears fast flowing down her cheek,
As she offered up a prayer in thought ;—she was afraid to speak,
Lest she might waken one she loved far dearer than her life ;
For she had all a mother's heart, that wretched Collier's wife.
With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer's bed,
And prays that God would spare her boy, and take herself instead :
She gets her answer from the child—soft fall these words from him—
"Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon Little Jim !

"I have no pain, dear mother, now ; but, oh ! I am so dry :
Just moisten poor Jim's lips once more ; and, mother, do not cry !"
With gentle, trembling haste, she held a teacup to his lips—
He smiled to thank her—then he took three little tiny sips.
"Tell father when he comes from work, I said 'good-night !' to him ;
And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas ! poor Little Jim !
She saw that he was dying ! the child she loved so dear,
Had uttered the last words she'd ever hope to hear.

The cottage door is opened—the Collier's step is heard ;
The father and the mother meet, but neither speak a word :
He felt that all was over—he knew the child was dead !
He took the candle in his hand, and stood beside the bed :
His quivering lip gave token of the grief he'd fain conceal ;
And see, the mother joins him ! the stricken couple kneel ;
With hearts bowed down by sorrow they humbly ask, of Him,
In heaven once more to meet their own poor "Little Jim !"
—FARMER.

THE DEATH OF COCK ROBIN AND JENNY WREN.

IT WAS a cold Autumn morning when Jenny Wren
died,
Cock Robin sat by for to see,
And when all was over he bitterly cried,
So kind and so loving was he.

He buried her under the little moss-heap,
That lies at the foot of the yew,
And by day and by night he sat near her to weep,
Till his feathers were wet with the dew.

"Oh, Jenny, I'm tired of lingering here,
Through the dreary dark days of November,
And I'm thinking of nothing but you, Jenny dear,
And your loving fond ways I remember ;

"I think how you look'd in your little brown suit,
When you said that you'd always be mine,
With your fan in your hand, how you glanced at
the fruit,
And said you liked cherries and wine.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

'I think of the sweet merry days of the Spring,
Of the nest that we built both together,
Of the dear little brood nestled under your wing,
And the joys of the warm summer weather."

And as he lamented the rain did down pour,
Till his body was wet through and through,
And he sang: "Dearest Jenny, my sorrows are o'er,
And I'm coming, my true love, to you."

So he gather'd some orown leaves to lay by her side,
And to pillow his poor weary head,
And sang: "Jenny, my lost one, my fond one, my bride,"
Till the gallant Cock Robin fell dead.

—GERDA FAY.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

COME, see the *Dolphin's* anchor forged—'tis at a white heat now:
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased—though on the forge's brow
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound,
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round;
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare—
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves below,
And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe!
It rises, roars, rends all outright—O Vulcan, what a glow!
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright—the high sun shines not so!
"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out—leap out!" bang, bang the sledges go!
Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low!—

"Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time;
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime.
But while you sling your sledges, sing—and let the burden be,
'The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen we!'
Strike in, strike in!—the sparks begin to dull their rustling red;
Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped.

"Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay.—
In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last;
A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.
O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea:

"O lodger in the sea-kings' halls! couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by the side, or who that dripping band
Slow swaying in the heaving waves, that round about thee bend,
With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient friend—
Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride; thou'dst leap within the sea!

"Give honour to their memories who left the pleasant strand
To shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland—
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave!—
Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honour him for their memory, whose bones he goes among!"

—FERGUSON.



A-HUNTING WE WILL GO.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn;
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntsman winds his horn.
And a-hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay:
"My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows;
You cannot hunt to day."
Yet a-hunting we will go.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,
Their steeds they soundly switch;
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
And some thrown in the ditch.
Yet a-hunting we will go.

Sly Reynard now like lightning flies,
And sweeps across the vale;
And when the hounds too near he spies,
He drops his bushy tail.
Then a-hunting we will go.

BIRDIE.

Fond echo seems to like the sport,
And join the jovial cry ;
The woods, the hills, the sound retort,
And music fills the sky,
When a-hunting we do go.

At last his strength to faintness worn,
Poor Reynard ceases flight ;
Then, hungry, homeward we return,
To feast away the night,
And a-drinking we do go.

Ye jovial hunters, in the morn
Prepare, then, for the chase ;
Rise at the sounding of the horn,
And health with sport embrace,
When a-hunting we do go.
—FIELDING.



BIRDIE.

BIRDIE, birdie, quickly come !
Come and take this little crumb ;
Go and fetch your little brother,
And be kind to one another.

Birdie, sing a song to me,
I will very quiet be ;
Yes, my birdie—yes, I will
Be so quiet, and so still.

Oh ! so still, you shall not hear me ;
Fear not, birdie, to come near me.
Tell me, in your pleasant song,
What you're doing all day long :

How you pass the rainy days—
Tell me all about your plays.
Have you lessons, birdie ? tell—
Do you learn to read and spell ?

Or just fly from tree to tree,
Where you will, at liberty—
Far up in the clear blue sky,
Very far, and very high ?

Or in pleasant summer hours,
Do you play with pretty flowers ?
Birdie, is this all you do ?
Then I wish that I were you.

—MRS. ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.



THE LITTLE BOY'S GOOD NIGHT.

THE sun is hidden from our sight,
The birds are sleeping sound ;
'T is time to say to all, "Good night !"
And give a kiss all round.

Good night ! my father, mother dear,
Now kiss your little son ;
Good night ! my friends, both far and near,
Good night to every one.

Good night ! ye merry, merry birds,
Sleep well till morning light ;
Perhaps if you could sing in words,
You would have said "Good night !"

To all my pretty flowers, good night !
You blossom while I sleep ;
And all the stars that shine so bright,
With you their watches keep.

The moon is lighting up the skies,
The stars are sparkling there ;
'T is time to shut our weary eyes,
And say our evening prayer.

—MRS. ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

SONG FOR AN INFANT SCHOOL

CHILDREN go
To and fro,
In a merry, pretty row ;
Footsteps light,
Faces bright :
'Tis a happy sight.
Swiftly turning round and round,
Do not look upon the ground.
Follow me,
Full of glee,
Singing merrily.

Birds are free,
So are we ;
And we live as happily.
Work we do,
Study too,
For we learn "twice two ;"
When we laugh, and dance, and sing,
Gay as birds or anything.
Follow me,
Full of glee,
Singing merrily.

HYMN FOR A LITTLE BOY.

Work is done,
Play's begun ;
Now we have our laugh and fun.
Happy days,
Pretty plays,
And no naughty ways.

Holding fast each other's hand,
We're a little happy band.
Follow me,
Full of glee,
Singing merrily.
—MRS. ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.



THE GOOD BOY'S HYMN ON GOING TO BED.

How sweet to lay my weary head
Upon my quiet little bed,
And feel assured that all day long
I have not knowingly done wrong !

How sweet to hear my mother say,
"You have been very good to-day !"
How sweet to see my father's joy
When he can say, "My dear good boy !"

How sweet it is my thoughts to send
To many a dear-loved distant friend,
And feel, if they my heart could see,
How very happy they would be !

How sweet to think that He whose love
Made all these shining worlds above
My pure and happy heart can see,
And loves a little boy like me.
—MRS. ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

HYMN FOR A LITTLE BOY

"WHAT, mother, makes it seem to me,
When I am all alone,
As if some one could hear and see,
And all my thoughts were known ?

"Sometimes it makes me very glad,
And dance and sing with joy ;
Sometimes it makes me very sad,
And frights your little boy.

"Oh, tell me, mother, tell me why ;
For I have never known
Why 'tis I laugh, or why I cry,
When I am all alone."

"My child, you never are alone ;
There is a watchful eye
To which your very thoughts are known ;
'Tis God is ever nigh.

"He made your little heart for joy,
He tunes your happy song;
Oh! then, my little timid boy,
Fear only doing wrong.

"For He who makes your heart so glad,
Who bids the good be gay,
With the same love will make it sad,
Whene'er you disobey.

"He is our Father, and He hears
Your weakest, faintest prayer;
He wipes away an infant's tears,
And children are His care."

—MRS. ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

THE LITTLE SLAVE'S WISH.

I WISH I was that little bird
Up in the bright blue sky,
That sings and flies just where he will,
And no one asks him why.

I wish I was that little brook
That runs so swift along,
Through pretty flowers, and shining stones,
Singing a merry song.

I wish I was a butterfly,
Without a fear or care,
Spreading my many-colour'd wings,
Like a flower in the air.

I wish I was that wild, wild deer,
That I saw the other day,
Who through the dark-green forest flew,
Like an arrow far away.

I wish I was that little cloud
By the gentle south wind driven,
Floating along so calm and bright
Up to the gates of heaven.

I'd rather be a savage beast,
And dwell in a gloomy cave,
And shake the forest when I roar'd
Than what I am—a slave.

My mother calls me her good boy,
My father calls me brave;
What wicked action have I done
That I should be a slave?

They tell me God is very good,
That His right arm can save;
Oh, is it—can it be His will
That I should be a slave?

Oh, how much better 't is to die,
And lie down in the grave,
Than 'tis to be what I am now,
A little negro slave!

—MRS. ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

STANZAS.

I WALKED by the side of a tranquil stream
That the sun had tinged with its parting beam;
The water was still, and so crystal clear,
That every spray had its image there.

And every reed that o'er it bowed,
And the crimson streak, and the silvery cloud,
And all that was bright, and all that was fair,
And all that was gay, was reflected there.

STANZAS.

But I took a stone that lay beside,
And I cast it far on the glassy tide;
And gone was the charm of the pictured scene,
And the sky so bright and the landscape green.

And I bade them mark how an idle word
Too lightly said, or too deeply heard,
Or a harsh reproof, or a look unkind,
May spoil the peace of the heavenly mind.



Though sweet be the peace, and holy the calm,
And the heavenly beam be bright and warm,
The heart that it gilds is all as weak
As the wave that reflects the crimson streak.

You cannot impede the celestial ray
That gilds the dawn of eternal day;
But you may so trouble the bosom it cheers,
'Twill cease to be true to the image it bears.
—C. FRY.

INDUSTRY.

NATURE expects all men should share
The duties of the public care.
Who's born for sloth? To some we find
The ploughshare's annual toil assigned;
Some at the sounding anvil glow;
Some the swift-sliding shuttle throw;
Some, studious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide;
Some (taught by industry) impart
With hands and feet the works of art;
While some, of genius more refined,
With head and tongue assist mankind.
Each aiming at one common end,
Proves to the whole a needful friend.
Thus, born each other's useful aid,
By turns are obligations paid.

The monarch, when his table's spread,
Is to the clown obliged for bread;
And, when in all his glory drest,
Owes to the loom his royal vest.
Do not the mason's toil and care
Protect him from the inclement air?
Does not the cutler's art supply
The ornament that guards his thigh?
All these, in duty to the throne,
Their common obligations own.
'Tis he his own and people's cause
Protects,—their properties and laws.
Thus they their honest toil employ,
And with content the fruits enjoy:
In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.

—GAY.



THE WORM.

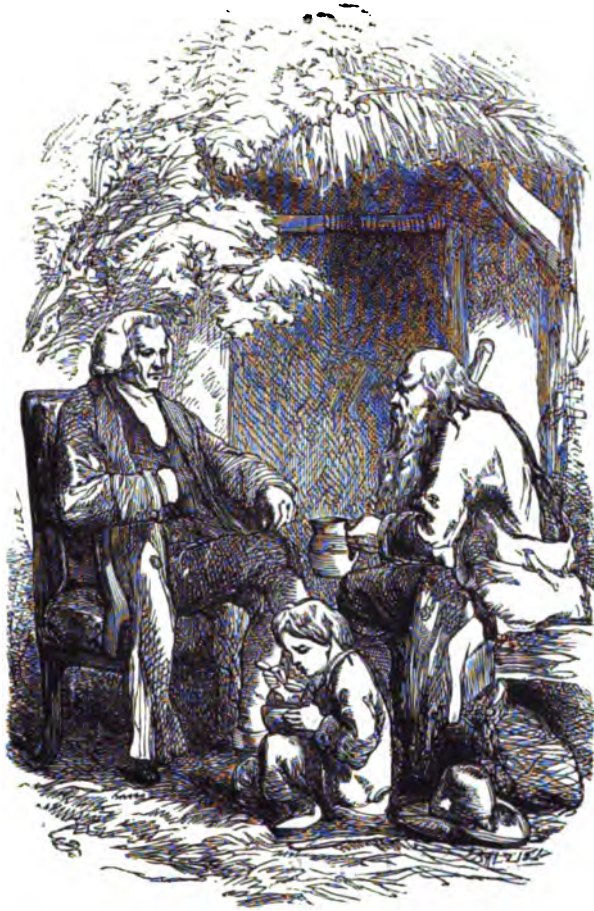
TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm;
The frame thy wayward looks deride
Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flow'd,
A portion of His boundless love
On that poor worm bestow'd.

The sun, the moon, the stars He made,
To all His creatures free;
And spreads o'er earth the grassy blade
For worms as well as thee.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliss receive;
Oh! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

—GIBBORNE



THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place ;
Unakilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
For other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain ;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;

The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt at every call,

He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all ;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies ;
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm.
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

—GOLDSMITH.

THE HERMIT.

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray ;

"For here, forlorn and lost, I tread,
With fainting steps and slow—
Where wilds, immeasurable spread,
Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still ;
And, though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

"Then turn, to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows—
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn—
Taught by that Power who pities me,
I learn to pity them ;

"But, from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring—
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
All earth-born cares are wrong :
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell ;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far, in a wilderness obscure,
The lonely mansion lay,
A refuge to the neighbouring pool
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care ;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest ;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd and smiled ;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries—
The cricket chirrups on the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies ;

But nothing could a charm impart
To sooth the stranger's woe—
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied—
With answering care oppress'd ;
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast ?



"From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove ?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love ?

"Alas ! the joys that Fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay—
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they ;

"And what is Friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep—
A shade that follows Wealth or Fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?

"And Love is still an emptier sound—
The modern fair one's jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush—
And spurn the sex," he said;
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surprised he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view—
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confess'd,
A maid in all her charms.

"And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried,
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside;

"But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray—
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father lived beside the Tyne—
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came;
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt or feign'd a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd—
But never talk'd of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth or power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had—
But these were all to me.

"And when, beside me in the dale,
He caroll'd lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove.

"The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his; but, woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

"Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there, forlorn, despairing, hid—
I'll lay me down and die;
'T was so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, Heaven!" the hermit cried,
And clasped her to his breast:
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide—
'T was Edwin's self that press'd.

"Turn, Angelina! ever dear—
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin, here,
Restored to Love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign;
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine?

"No, never, from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

—GOLDSMITH.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song ;
And if you find it wond'rous short
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say
That still a godly race he ran
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes ;
The naked every day he clad
When he put on his clothes

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends ;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye ;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied :
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

—GOLDSMITH.





THE VILLAGE INN.

NEAR yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts in-
spired,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place ;
The whitewashed wall, the nicely-sanded floor,

The varnished clock that clicked behind the door ;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay ;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

—GOLDSMITH.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.



ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
Or drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:



Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twit'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, and the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.



The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour :
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle, and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll ;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
Or shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense, kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.



Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and epitaph supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate :
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate ;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
" Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn :

" There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook, that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, would he rove ;
Now drooping woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him from the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

"The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne :
Approach and read, for thou canst read, the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn:"



EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown :
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send ;
He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.
No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father, and his God.
—GRAY.



THE DEFORMED CHILD.

WHEN summer days are long and warm, they set my little chair
Without the door, and in the sun they leave me sitting there ;
Then many thoughts come to my mind, that others never know,
About myself and what I feel, and what was long ago.

There are no less than six of us, and all of them are tall
And stout as any you may see, but I was always small :
The neighbours look at me, and say I grow not with the rest ;
Then father strokes my head, and says, "The least are sometimes best."

But hearing I was not like them, within my head one day
It came (strange thoughts that children have !) that I'd been changed away !
And then I cried ; but soon the thought brought comfort to my mind,—
If I were not their own, I knew they could not be so kind.

For we are happy in our home as ever people were,
Yet sometimes father looks as if his heart was full of care ;
When things go wrong about the house, then mother vexed will be ;
But neither of them ever spoke a cross word unto me.

And once, when all was dark, they came to kiss me in my bed,
And though they thought I slept quite sound, I heard each word they said.
"Poor little thing! to make thee well, we'd freely give our all;
But God knows best!" and on my cheek I felt a warm tear fall.

And then I longed to sit upright, and tell them not to fret,
For that my pains were not so bad, I should be stronger yet;
But as the words came to my lips, they seemed to die away,
And then they drew the curtain close, and left me as I lay.

And so I did not speak at all, and yet my heart was full;
And now, when I am sick and ill, for fear it makes them dull
To see my face so pale and worn, I creep to father's side,
And press it close against his own, and try the pain to hide.

Then upon pleasant Sundays, in the long warm evening hours,
Will father take me in his arms among the fields and flowers;
And he'll be just as pleased himself to see the joy I'm in,
And mother smiles and says she thinks I look not quite so thin.

But it is best within the house when nights are long and dark,
And two of brothers run from school, and two come in from work;
And they are all so kind to me, the first word they will say
To mother at the door will be, "Has Bess been well to-day?"

And though I love them all so well, *one* may be loved the best,
And brother John, I scarce know why, seems dearer than the rest.
But tired and cross as I may feel when he comes in at night,
And takes me on his knee and chats—then everything is right!

When once, I know, about some work he went quite far away,
Oh! how I wished him back again, and counted every day;
And when, the first of all, I heard his foot upon the stair,
Just for that once I longed to run and leave my little chair!

Then when I look at other girls, they never seem to be
So pretty as our Hannah is, or half so neat as she;
But she will soon be leaving us, to settle far away,
With *one* she loves, and who has loved her well this many a day.

I sometimes think because I have few pleasures, and no cares,
Wherewith to please or vex myself, they like to tell me theirs;
For sister talks to me for hours, and tells me much that she
Would never breathe unto a soul unless it were to me.

One night, when we were quite alone, she gave the fire a stir,
And shut the door, and showed the ring that William bought for her,
And told me all about her house; and often she has said
That I shall come to live with them, when she and William wed.

But that I think will scarcely be, for when our Hannah goes,
What we shall do for want of her, not one among us knows;
And though there is not much in me the place she leaves to fill,
Yet *something* may be always done, where there is but the will.

THE DYING CHILD.

Then the kind doctor says, and he is very seldom wrong,
That I some day, when no one thinks, may grow both stout and strong ;
And should I be, through all my life, a care unto my friends,
Yet father says there are *worse* cares than God Almighty sends !

And I will think of this, and then I never can feel dull,
But pray to God to make me good, and kind, and dutiful ;
And when I think on Him that died, it makes my heart grow light,
To know that feeble things on earth are precious in His sight !

—DORA GREENWELL.



THE DYING CHILD.

A LITTLE child lay on his bed
And drew a heavy breath,
And moaning raised his weary head,
Damp with the dews of death.

Upon his bed the sunset cast
The broad and yellow ray
That oft in pleasant evenings past
Had warned him from his play.

He clasped his mother's hand and sighed,
And to his lip arose
A little prayer he learnt beside
Her knee at even's close.

And thus he prayed, ere darkness stole
Upon the silence deep,
The Blessed One to keep his soul,
And guard him in his sleep :—

“ Ah ! gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look down on me, a little child :
Ah ! pity my simplicity,
And grant me grace to come to Thee !

“ Four corners are around my bed,
At every one an angel spread :
One to lead me, one to feed me,
Two to take my soul to heaven.”

“ And they will take it soon : I know
I have not long to wait,
Ere with those Shining Ones I go
Within the pearly gate ;

“ Ere I shall look upon His face,
Who died that I might live
With Him for ever, through the grace
That none save He can give !

“ I go where the happy waters flow
By the city of our King,
Where never cometh pain nor woe,
Nor any evil thing.

“ I go to play beneath the tree,
Upon whose branches high
The pleasant fruits of healing be,
That none may taste and die.

"I go to join the blessed throng
Who walk arrayed in white,
To learn of them the holy song
That rises day and night.

"I see them by the emerald light
Shed by the living Bow :
Young seraph faces, pure and bright,
More fair than aught below !

"Oh ! come to me, ye blessed ones,
And take me in your arms :
I know you by your shining robes,
And by your waving palms.

"Your robes are pure from every stain ;
Not Rachel's bitter tears
Had wrought such whiteness through the rain
Of long and evil years !

"Your smiles are sweet as is the babe's
Upon my mother's knee ;
O little one ! I would that thou
Wert there along with me !

"How happily our days would flow
Where all is glad and fair !
Ah ! might the faces that I know
But look upon me *there* !

"For something dear will fail awhile
In those abodes of bliss,—
The sweetness of my mother's smile,
My father's evening kiss.

"If they will miss me on the earth,
I shall miss them above,
And 'mid the holy angel mirth
Shall think on those I love.

"But when *they* come I shall be first
To give them welcome sweet ;
My voice shall swell the joyous burst
That doth the ransomed greet !

"I come, O Saviour ! yes, I haste
Thy ransomed child to be,
Yet I have many on the earth,
And none in heaven but Thee !"

And then a Voice spake soft and clear,
"Whom wouldst thou have but Me ?
Who, in the heavens or with thee here,
Hath owned such love for thee ?"

And the child folded his wan hands, and smiled
As o'er a blissful meaning ; but his breath
Failed in the happy utterance, as he met
His Father's kiss upon the lip of Death.

—DORA GREENWELL.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S LAMENT.

Is heaven a long way off, mother ?
I watch through all the day
To see my father coming back,
And meet him on the way.

And when the night comes on, I stand
Where once I used to wait,
To see him coming from the fields,
And meet him at the gate ;

Then I used to put my hand in his,
And cared not more to play ;
But I never meet him coming *now*,
However long I stay.

And you tell me he's in heaven, and far,
Far happier than we,
And loves us still the same ; but how,
Dear mother, can that be ?

For he never left us for a day
To market or to fair,
But the best of all that father saw
He brought for us to share.

He cared for nothing then but us :
I have heard father say
That coming back made worth his while
Sometimes to go away.

He used to say he liked our house
Far better than the Hall ;
He would not change it for the best,
The grandest place of all.

And if where he is now, mother,
All is so good and fair,
He would have come back long ago,
To take us with him there.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S LAMENT.

He never would be missed from heaven :
I have heard father say
How many angels God has there,
To praise Him night and day :

He never would be missed in heaven,
From all that blessed throng ;
And we—oh ! we have missed him here
So sadly and so long !

But if he came to fetch us, then
I would hold his hand so fast,
I would not let it go again
Till all the way was past.

He'd tell me all that he has seen,
But *I* would never say,
How dull and lonely we have been
Since he went far away.



When you raised me to the bed, mother,
And I kissed him on the cheek,
His cheek was pale and very cold,
And his voice was low and weak.

And yet I can remember well
Each word that he spoke then,
For he said I must be a dear, good girl,
And we should meet again !

And, oh ! but I have tried since then
To be good through all the day ;
I have done whatever you bid me, mother,
Yet father stays away !

Is it because God loves him so ?—
I know that in His love
He takes the good away from earth,
To live with Him above !

Oh that God had not loved him so !
For then he might have stayed,
And kissed me as he used at nights,
When by his knee I played ;

Oh that he had not been so good,
So patient, or so kind !
Oh ! had but we been more like him,
And not been left behind !

—DORA GREENWELL.

THE LITTLE SISTER

Part I.

SUMMER.

My sister raised me to the bed, my mother solemnly
Rested her hand upon my head, in silence. I could see
Her eyes were raised to heaven ; at last she spoke, but not to me,
“Poor child ! thy Father yet will find a blessing left for thee.”

Then turning unto Amy, said, "To thee, though yet so young,
I leave a legacy of love." The words upon her tongue
Failed, yet a look told all the rest, and Amy wept, and clung
About her neck, and kissed her then so fondly and so fast,
I only heard a murmured sound of blessing to the last.
And she was gone; yet surely then her spirit as it past
Breathed all its love on Amy's soul, and lives in it again,
For she has been the mother to me I lost, yet lost not then!



And every one is kind to me, but sometimes they forget,
Because I have been ill so long, but Amy never yet
Forgot me, and I often think that seeing her so kind
Makes all the others kinder still, and keeps it in their mind;
And oft she jests with me, and says, that still as she begun,
Five years before me, all through life she will smooth the path we run,
She thinks of me, let her ever be so busy or so gay,
And happy she must be that has so much to give away.
It seems as if her joyous heart took in a double share,
Of all the gladness of the world, the more to have to spare;
And every one is wanting her, that is their joy and pride,
But still she says her happiest days are those that side by side
We spend together. Far beneath the castle where we dwell
Sinks deep, and low, and sudden down, a rocky, woody dell;
It seems as if, by chasm rift, the earth had flung in there,

In haste to fill the yawning gap, all goodly things and rare,
For I never saw a place so wild, so lonely, or so fair,
I never heard the sweet birds sing so loud as they do there,
Calling each other, morn and eve, across the narrow glen,
As if they sung "joy!" only "joy!" a hundred times again;
And all except their song is hushed: the wind, that hath its will
O'er all without, can never find its way within the Ghyll,
And only rocks the tall tree-tops, while all beneath is still.
And there at evening lingeringly, the golden sunbeams stray
All up and down the grassy slopes, and seem to lose their way
Among the trees, till every bole is touched with ruddy light,
And all the pebbles in the brook are flashing wet and bright:
The brook that through the sultry day, with waters clear and brown,
From rocky shelving ledge to ledge still slips and gurgles down,
And chafes and murmurs round about broad burdock leaves outspread,
And great stones slippery with moss that choke its shingly bed,
Till every here and there awhile for quietness makes stay
In dark, deep hollows of a hand that holds it on its way,
Where all things that are glossy smooth and moist, and green and cool,
Drip from the overhanging rock and cluster round the pool;
And forth from ev'ry crevice and cleft peep lovely plants and rare,
As if they were some costly theft half-thrust for hiding there,
That earth would keep unto herself because they are so fair,
For never, save in such fairy nooks they flourish anywhere!

Not far from this a ferny bank uprises in the dell,
With thick dry heath o'ergrown, and moss that seems to heave and swell
Unto the touch, and foxgloves wave o'er all with crimson bell:
Here Amy has me brought, and here through half the summer day
We sit and talk, or oftener dream the quiet hours away;
And, lying in the shadow, mark the dark leaves, glistening bright,
Shoot up and flash in elfin spears and javelins of light,
Or listen to the wordless song, the story without end
That summer woods through all their leaves and falling waters send;
Till sometimes Amy will arise, and up and down the brook
Flit light from stone to stone, and peer within each leafy nook,
Or diving 'mid the boughs, awhile I see her not, but hear
Her singing loud behind their screen to show me she is near.
One day we marked some flowers that grew so high upon the rock,
"They feel themselves so safe," I said, "they look as if to mock
And shake their little heads at us." "But I will tame their pride,
And take them in their very nest," then Amy laughing cried;
And up the rock with light sure step she sprang, and ever higher
Kept clambering up the slippery stair, and held by bush and brier,
Until at last, the summit gained, she clapped her hands and flung
The flowers down to me, and stamped her little foot, and sung
Till all the woody vale awoke its echoes to prolong
The song that floated o'er its depths, the sweet and self-same song,

"Joy!" only "joy!" that all the birds had sung in it so long.
And singing all the way she came, once more she neared the ground,
But now with slower step; and ere she took her last light bound,
To stay herself a moment's space, she clasped a birchen tree
That grew upon the rock, and waved her other hand to me;
When she stopped singing all at once, and o'er her face a look

Passed, as if then some sudden blame unto her heart she took ;
And when she reached me where I sat, she spoke not for awhile,
But turned her head ; and when again she raised her eyes, the smile
Was only on her lip—I saw that all its glee was gone,
And when at last she spoke, 'twas not of what she thought upon.

And I made answer lightly too ; but silent and untold
Was something drawn between us then that loosens not its hold ;
And oft I think within myself, Sweet sister, could you see
This heart of mine that loves you so, you would never grieve for me !

Part II.

WINTER.

When Amy was a child, our old fond nurse would say that she
Was the fairest flower of the flock, best apple on the tree ;
And still as she grew up, at home we knew that she was fair,
But seldom thought of it, because we saw her always there ;
So, when we came to town, almost it took us by surprise
To learn how beautiful she was through other people's eyes.
For all eyes turned to follow her, that still so little guessed
The secret, that she oft has turned, unconscious, with the rest,
To see what beauteous form drew near ; for many, bright and gay
Are there, yet none like Amy (so at least I hear them say)
That move with such an untrained grace, and bear upon their looks
The freshness of the breezes light, and sunny, singing brooks ;
As if the wild, free, harmless things by stream and wood and hill,
That had her to themselves so long, played light about her still.
It is, they say, as when you meet in crowded thoroughfare,
Some sight or scent that o'er you brings a breath of country air,
With the hay-fields and the corn-fields and the sweetness only there.

I watch her from my window now, I look down through the park,
To see her come in from her ride before the day grows dark,
And she looks up to meet my eye and waves her hand to me,
As when upon the slippery rock she held the birchen tree,
And springs to earth as light and free as if her footstep fell
Still on the soft, dry, springing moss and purple heather-bell !

We spend no days together now, because our present lives
Are threads too far apart to meet, though Amy ever strives
To knit them close where'er she may, and ever seeks to twine
And weave with mine, as it runs on, a bright and silver line.
At night I hear a quick, light step, and sudden in the room
A flutter 'mid its quietness, a shining on its gloom :
She comes, all rustling silken soft, all floating warm and bright,
And glimmers through the dusk in robes of gossamer and light,
Like a swan that spreads its white full plumes upon the breast of night ;
She comes to ask me for her flowers, for none will Amy wear
Unless I bind them on her breast, or twine them in her hair ;
And she says that nothing would go well, or please her at the ball,
Without she has a kiss from me the last, last thing of all ;

And still when she comes back again, while all is fresh and new
Upon her mind, like fairy tales it is (but these are true)
To hear of all that she has seen,—the wondrous things and fair,
Until it sometimes seems to me that I myself was there.
But still she ends, "Thou little one, I leave thee, yet I find
Not one among them all I love like her I leave behind !

"Not one I love so well as thee." But this was at the first ;
And then a change came over her : it seemed as if she nursed
Some hidden thought ; as folded close within the rose's breast,
The sweetest, reddest leaf lies curled, and only to be guessed
By the fragrance and the trembling light it sheds through all the rest.
And kinder *she* could never grow, yet softer now I deemed,
And graver, tenderer her smile ; yet strange to me it seemed
That gayer, brighter still she found each brilliant scene, and well
She loved to go, yet nothing now was ever left to tell.
Upon a low seat by the fire she sat one night, and leant
Her cheek upon her hand, and while her drooping head she bent
To me, the warm light streamed around, and seemed her brow to bless
With a sunny glory, and a crown of growing loveliness
More bright than were the scarlet flowers that I was wreathing then
About her hair, as light I laughed, and said, "No more again
Will I take, Amy, all this pains to make thee gay and fair,
That never bringest me a word of all that passes there,
To pay me for my lovely flowers : make much of these, and prize
This wreath, because it is the last." But then from Amy's eyes .
Her soul looked forth, "Yes, Annie ! yet, perchance, some future day
Thou wilt twine me yet another one, more sweet though not so gay,"
And kissed me then because I wept, and whispered in my ear,
"Well will he love my darling, else he had never been so dear !"

I wept ; but not, as Amy thought, in fear to lose her love,
For I know that in the heart, as in the blessed home above,
There is ever room that grows no less however many share,—
There is room enough and love enough for all the angels there !
I wept, but 'twas for joy, to think that now her heart would find
A heart to answer hers again, and pay her back in kind
For all the love that met me new with every dawning day,
For all she gave, and gave untired ; for all *I* could not pay.
More blest to give than to receive, yet *both* are surely blest,—
Long, long may Amy joy in both, to prove which is the best.

—DORA GREENWELL.

THE SISTERLESS.

"WHEN will my sister come, dear nurse?
Oh ! when will my sister come ?
Will my sister *ever* come to me
To share my little room,
To sleep in my little bed at night,
And by my side to play ?

"Oh ! now when summer is so bright
She should not stay away !
Why should I have no sister
When dear mamma has three ?
And if I had *one*, but only one,
How happy I should be !

"O nurse, though you may think it wrong,
When aunts came here one day,
And talked to her so fast and long,
With so much to hear and say,
I cried when no one saw my face
As I sat upon her knee,
To think I should have no one, nurse,
To be so fond of me ;
When I was old like them, I thought,
How lonely I should be !"

"You should not think so, missie,
Or say such things to me,
For God can raise up friends for you
Wherever you may be.
Some children have no kind mothers,
Some lose their father too,
And some little girls have no brothers
To play with them, like you."

"But if I had a sister, nurse,
A little angel-child,
With golden hair and clear blue eyes,
So innocent and mild,
Oh ! I would take her in my arms,
And set her on my knee,
And you should see what a good sister,
What a kind one I should be ;
Then I would comb each shining curl,
And part them from her brow,
And tell her to be a dear good girl,
As you do to me now.
Then I would teach her little prayers,
And Bible stories tell,
And I think she would love me, dear nurse,
When I loved her so well !

"But if she came in the winter, nurse,
We would wrap her up so warm,



That were it cold as Christmas-time
It should not do her harm.
If she should come in the winter,
When the ground with snow is white,
And the rime lays thick upon the pane,
And the stars shine out at night,
Then I and brothers would be glad,
And she should be *our* star ;
And we would search within the woods,
Where the shining berries are,
And bring them in, with many a bough,
To make the nursery gay,
And, oh ! how happy we should be
To play with her all day !
And by the light of the fire, nurse,
You would tell us tales, you know,
Of dwarfs and giants fierce, that lived
With fairies, long ago ;

And she would be *our* fairy, nurse,
So mirthful and so wise !
And we would talk to her, and she
Would answer with her eyes ;
And she would stretch her soft round arms
Unto us, with delight,
And stroke our faces with her hands
So waxen pure and white !
We would lay her in the cradle then,
And rock her unto sleep,
And ere we went unto our beds,
To kiss her we would creep !

"But if she came in the spring, dear nurse,
But if she came in the spring,
When the winds blow mild from the soft warm
south,
And the bird is on the wing :

If the wind would blow her unto us,
 How happy should we be,
 When the blossom hangs upon the flower,
 And the bud upon the tree;
 When the swallow comes across the sea,
 And the lark is springing high,
 As if he meant to sing his song
 To angels in the sky!
 And to each other the sweet birds
 At early morning call;
 But we should think *her* little voice
 Was sweeter far than all!

"When the yellow palm is waving light,
 And the larch is turning green,
 And our orchard cherry shines in white
 As if it were their queen;
 When the blue violet in the grass
 Hides deep, and does not know
 How sweet she is, and as we pass
 We find her hidden low;
 And from the hedge the primrose looks
 With pale and starry eye,
 And in the fields and by the brooks
 The golden kingcups lie;
 Then as the days grew long, dear nurse,
 Would we go forth every day,
 The pleasant pasture-lands among
 Where the merry lambkins play;
 There we would search about for flowers,
 Our little lamb to deck,
 And weave upon her head a crown,
 And chains around her neck,—
 The purple orchis, with the vetch
 And wood anemone;
 But not a flower among them all
 Would be so fair as she!

"But if she came in the summer, nurse,
 But if she came to-day,
She is the only thing we want,
 All looks so fresh and gay.
 Now, when the summer sun rides high,
 And all is beautiful,
 It seems so strange that only I
 Should feel alone and dull;
 For brothers go across the hills,
 And ramble far away,
 And I that cannot follow them
 Have no one left to play:
 I sit upon the garden steps,
 And dream of many things,
 And watch the dragon-fly flit past
 On gauze of silver wings;

The birds sing high above my head,
 But I know not what they say,
 And I wish your fairies had not gone,
 Dear nurse, so far away;

"But if our baby were but here
 Beside us in the shade,
 I would not wish a fairy here,
 Or green dwarf of the glade;
 For if they saw her angel face
 There lying in your arms,
 They would leave some changeling in her place,
 All through their elfin charms;
 Yes! they would take our baby dear
 Through wicked spells away,
 And we could not spare our little flower
 To make their garden gay.

"I would show her where with cool green leaf
 The water-lilies float
 With cup of pearl upon the stream,
 A little magic boat.
 I would take her where the foxgloves grow
 So tall within the dell,
 And every finger soft and white
 Should wear a purple bell.
 Where in the woods the arum springs,
 And honeysuckles weave,
 And the blue harebell gently rings
 Its faint low chime at eve.
 I would take her where the fields smell sweet
 With fresh hay laid to dry:
 The grasshopper beneath our feet
 Were not more light than I;
 The butterfly that skims in air
 Were not more glad, more gay—
 Oh, now that summer is so fair
She should not stay away!

"And if she came in autumn, nurse,—
 It will be coming soon,—
 If we looked the first upon her face
 By the shining harvest moon,
 Oh! it would fall upon her bed
 In silver streams of light,
 And weave a crown around her head
 In lines of dazzling white.
 Then as she lay the stars would peep
 Down from the quiet skies,
 And seem to watch her in her sleep
 With gentle angel eyes.
 If she should come in the autumn, nurse,
 It takes so much away,
 That it should bring her unto us
 To cheer the shortening day;

When ripening on the sunny walls
 We see the velvet peach,
 And from the stalk the apple falls
 To lie within our reach ;
 And filberts cluster overhead,
 And cones hang on the fir,
 And on the bramble-berries red
 And ripe, that wait for *her*.
 Then as we walk within the woods
 No little bird will sing,
 But in the brake the pheasant broods,
 With rich and folded wing.
 Within the broad and golden fields
 The reapers toil all day,
 Till heavily the laden wains
 Creak on their homeward way.

If *she* should come in autumn, nurse,
 The reaper's merry song,
 As he bears the last well-ripened sheaf
 In harvest joy along,
 Would not be half so glad as ours,
 Would not be half so gay.
 If autumn brought her unto us,
 To cheer the shortening day,
 We should not miss our birds and flowers,
 Nor wish them back again.
 And she should never know, dear nurse,
 What it is to wish in vain,
 Or feel what I have felt so long,
 On this and many a day.
 O little sister, you do wrong
 To stay so long away !"

—DORA GREENWELL.

A STORY BY THE FIRE.

CHILDREN love to hear of children !
 I will tell of a little child
 Who dwelt alone with his mother
 By the edge of a forest wild.
 One summer eve from the forest,
 Late, late, down the grassy track,
 The child came back with lingering step,
 And looks oft turning back.

"Oh, mother !" he said, "in the forest
 I have met with a little child ;
 All day he played with me—all day
 He talked with me and smiled.
 At last he left me alone, but then
 He gave me this rosebud red ;
 And said he would come to me again
 When all its leaves were spread.

"I will put my rosebud in a glass,
 I will watch it night and day.

Dear little friend, wilt thou come again ?
 Wilt thou come by my side to play ?
 I will seek for strawberries—the best
 Of all shall be for thee ;
 I will show thee the eggs in the linnet's nest
 None knoweth of but me."

At morn, beside the window-sill,
 Awoke a bird's clear song ;
 But all within the house was still,
 The child was sleeping long.
 The mother went to his little room—
 With all its leaves outspread
 She saw a rose in fullest bloom ;
 And, in the little bed,
 A child that did not breathe nor stir,
 A little, happy child,
 Who had met his little friend again,
 And in the meeting smiled.

—DORA GREENWELL.





THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

My darling, my darling, while silence is on the moor,
And love in the sunshine, I sit by our cabin door ;
When evening falls quiet and calm over land and
sea,
My darling, my darling, I think of past times and
thee.

Here, while on this cold shore I wear out my lonely
hours,
My child in the heavens is spreading my bed with
flowers ;
All weary my bosom is grown of this friendless clime,
But I long not to leave it, for that were a shame and
crime.

They bear to the churchyard the youth in their
health away—
I know where a fruit hangs more ripe for the grave
than they ;
But I wish not for death, for my spirit is all resigned,
And the hope that stays with me gives peace to my
aged mind.

My darling, my darling, God gave to my feeble age
A prop for my faint heart, a stay in my pilgrimage.
My darling, my darling, God takes back His gift
again,
And my heart may be broken, but ne'er shall my
will complain.

—GRIFFIN.

WILLIAM TELL.

Come, list to me, and you shall hear
A tale of what befel
A famous man of Switzerland,—
His name was WILLIAM TELL.

Near Reuss's bank, from day to day,
His little flock he led,
By prudent thrift and hardy toil
Content to earn his bread.

Nor was the hunter's craft unknown ;
In Uri none was seen
To track the rock-frequenting herd
With eye so true and keen.

A little son was in his home,
A laughing, fair-haired boy ;
So strong of limb, so blithe of heart,
He made it ring with joy.

His father's sheep were all his friends ;
The lambs he called by name ;
And when they frolicked in the fields,
The child would share the game.

So peacefully their hours were spent
That life had scarce a sorrow ;
They took the good of every day,
And' hoped for more to-morrow.

But oft some shining April morn
Is darkened in an hour ;
And blackest griefs o'er joyous homes,
Alas ! unseen may lower.

Not yet on Switzerland had dawned
Her day of liberty ;
The stranger's yoke was on her sons,
And pressed right heavily.



So one was sent in luckless hour,
To rule in Austria's name ;
A haughty man of savage mood,—
In pomp and pride he came.

One day, in wantonness of power,
He set his cap on high ;—
"Bow down, ye slaves," the order ran ;
"Who disobeys shall die !"

It chanced that WILLIAM TELL, that morn,
Had left his cottage home,
And, with his little son in hand,
To Altorf town had come.

For oft the boy had eyed the spoil
His father homeward bore,
And prayed to join the hunting crew,
When they should roam for more.

And often on some merry night,
When wondrous feats were told,
He longed his father's bow to take,
And be a hunter bold.

So towards the chamois' haunts they went ;
One sang his childish songs,
The *other* brooded mournfully
O'er Uri's griefs and wrongs.

TELL saw the crowd, the lifted cap,
The tyrant's angry frown,—
And heralds shouted in his ear,
"Bow down, ye slaves, bow down !"

Stern Gesler mark'd the peasant's mien,
And watch'd to see him fall ;
But never palm-tree straighter stood
Than TELL before them all.

"My knee shall bend," he calmly said,
 "To God, and God alone ;
 My life is in the Austrian's hand,
 My conscience is my own."

"Seize him, ye guards," the ruler cried,
 While passion choked his breath ;
 "He mocks my power, he braves my lord,
 He dies the traitor's death ;—

"Yet wait. The Swiss are marksmen true,
 So all the world doth say :
 That fair-haired stripling hither bring ;
 We'll try their skill to-day."

Hard by a spreading lime-tree stood,
 To this the youth was bound ;
 They placed an apple on his head—
 He looked in wonder round.

"The fault is mine, if fault there be,"
 Cried TELL in accents wild ;
 "On manhood let your vengeance fall,
 But spare, oh, spare my child !"

"I will not harm the pretty boy,"
 Said Gesler tauntingly ;
 "If blood of his shall stain the ground,
 Yours will the murder be.

"Draw tight your bow, my cunning man,
 Your straightest arrow take ;
 For, know, yon apple is your mark,
 Your liberty the stake."

A mingled noise of wrath and grief
 Was heard among the crowd ;
 The men they muttered curses deep,
 The women wept aloud.

Full fifty paces from his child,
 His cross-bow in his hand,
 With lip compressed, and flashing eye,
 TELL firmly took his stand.

Sure, full enough of pain and woe
 This crowded earth has been ;
 But never, since the curse began,
 A sadder sight was seen.

Then spake aloud the gallant boy,
 Impatient of delay,—
 "Shoot straight and quick, thine aim is sure ;
 Thou canst not miss to-day."

"Heaven bless thee now," the parent said,
 "Thy courage shames my fear ;
 Man tramples on his brother man,
 But God is ever near."

The bow was bent ; the arrow went,
 As by an Angel guided ;
 In pieces two, beneath the tree,
 The apple fell divided.

"'Twas bravely done," the ruler said,
 "My plighted word I keep ;
 'Twas bravely done by sire and son,—
 Go home, and feed your sheep."

"No thanks I give thee for thy boon,"
 The peasant coldly said ;
 "To God alone my praise is due,
 And duly shall be paid.

"Yet know, proud man, thy fate was near,
 Had I but missed my aim ;
 Not unavenged my child had died,—
 Thy parting hour the same.

"For see ! a *second* shaft was here,
 If harm my boy befel ;
 Now go and bless the heavenly powers,
 My *first* has sped so well."

God helped the right, God spared the sin ;
 He brings the proud to shame ;
 He guards the weak against the strong,—
 Praise to His holy name !

—REV. J. H. GURNEY.





THE SPRING MORNING

GET up, little sister, the morning is bright,
And the birds are all singing to welcome the light ;
The buds are all opening—the dew's on the flower ;
If you shake but a branch, see ! there falls quite a
shower.

By the side of their mothers, look ! under the trees,
How the young lambs are skipping about as they
please ;
And by all those rings on the water I know
The fishes are merrily swimming below.

The bee, I dare say, has been long on the wing,
To get honey from every flower of the spring ;
For the bee never idles, but labours all day,
And thinks (wise little insect !) work better than
play.

The lark's singing gaily ; it loves the bright sun,
And rejoices that now the gay spring has begun ;
For the spring is so cheerful, I think 'twould be
wrong
If we did not feel happy to hear the lark's song.

Get up, for when all things are merry and glad,
Good children should never be lazy and sad ;
For God gives us daylight, dear sister, that we
May rejoice like the lark, and may work like the
bee

—LADY F. HASTINGS.

CATCHING PRAWNS.

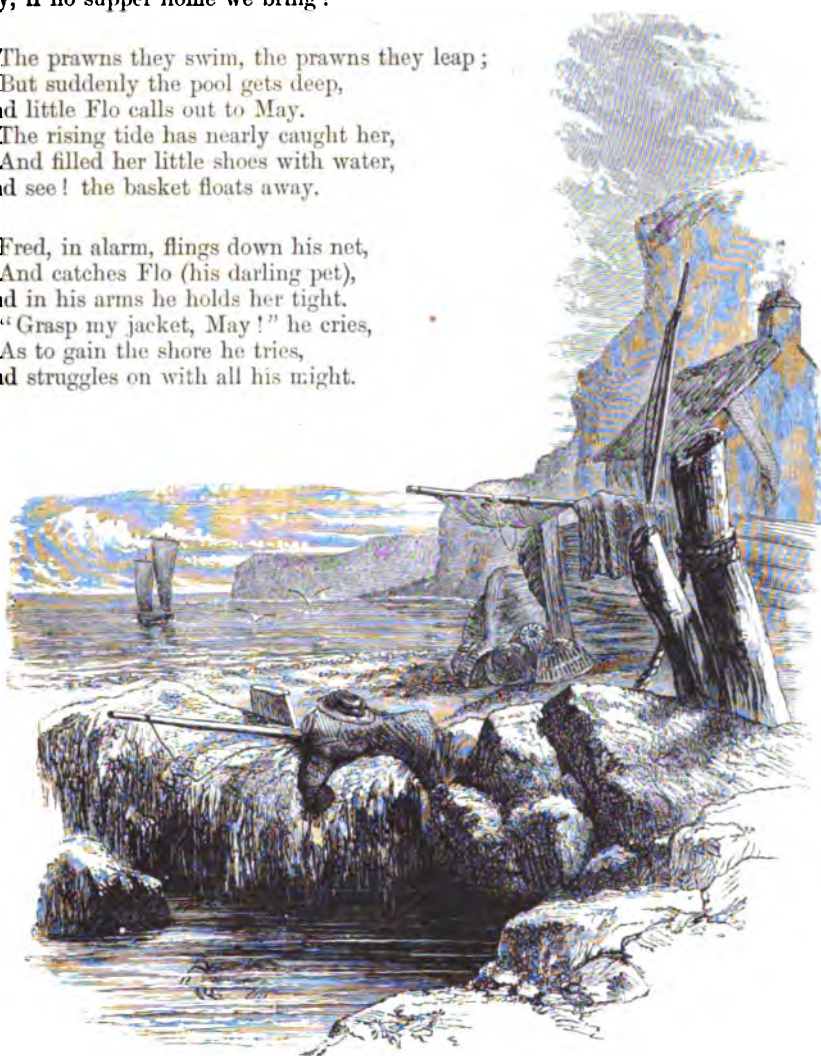
ALL among the slippery rocks,
Wetting shoes and spoiling frocks,
See Fred, and May, and little Flo !
Net in hand, they cunning look
In each seaweed-hidden nook,
And watch the prawns dart to and fro.

"Catch them—catch them quick !" cries May.
"Hold the net down—that's the way,
Just as the fisherman would do."
In the water, Fred, knee deep,
Sinks his net, and makes a sweep,
And some are caught, and some leap through.

"Will they bite me?" falters Flo.
Braver May replies, "Oh, no!"
Now, hold the basket—that's the thing!
Shut the lid, or out again
They'll jump back: and what would Jane
Say, if no supper home we bring?"

The prawns they swim, the prawns they leap;
But suddenly the pool gets deep,
And little Flo calls out to May.
The rising tide has nearly caught her,
And filled her little shoes with water,
And see! the basket floats away.

Fred, in alarm, flings down his net,
And catches Flo (his darling pet),
And in his arms he holds her tight.
"Grasp my jacket, May!" he cries,
As to gain the shore he tries,
And struggles on with all his might.



Wet—as wet as wet can be—
Stand the little shivering three,
No prawns, no basket, and no net.
Long, I think, 'twill be ere they
Are allowed to go and play
At catching prawns, and getting wet.

--MRS. HAWTREY.



BOYS' PLAY
AND
GIRLS' PLAY.

"Now, let's have a game of play,
Lucy, Jane, and little May.
I will be a grisly bear,
Prowling here and prowling there,
Sniffing round and round about,
Till I find you children out ;
And my dreadful den shall be
Deep within the hollow tree."

"Oh, no ! please not, Robert dear,
Do not be a grisly bear ;
Little May was half afraid
When she heard the noise you made,
Roaring like a lion strong,
Just now, as you came along ;
And she'll scream and start to-night,
If you give her any fright."

"Well, then, I will be a fox !
You shall be the hens and cocks,
In the farmer's apple-tree,
Crowing out so lustily.
I will softly creep this way—
Peep—and pounce upon my prey ;
And I'll bear you to my den—
Where the fern grows in the glen."

"Oh, no, Robert! you're so strong!
While you're dragging us along,
I'm afraid you'll tear our frocks.
We *won't* play at hens and cocks."
"If you won't play fox or bears,
I'm a dog, and you be hares;
Then you'll only have to run—
Girls are never up to fun."

"You've *your* play, and we have *ours*.
Go and climb the trees again.
I, and little May, and Jane,
Are so happy with our flowers.
Jane is culling foxglove bells,
May and I are making posies,
And we want to search the dells
For the latest summer roses."

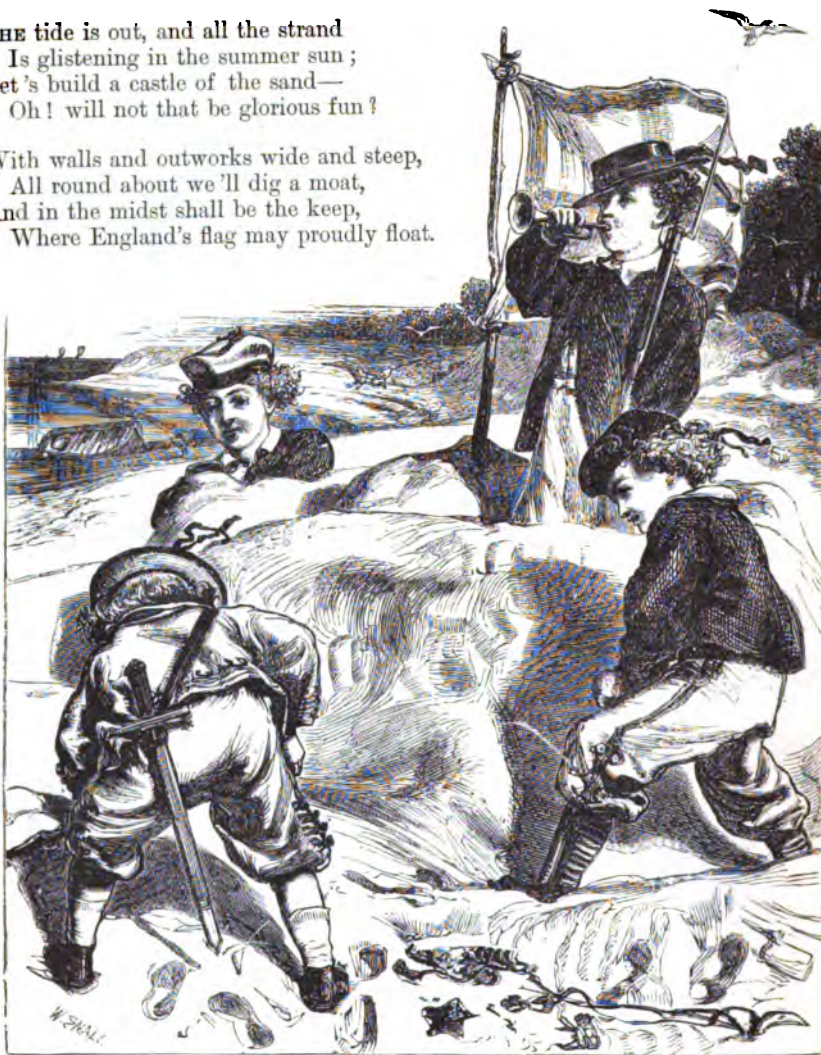
—MRS. HAWTREY.



THE SAND CASTLE.

THE tide is out, and all the strand
Is glistening in the summer sun ;
Let's build a castle of the sand—
Oh ! will not that be glorious fun ?

With walls and outworks wide and steep,
All round about we'll dig a moat,
And in the midst shall be the keep,
Where England's flag may proudly float.



And where the drawbridge ought to be,
We'll make a causeway to the shore,
Well paved with stones, for you and me
To get to land when tempests roar.

We'll sit within our citadel,
And watch the tide come o'er the rocks ;
But we have built it strong and well :
It will not fall for common shocks.

The moat may fill, the waves may beat,
We watch the siege all undismayed,
Because, you know, we can retreat
Along the causeway we have made.

"Haul down your flag !" "Oh, no !" we shout,
Our drums and trumpets heard afar—
The castle sinks ; but we march out
With all the honours of the war.

—MRS. HAWTREY.

THE HOLIDAY.

Put by your books and slates to-day !
This is the sunny First of June,
And we will go this afternoon
Over the hills and far away.

Hurrah ! we'll have a holiday,
And through the wood and up the glade
We'll go, in sunshine and in shade,
Over the hills and far away.

The wild-rose blooms on every spray,
In all the sky is not a cloud,
And merry birds are singing loud,
Over the hills and far away.

Not one of us behind must stay,
But little ones and all shall go,
Where Summer breezes gently blow
Over the hills and far away.

—MRS. HAWTREY.





THE GARDENER'S GRANDCHILD.

"WHICH is the Queen of the Roses?
Gardener, can you tell?"
"Oh, the Queen of the Roses to me, sir,
Is my own little grandchild Nell.

"She waters the flowers for me, sir,
. She carries them out to sell,
Not one is so bright to me, sir
As my own little grandchild, Nell

THE VILLAGE SHOP.

"She works in my garden, too, sir,
She weeds in the shady dell,
Where the violets and the lilies
Blossom around my Nell.

"I love the flowers I've tended
More years than I can tell ;—
Geranium, sweet-pea, fuschia,
Jessamine, gentianelle,

"Salvia, and China-aster,
Heliotrope, heather-bell ;—
My flowers have been my treasures,
Next to my grandchild, Nell.

"But the Rose is the Queen of the flowers,
As every one can tell,
And *she* is the Queen of the Roses,
My own granddaughter, Nell."

—MRS. HAWTREY.

THE LITTLE DAIRY-MAID.

SHE woke with the birds this morning,
When the sun was rising bright,
And she's churning now in the glimmer
Of the waning evening light.
She made the cheese in the dairy ;
She watched the cows in the lane ;
She's active and light as a fairy,
Our little dairy-maid Jane.

Still, as she churns, her singing,
Like song of a woodland bird,
Thro' the open lattice window
All cheerfully is heard.

To-morrow she'll go to market,
O'er hill, and meadow, and down—
In her white sun-bonnet and kerchief.
And tidy purple gown—
With eggs, and fruit, and butter,
Which bring her a wide renown ;
And she sells them to the gentry,
In yonder market town.

I know not which is sweetest,
The carol of birds in the lane,
Or the notes that I love so dearly,
Of little dairy-maid Jane.

—MRS. HAWTREY.

THE VILLAGE SHOP.

At the corner of the road
Stands the little village store,
Where the rustics congregate
Round the ever-open door.

Heaped within its little space,
Who can tell the treasures there ?
Bacon, sugar, herrings, bread,
Bowls and cups of earthenware.

Brooms and brushes laid along,
O'er the head suspended high,
Where the candles in a row
With the cheese in fragrance vie.

Braces dangle from the wall,
Bright cravats for men are there,
Coloured socks of many hues,
Ribbons gay and kerchiefs fair.

Shelves of bread, and casks of salt,
Yellow butter, eggs like snow ;
Hessian, calico, and print,
Oranges in shining row.

Drawers where many reels of thread,
Tape, and cotton tangled lie—
Pins, and needles, bodkins, tape,
Skeins of worsted you may buy.

Bottles green of sugar-stick,
Peppermint, or lollipop ;
All is found within the walls
Of the little village shop.

—MRS. HAWTREY.



SPRING.

HAIL the days of early Spring-time,
When the first young buds are seen,
When the air is soft and balmy,
And the daisies deck the green.

When the birds begin to twitter,
And the little lambs appear,
Frolicking with wild enjoyment,
In the childhood of the year.

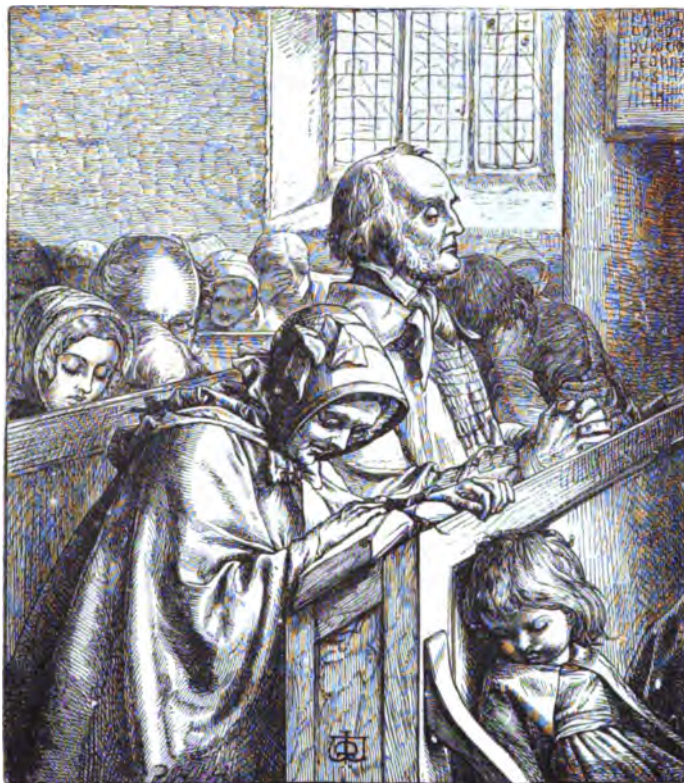
Then has dreary Winter left us,
Bearing with it cold and gloom ;
Hope once more our hearts inspiring,
Tinges all with rosy bloom.

And there thrills such joy within us,
At the beauty bursting round,
That no room for care or sorrow
Longer in our hearts is found.

Running brooks and murmuring breezes,
Bees and birds, and fragrant flowers,
Cawing rooks, and lowing cattle,
Welcome back the Spring-tide hours.

Then, since all the earth is joyful,
Let it now with praises ring,
Praise to Him who gave the sunshine,
Praise to Him who made the Spring.

—MRS. HAWTREY.



SUNDAY.

SUNDAY bells are round us ringing,
Calling to the house of prayer ;
On the trees the birds are singing,
Joyful everywhere.

Thro' green lanes the country people
Walk, arrayed in Sunday best,
While the clang from tower and steeple,
Tells the day of rest.

In the towns the busy crowd now
Cease their daily toil and care ;
Haughty men are humbly bowed now,
In the house of prayer.

All thro' England's isle extending,
North and south, and east and west,
Young and old to church are wending,
On this day of rest.

Put away all evil feeling,
Vengeful thoughts and worldly greed,
And within God's temple kneeling,
Ask for what you need.

Yielding Him your spirit wholly,
On this one brief day in seven,
Keep the Sunday calm and holy,
For it points to heaven.

—MRS. HAWTREY.



AUTUMN.

GOLDEN Autumn comes again,
With its storms of wind and rain,
With its fields of yellow grain.

Gifts for man and bird and brute,
In its wealth of luscious fruit,
In its store of precious root.

Trees bend down with plum and pear,
Rosy apples scent the air,
Nuts are ripening everywhere.

Thro' the lanes where "bindweed" weaves
Graceful wreaths of clustering leaves,
Home the reapers bear the sheaves.

Singing loud their harvest song,
In their hearty rustic tongue—
Singing gaily, old and young.

Singing loud beside the wain,
With its load of bursting grain,
Dropping all along the lane.

Mice and ant and squirrel fill
Now their garner at their will,
Only drones need hunger still.

Flocks of sparrows downward fly
From their hawthorn perch on high,
Pecking each one greedily.

THE SPRING JOURNEY.

Though the summer flowers are dead,
Still the poppy rears its head,
Flaunting gaily all in red.

Still the daisy, large and white,
Shining like a star at night,
In the hedge-row twinkles bright.

Still the "Traveller's Joy" is seen,
Snowy white, o'er leaves of green,
Glittering in its dewy sheen.

Still the foxglove's crimson bell,
And the fern-leaves in the dell,
Autumn's parting beauty tell.

Purple sunsets, crimson leaves,
Fruit and flowers and golden sheaves,
Autumn gives us ere she leaves.

—MRS. HAWTREY.



THE SPRING JOURNEY.

Oh, green was the corn as I rode on my way,
And bright were the dews on the blossoms of
May,
And dark was the sycamore's shade to behold,
And the oak's tender leaf was of emerald and
gold.

The thrush from his holly, the lark from his cloud,
Their chorus of rapture sang jovial and loud :
From the soft vernal sky to the soft grassy ground,
There was beauty—above me, beneath, and around.

The mild southern breeze brought a shower from the
hill ;
And yet, though it left me all dripping and chill,
I felt a new pleasure as onward I sped,
To gaze where the rainbow gleamed broad overhead.

O such be Life's journey, and such be our skill,
To lose in its blessings the sense of its ill ;
Through sunshine and shower may our progress be
even,
And our tears add a charm to the prospect of Heaven !

—REGINALD HEBER.



EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRLS' SCHOOL.

HUSH! 'tis a holy hour—the quiet room
Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds
A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom
And the sweet stillness, down on fair young
heads,
With all their clust'ring locks, untouch'd by care,
And bow'd, as flowers are bow'd with night, in prayer.

Gaze on—'tis lovely! Childhood's lip and cheek,
Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought—
Gaze—yet what seest thou in those fair and meek,
And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought?—
Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,
What death must fashion for Eternity!

O! joyous creatures! that will sink to rest,
Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,
As birds with slumber's honey-dew opprest,
'Midst the dim-folded leaves at set of sun—
Lift up your hearts! though yet no sorrow lies
Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes.

Though fresh within your breasts th' untroubled
springs
Of hope make melody where'er ye tread,
And o'er your sleep bright shadows, from the wings
Of Spirits visiting but youth, be spread;
Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,
Is woman's tenderness,—how soon her woe!

Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
And sunless riches, from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower!
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship,—therefore pray!

Her lot is on you—to be found untired,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain;
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And, oh! to love through all things—therefore pray!

And take the thought of this calm vesper time,
With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,
On through the dark days fading from their prime,
As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight!
Earth will forsake—O! happy to have given
Th' unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven!

—MRS. HEMANS.

HEAVEN, OR THE BETTER LAND.

THE FIRST GRIEF.

"OH! call my brother back to me;
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone?"

"The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh, call my brother back!"

"The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed
Around the garden tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh, call him back to me!"

"He would not hear my voice, fair child!
He may not come to thee;
The face, that once like spring-time smiled,
On earth no more thou'lt see.

"A rose's brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given!—
Go, thou must play alone, my boy!
Thy brother is in heaven."

"And has he left the birds and flowers?
And must I call in vain?
And, through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?"

"And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er?
Oh! while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more!"

—MRS. HEMANS.

HEAVEN, OR THE BETTER LAND.

"I HEAR thee speak of a better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother, oh! where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance thro' the myrtle boughs?"
"Not there; not there—my child."

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
"Not there; not there—my child."

"Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
"Not there; not there—my child."

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
'Tis there; 'tis there—my child."

—MRS. HEMANS.





THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away ;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently.
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest-work to leave—
Pray, ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band ;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone ;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;
Sailor, on the darkening sea—
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Warrior that, from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun ;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial-plain ;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

—MRS. HEMANS.



THE AUTUMN BIRTHDAY.

WHERE sucks the bee now? Summer is flying;
Leaves round the elm-tree faded are lying;
Violets are gone from their grassy dell,
With the cowslip cups, where the fairies dwell;
The rose from the garden hath pass'd away—
Yet happy, fair boy, is thy natal day!

For love bids it welcome, the love which hath smiled
Ever around thee, my gentle child!
Watching thy footsteps, and guarding thy bed,
And pouring out joy on thy sunny head.
Roses may vanish, but this will stay—
Happy and bright is thy natal day!

—MRS. HEMANS.

THE HEROIC BOY.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
The flames that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A brave though childlike form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud, "Say, father, say
If yet my task is done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
 "If I may yet be gone ;"
 And but the booming shots replied,
 And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
 And in his waving hair,
 And look'd from that lone post of death
 In still yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
 "My father, must I stay?"
 While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
 The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapp'd the ship in splendour wild,
 They caught the flag on high,
 And stream'd above the gallant child,
 Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound—
 The boy, oh, where was he?
 Ask of the winds, that far around
 With fragments strewed the sea

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
 That well had borne their part ;
 But the noblest thing that perish'd there
 Was that young faithful heart.

—MRS. HEMANS.

PASSING AWAY.

"Passing away is written on the world, and all the world contains."

It is written on the rose,
 In its glory's full array ;
 Read what those buds disclose—
 "Passing away."

It is written on the skies
 Of the soft blue summer day ;
 It is traced on sunset's dyes—
 "Passing away."

It is written on the trees,
 As their young leaves glistening play,
 And on brighter things than these—
 "Passing away."

It is written on the brow,
 Where the spirit's ardent ray
 Lives, burns, and triumphs now—
 "Passing away."

It is written on the heart,
 Alas ! that *there* decay
 Should claim from love a part—
 "Passing away."

Friends, friends! Oh! shall we meet
 In a land of purer day,
 Where lovely things and sweet
 "Pass not away"?

Shall we know each other's eyes,
 And the thoughts that in them lay
 When we mingled sympathies
 "Passing away"?

Oh ! if this may be so,
 Speed, speed, thou closing day,
 How blest from earth's vain show
 "To pass away!"

—MRS. HEMANS.





THE NIGHTINGALE.

CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

WHEN twilight's grey and pensive hour
Brings the low breeze, and shuts the flower,
And bids the solitary star
Shine in pale beauty from afar ;

When gathering shades the landscape veil,
And peasants seek their village dale,
And mists from river-wave arise,
And dew in every blossom lies ;

When evening's primrose opes to shed
Soft fragrance round her grassy bed ;
When glow-worms on the wood-walk light
Their lamp to cheer the traveller's sight ;

At that calm hour, so still, so pale,
Awakes the lonely nightingale ;
And, from a hermitage of shade,
Fills with her voice the forest glade.

And sweeter far that melting voice
Than all which through the day rejoice ;
And still shall bard and wanderer love
The twilight music of the grove.

Father in heaven ! oh, thus when day
With all its cares has pass'd away,
And silent hours waft peace on earth,
And hush the louder strains of mirth ;

Thus may sweet songs of praise and prayer
To Thee my spirit's offering bear ;
Yon star my signal, set on high,
For vesper hymns of piety.

So may Thy mercy and Thy power
Protect me through the midnight hour,
And balmy sleep and visions blest
Smile on thy servant's bed of rest.

—MRS. HEMANS.



THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee,
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.
The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow,
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One 'midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream, is laid ;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.
The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep,
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain ;
He wrapt his colours round his breast
On the blood-red field of Spain.
And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned ;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And, parted thus, they rest—who played
Beneath the same green tree,
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee !
They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song and hearth,—
Alas for love, if thou wert all,
And nought beyond, oh earth !
—MRS. HEMANS.



THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately Homes of England !
How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land !
The deer across their greensward bound,
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England !
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light !

There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childish tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England !
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours !
Solemn, yet sweet, the church bells' chime
Floats through their woods at morn ;
All other sounds in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage Homes of England !
By thousands on her plains
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves ;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England !
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall !
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God !
—MRS. HEMANS.



THE INDIAN WITH HIS DEAD CHILD.

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with my dead ;
In the darkness of the forest-boughs,
A lonely path I tread.

But my heart is high and fearless,
As by mighty wings upborne ;
The mountain eagle hath not plumes
So strong as love and scorn.

I have raised thee from the grave-sod,
By the white man's path defiled ;
On to th' ancestral wilderness,
I bear thy dust, my child !

I have ask'd the ancient deserts
To give my dead a place,
Where the stately footsteps of the free
Alone should leave a trace.

And the tossing pines made answer—
"Go, bring us back thine own !"
And the streams from all the hunters' hills
Rush'd with an echoing tone.

Thou shalt rest by sounding waters
That yet untamed may roll ;
The voices of that chainless host
With joy shall fill thy soul.

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with the dead,
Where the arrows of my father's bow
Their falcon flight have sped.

I have left the spoilers' dwellings
For evermore behind ;
Unmingled with their household sounds,
For me shall sweep the wind.

Alone, amidst their hearth-fires,
I watch'd my child's decay ;
Uncheer'd, I saw the spirit-light
From his young eyes fade away.

When his head sank on my bosom,
When the death-sleep o'er him fell,
Was there one to say, "A friend is near" ?
There was none !—pale race, farewell !

To the forests, to the cedars,
To the warrior and his bow,
Back, back !—I bore thee laughing thence,
I bear thee slumbering now !

I bear thee unto burial
With the mighty hunters gone ;
I shall hear thee in the forest breeze,
Thou wilt speak of joy, my son !

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with the dead ;
But my heart is strong, my step is fleet,
My father's path I tread.

—MRS. HEMANS.

GAFFER GRAY.

Ho ! why dost thou shiver and shake,
Gaffer Gray ?
And why does thy nose look so blue ?
"Tis the weather that's cold,
'Tis I'm grown very old,
And my doublet is not very new,
Well-a-day !"

Then line thy worn doublet with ale,
Gaffer Gray ;
And warm thy old heart with a glass.
"Nay, but credit I've none,
And my money's all gone ;
Then say how may that come to pass ?
Well-a-day !"

Hie away to the house on the brow,
Gaffer Gray ;
And knock at the jolly priest's door.
"The priest often preaches
Against worldly riches,
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,
Well-a-day !"

The lawyer lives under the hill,
Gaffer Gray ;
Warmly fenced both in back and in front.
"He will fasten his locks,
And will threaten the stocks
Should he ever more find me in want,
Well-a-day !"



The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
Gaffer Gray ;
And the season will welcome you there.
"His fat beeves and his beer,
And his merry new year,
Are all for the flush and the fair,
Well-a-day !"

My keg is but low, I confess,
Gaffer Gray ;
What then ? While it lasts, man, we'll live.
"The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give,
Well-a-day !"

—THOMAS HOLCROFT.

OLD IRONSIDES.

AY ! tear her tattered ensign down ! long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see that banner in the sky ;
Beneath it rung the battle shout, and burst the cannon's roar :—
The meteor of the ocean-air shall sweep the clouds no more !

Her deck,—once red with heroes' blood,—where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood, and waves were white below,—
No more shall feel the victor's tread, or know the conquered knee :—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck the Eagle of the Sea !

Oh, better that her shattered hulk should sink beneath the wave ! . . .
Her thunders shook the mighty deep, and there should be her grave !
Nail to the mast her holy flag—set every threadbare sail—
And give her to the God of Storms, the Lightning, and the Gale !

—HOLMES.

THE GREEDY, IMPATIENT GIRL.

"Oh! I am so hungry, I'm sure I can't wait
For my apple-pudding to cool,
So, Mary, be quick now, and bring me a plate,
For waiting for dinner I always did hate,
Though forced oft to do it at school.

"But at home, when mamma is not in the way,
I surely will do as I choose;
And I do not care for what you please to say—
The pudding won't burn me—no longer I'll stay,
What business have you to refuse?"

And now a large slice of the pudding she got,
And fearful she should have no more,
She cramm'd her mouth full of the apple so hot,
Which had but a minute come out of the pot,
But quickly her triumph was o'er.

Her mouth and her tongue were so dreadfully sore,
And suffer'd such terrible pain,
Her pride and her consequence soon were all o'er,
And she said, now unable to eat any more,
"O! I never will do so again!"

And thus by not minding what she had been told,
Young Ellinor lost all her treat;
Too greedy to wait till the pudding was cold,
By being impatient, conceited, and bold,
Not a mouthful at last could she eat.

—C. HORWOOD.





TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

Love thy mother, little one !
Kiss and clasp her neck again,—
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.
Love thy mother, little one !

Gaze upon her living eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee,—
Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs
To meet them when they cannot see.
Gaze upon her living eyes !

Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told,—
Hereafter thou may'st press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
Press her lips the while they glow !

Oh, revere her raven hair !
Altho' it be not silver-grey ;
Too early Death, led on by Care,
May snatch save one dear lock away
Oh, revere her raven hair !

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That Heaven may long the stroke defer,—
For thou may'st live the hour forlorn,
When thou wilt ask to die with her.
Pray for her at eve and morn !
—HOOD.



THE DEATH-BED.

We watch'd her breathing thro' the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came sad and dim,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours!

—HOOD.

THE HAPPY MILLER.

ROBIN the Miller he kept a mill,
Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
The noise of the hopper it never was still—
Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
A perpetual clatter that, you'd have thought,
Was more than enough to drive him distraught.

Robin the Miller heeded it not,
Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
Though he was not dull of his hearing, I wot.
Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
The neighbours wondered what was the matter
With Robin, to make him enjoy such a clatter.



Robin the Miller he once had a wife ;
Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle !
After ten years of marriage she quitted this life.
Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle !
And Robin he was not a miller then,
But a farmer employing his forty men.

But Robin, when he of his wife was bereft,
Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle !
Felt life had little of pleasure left.
Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle !
Most wretched then was his lonely case—
His home it was such a quiet place.

A YARN.

He grew more pale and thin each day,
Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
They feared that he would waste away.
Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
Said they, "How odd he mourns so!"—She
Was known a terrible scold to be.

At length poor Robin he took the mill,
Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
Where the noise of the hopper it is never still—
Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
And Robin, recovering quite, at length,
Began to regain his health and his strength.

And this is why the endless noise—
Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
Old Robin the Miller he so enjoys,
Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
For while the mill goes he does not fret,
For he fancies his wife is living yet!
—TOM HOOD.

A YARN.

WILLIAM the Whaler,
A capital sailor—
A capital sailor was he!
He manned his craft
Both fore and aft,
And off he went to sea.

A terrible gale in,
He wouldn't take sail in—
A capital sailor was Bill.
And he would be
One now if he
Were only living still.

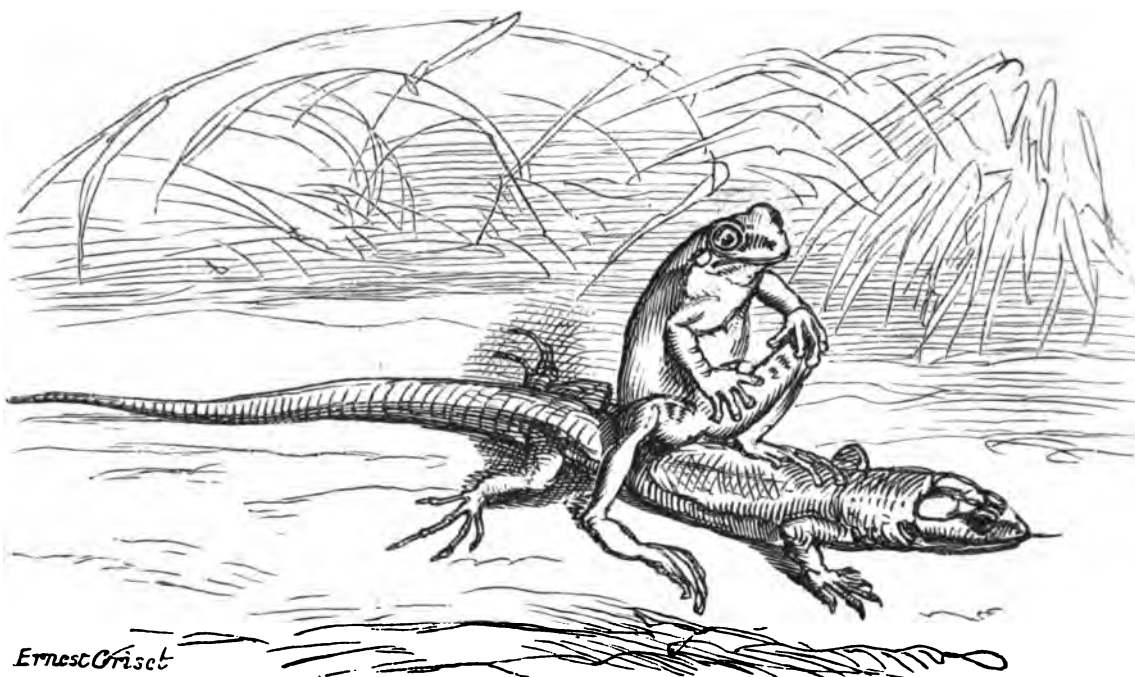
For down in the dark, tic
Klish regions antarctic,
He sailed for the catching of whales,
With a jovial crew
Of twenty-two
Stout lads as hard as nails.

He saw a great spouter—
A real out-and-outer—
A whale quite as big as the ship,
And he told his crew
What they ought to do,
Lest the fish away should slip.

"Come, out with the jolly-
Boat, boys, and we'll folly,
And give the old fish a harpoon!"
So they rowed for their lives,
Singing, "Sweethearts and wives,"
And came up with the fish very soon.

But, oh! what a pity!
That whale spermaceti
Turned out an unmannerly lubber,
For he gave a great dive,
As soon as alive
To the fact of a spear in his blubber.

And, alas! what a loss, sir!
The end of the hawser
Was hitched round the middle of Bill.
He went down in a crack
And didn't come back,
And I do not much fancy he will.
—TOM HOOD.



ON LIZARD-BACK.

I KNEW a frog,
Who dwelt in a bog,
And he was as wise as a wizard,
For whenever he wished on a journey to jog
He rode on a great green lizard.

The lizard was wise—
Had yellow eyes,
And a liver—but not a gizzard,
For anatomists tell me to my surprise
There's no such thing in a lizard.

But at every spur
The lizard would stir
And wriggle his tail in an izzard,
For no mercy the frog did e'er deter
From hurrying on the lizard.

Through rush and reed
The frog would proceed,
As proud as a knight well-vizor'd,
And none the less proud because his steed
Was not anything more than a lizard.

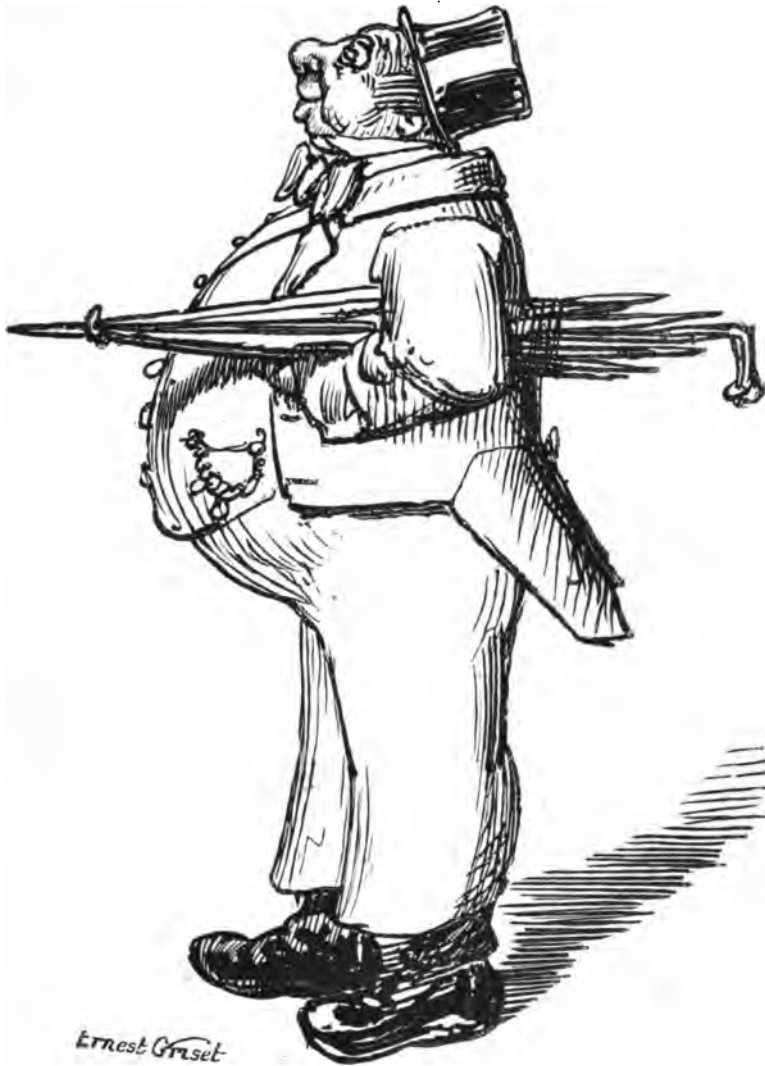
But the steed at sight
Of a dog took fright,
And—as clean as if it were scissor'd—
It snapt its own tail off—a habit quite
Peculiar, I'm told, to the lizard.

The frog he laughed
When it fell abaft,
But found he in trying to quiz erred,
For being without any mercy chaffed,
It quite irritated the lizard.

"Get off," said the horse ;
"My proper course,
If I were not a regular fizzer, 'd
Be just to retort with physical force !"
So the frog was left by the lizard.

GRAVE REFLECTION.

If he'd thought, it must, sure, have occurred to the
frog
That he lost his own tail, when a pollywog !
—Tom Hood.



MR. GEE.

Of all the fat people I ever did see,
The fattest of fattest was fat Mr. Gee.

His very shadow was fat as well—
It made great grease-spots wherever it fell.

But he suffered so very much in hot weather,
'Twas feared it would kill him altogether.

So they had a monstrous umbrella made,
And fat Mr. Gee walked about in the shade.

You'd have recognized Gee by this fact alone—
His Wellington boots were the biggest ones known.

His white duck trousers were short ; his coat
Was skimpy in tail and spouty in throat.

His neck-tie was big, a bow of red,
And he wore his hat on the nape of his head.

But, alas ! his beautiful being's o'er,
And we shall see Mr. Gee no more ;

For he was caught in an awful storm—
The storm we get when the weather's warm—

And in the midst of it all there fell a
Flash of lightning on Gee's umbrella,

And the heat of the electricitee
Was such that it melted poor old Gee.

They sent to find him with hue and cry—
They sought him low and they sought him high—

The disconsolate heirs he had left behind him
Spent all his fortune in trying to find him.

But, lo! one day as Policeman B
Was going his rounds he found Mr. Gee!

He saw in the midst of a field a hat,
And a pair of boots standing near, and that

Was all they were fated ever to see
Of that fattest of fattest—the fat Mr. Gee.

Well might Policeman B remark, "Hallo,"
For the Wellington boots were full of tallow!
—Tom Hood.



MONKEYS' MANNERS.

MONKEYS, when they sit at table,
Eat as fast as they are able—
Gobble for their very lives—
Scoop up gravy with their knives—

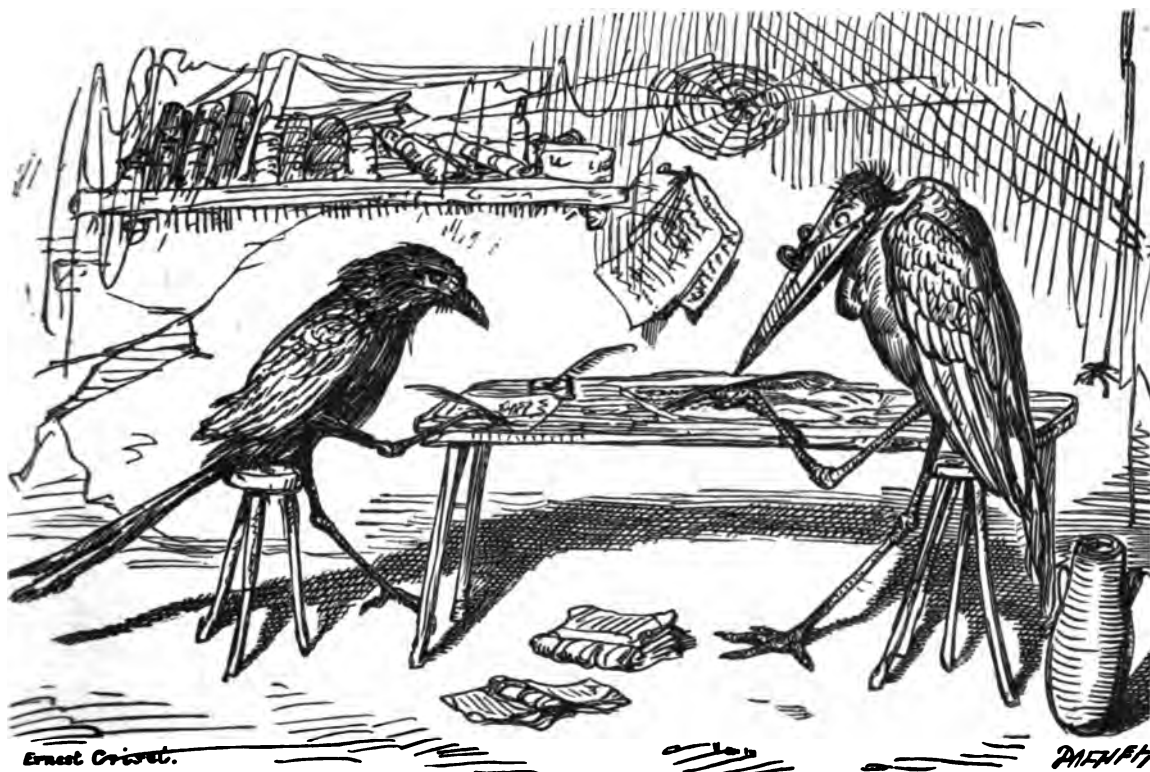
Put their fingers in the dish
If some nice tit-bit they wish—
With their knife, or fork, or spoon,
On the table drum a tune—

EDUCATION THROWN AWAY.

Sometimes from each other's plate—oh,
Shocking!—pilfer a potato,
Or some very tempting slice
Which they think is looking nice.

REFLECTION.

No young readers, sure, of mine
Ever would like monkeys dine!
—Tom Hood.



EDUCATION THROWN AWAY.

THERE was a magpie went to school,
He learnt to read and write by rule:
His master taught
Him, as he ought,
That nought times noughty-nought were nought—
That nothing from nothing leaves nothing at all,
And nothing *plus* nothing is smaller than small.

Addition, Subtraction, and Multiplication
While he was at school were his whole occupation.
But, ah! ever since,
His every action
Would seem to evince
His preferring subtraction!

POSTSCRIPT.

I've heard since those last lines were penned,
The magpie's most untimely end.
Caught in a most outrageous theft,
He was of life at once bereft—
His head cut off with prompt decision,
He learnt a sum in Short Division.
—Tom Hood.



THE SONG OF THE STREET MONKEY.

THEY think when I'm striking the shrill guitar
With a slightly careless hand,
That I have forgotten my loved ones, far
Away in a distant land.

There dwell Mrs. M. and my monkeylings three,
And they wonder where I am,
As they sit in the top of the cocoa-nut tree,
And feast on the luscious yam.

My monkeylings they are grown-up by this,
And their tails quite long must be ;

Their mother oft gives them, I know a kiss,
Because they are so like me.

Long—long may they bound 'mid the lofty trees
In the forest shadows cool,
Nor ever be fettered with clothes like these,
And dance on a three-legged stool.

The tip of my tail is denuded of skin—
It proves how much I fret :
But because I indulge in a passing grin
They fancy that I forget.

—TOM HOON.



A MOVING TALE.

I USED some monkeys once to know
Who had a house in Pipkin Row,
But because the little ones gnawed their tails
(Which is almost as wicked as biting one's nails),
The landlord insisted that they must go.

The two old monkeys were sorely grieved
When those ill tidings they received,
For they of goods had a fearful lot,
Settle and table, kettle and pot—
Such numbers of things you would scarce have
believed!

They borrowed a horse and hired a cart,
And packed their chattels with wondrous art,
And when the loading was all complete,
On top of the goods each took a seat,
And whipped the old nag up and managed to start.

But the horse was a broken-kneed old thing,
And the cart was a cart with never a spring,
And the load was a very heavy load,
And the road was a very heavy road,
And so of misfortunes I'm fated to sing.

As on they drove and cut a dash,
The horse came down with a fearful crash,
The shafts in two in a moment cracked,
And the goods were remarkably soon unpacked,
For most of the things were reduced to a smash.

MORAL.

The moral that from this I draw
Is—Little monkeys should not gnaw
Their tails—because it makes them raw!
—Tom Hood.



THE WELCOME MINSTRELS.

This is young Rub-a-dub-dub,
And his uncle, Thrum-thrum-thrum,
Who plays his guitar, while the cub
Performs on the single drum;
And the people turn out, with a merry shout,
Where the two musicians come.

For Rub-a-dub-dub can play
A tune that's ne'er forgot;
It makes in a magical way
The potatoes to dance in the pot.
(As fact don't receive it—I shouldn't believe it
If I had not been on the spot.)

And Thrum-thrum-thrum can boast
Such wondrous skill and wit,
At the sound of his lute, the roast
Turns round upon the spit.
(Delusion you ween it?—if I had not seen it
I would not believe it a bit!)

So, when Rub-a-dub-dub they see,
The housewives ne'er look glum;
And as for his uncle, he
Is always free to come;
But the turnspit cur, as I can aver,
Thinks highest of Thrum-thrum-thrum.
—TOM HOOD.



MRS. J.

THIS is Mrs. Jacko,
With her son upon her back,
oh!
Because it's hot
You see that she's got
To shade her well a
Good big umbrella,
To ward the sun's attack, oh

And where is Mr. Jacko?
Woe, misery, alack, oh!
Why, bless his stars,
He met with some tars
Who took him to France,
And taught him to dance
With many a thump and thwack,
oh!

Alas for Mr. Jacko!
He wears a coat and shako;—
About the streets
A drum he beats,
Jumps through a ring,—
Does anything
To keep his good master in beer
and tobacco.

—TOM HOOD.



FATHER IS COMING.

THE clock is on the stroke of six,
The father's work is done ;
Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire.
And put the kettle on :
The wild night-wind is blowing cold,
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

He is crossing o'er the wold apace,
He is stronger than the storm ;
He does not feel the cold, not he,
His heart it is so warm :
For father's heart is stout and true
As ever human bosom knew.

He makes all toil, all hardship light :
Would all men were the same !
So ready to be pleased, so kind,
So very slow to blame !
Folks need not be unkind, austere ;
For love hath readier will than fear.

Nay, do not close the shutters, chilo ,
For far along the lane
The little window looks, and he
Can see it shining plain ;
I've heard him say he loves to mark
The cheerful firelight through the dark.

And we'll do all that father likes ;
His wishes are so few :
Would they were more ; that every hour
Some wish of his I knew :
I'm sure it makes a happy day,
When I can please him any way.

THE CHILDREN.

I know he's coming by this sign,
That baby's almost wild ;
See how he laughs and crows and stares—
Heaven bless the merry child !
He's father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark ! hark ! I hear his footsteps now ;
He's through the garden gate :
Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
And do not let him wait.
Shout, baby, shout ! and clap thy hands,
For father on the threshold stands.

—MARY HOWITT.



THE CHILDREN

BEAUTIFUL the children's faces .
Spite of all that mars and sears :
To my inmost heart appealing ;
Calling forth love's tenderest feeling ;
Steeping all my soul with tears.

Eloquent the children's faces !
Poverty's lean look, which saith,
Save us ! save us ! woe surrounds us ;
Little knowledge sore confounds us ;
Life is but a lingering death !

Give us light amid our darkness ;
Let us know the good from ill ;
Hate us not for all our blindness ;
Love us, lead us, show us kindness—
You can make us what you will.

We are willing ; we are ready ;
We would learn if you would teach ;
We have hearts that yearn towards duty ;
We have minds alive to beauty ;
Souls that any heights can reach !

Raise us by your Christian knowledge ;
Consecrate to man our powers ;
Let us take our proper station ;
We, the rising generation,
Let us stamp the age as ours.

We shall be what you will make us :—
Make us wise, and make us good !
Make us strong for time of trial ;
Teach us temperance, self-denial,
Patience, kindness, fortitude !

Look into our childish faces ;
See you not our willing hearts ?
Only love us—only lead us ;
Only let us know you need us,
And we all will do our parts.

We are thousands—many thousands ;
Every day our ranks increase ;
Let us march beneath your banner,
We, the legion of true honour,
Combating for love and peace !

Train us ! try us ! days slide onward,
 They can ne'er be ours again :
 Save us, save ! from our undoing !
 Save from ignorance and ruin ;
 Make us worthy to be MEN !

Send us to our weeping mothers,
 Angel-stamped in heart and brow !
 We may be our fathers' teachers ;
 We may be the mightiest preachers,
 In the day that dawneth now !

Such the children's mute appealing :
 All my inmost soul was stirred,
 And my heart was bowed with sadness,
 When a cry, like summer's gladness,
 Said, "The children's prayer is heard!"
 —MARY HOWITT.



CORN-FIELDS.

In the young merry time of spring,
 When clover 'gins to burst ;
 When bluebells nod within the wood,
 And sweet May whitens first ;
 When merle and mavis sing their fill,
 Green is the young corn on the hill.

But when the merry spring is past,
 And summer groweth bold,
 And in the garden and the field
 A thousand flowers unfold,
 Before a green leaf yet is sere,
 The young corn shoots into the ear.

But then as day and night succeed,
 And summer weareth on,
 And in the flowery garden-beds
 The red rose groweth wan,
 And hollyhock and sunflower tall
 O'ertop the mossy garden wall ;

When on the breath of autumn breeze,
 From pastures dry and brown,
 Goes floating, like an idle thought,
 The fair white thistle down ;
 Oh, then what joy to walk at will
 Upon that golden harvest hill !

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON-LOW.

O golden fields of bending corn,
How beautiful they seem !—
The reaper folk, the piled-up sheaves,
To me are like a dream ;

The sunshine and the very air
Seem of old time, and take me there !

—MARY HOWITT.



THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON-LOW.

A MIDSUMMER LEGEND.

"AND where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me ?"
"I've been to the top of the Caldon-Low,
The Midsummer night to see !"

"And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Low ?"
"I saw the blithe sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Hill ?"
"I heard the drops of the water made,
And I heard the corn-ears fill."

"Oh, tell me all, my Mary—
All, all that ever you know ;
For you must have seen the fairies
Last night on the Caldon-Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother of mine :
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine ;

"And merry was the glee of the harp-strings,
And their dancing feet so small ;
But, oh ! the sound of their talking
Was merrier far than all !"

"And what were the words, my Mary,
That you did hear them say ?"
"I'll tell you all, my mother,
But let me have my way.

"And some they played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill ;
And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill ;

"For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May ;
And a busy man shall the miller be
By the dawning of the day !

"Oh, the miller, how he will laugh,
When he sees the mill-dam rise !
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes !"

"And some they seized the little winds,
That sounded over the hill,
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew so sharp and shrill :—

"And there,' said they, 'the merry winds go
Away from every horn ;
And those shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow's corn :

"Oh, the poor blind widow—
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be merry enough when the mildew's gone,
And the corn stands stiff and strong !"

"And some they brought the brown linseed,
And flung it down from the Low :
'And this,' said they, 'by the sunrise,
In the weaver's croft shall grow !

"Oh, the poor lame weaver !
How will he laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night !"

"And then upspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin :
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
'And I want some more to spin.

"I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another—
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother !"

"And with that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free ;
And then on the top of the Caldron-Low
There was no one left but me.

"And all on the top of the Caldron-Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

"But, as I came down from the hill-top,
I heard, afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how merry the wheel did go !

"And I peeped into the widow's field,
And, sure enough, was seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
All standing stiff and green !

"And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were high ;
But I saw the weaver at his gate
With the good news in his eye !

"Now, this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see ;
So, prithee, make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be !"

—MARY HOWITT

OLD CHRISTMAS.

Now, he who knows old Christmas,
He knows a carle of worth ;
For he is as good a fellow
As any upon the earth.

He comes warm-cloaked and coated
And buttoned up to the chin :
And soon as he comes a-nigh the door,
We open and let him in.

We know that he will not fail us,
So we sweep the hearth up clean ;
We set him the old armed-chair,
And a cushion whereon to lean.

And with sprigs of holly and ivy
We make the house look gay,
Just out of an old regard to him,—
For 'twas his ancient way.

We broach the strong ale barrel,
And bring out wine and meat ;
And thus we have all things ready,
Our dear old friend to greet.

And soon as the time wears round,
The good old carle we see,
Coming a-near—for a creditor
Less punctual is than he !

He comes with a cordial voice
That does one good to hear ;
He shakes one heartily by the hand,
As he hath done many a year.

And after the little children
He asks in a cheerful tone,
Jack, Kate, and little Annie,—
He remembers them every one !

What a fine old fellow he is !
With his faculties all as clear,
And his heart as warm and light
As a man's in his fortieth year !

What a fine old fellow, in troth !
Not one of your griping elves,
Who, with plenty of money to spare,
Think only about themselves.

Not he ! for he loveth the children,
And holiday begs for all ;
And comes with his pockets full of gifts
For the great ones and the small.

With a present for every servant,—
For in giving he doth not tire,—
From the red-faced, jovial butler,
To the girl by the kitchen fire.

And he tells us witty old stories,
And singeth with might and main ;
And we talk of the old man's visit
Till the day that he comes again.

Oh ! he is a kind old fellow ;
For though the beef be dear,
He giveth the parish paupers
A good dinner once a year !

And all the workhouse children
He sets them down in a row,
And giveth them rare plum pudding,
And two-pence a-piece also.

Oh, could you have seen those paupers,
Have heard those children young,
You would wish with them that Christmas
Came often and tarried long !

He must be a rich old fellow,—
What money he gives away !
There is not a lord in England
Could equal him any day !

Good luck unto old Christmas,
And long life, let us sing,
For he doth more good unto the poor
Than many a crownéd king !

—MARY HOWITT.



THE POOR CHILD'S HYMN.

We are poor and lowly born ;
With the poor we bide ;
Labour is our heritage,
Care and want beside.
What of this ?—our blessed Lord
Was of lowly birth,
And poor toiling fishermen
Were his friends on earth !

We are ignorant and young,
Simple children all ;
Gifted with but humble powers,
And of learning small.
What of this ?—our blessed Lord
Loved such as we ;
How He blessed the little ones
Sitting on His knee !

—MARY HOWITT.



THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small ;
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For medicine, luxury, and food,
And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain-mine
Requireth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashion'd with supremest grace,
Unspringing day and night ;

Springing in valleys green and low
And in the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passeth by ?

Our outward life requires them not ;
Then wherefore had they birth ?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth—

To comfort man, to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim ;
For He that careth for the flowers
Will care much more for him.

—MARY HOWITT.



THE DORMOUSE.

THE little dormouse is tawny red,
He makes against winter a nice snug bed ;
He makes his bed in a mossy bank,
Where the plants in the summer grow tall and rank.
Away from the daylight, far underground,
His sleep through the winter is quiet and sound ;
And when all above him it freezes and snows,
What is it to him? for he nought of it knows.
And till the cold time of the winter is gone,
The little dormouse keeps sleeping on.
But at last, in the fresh breezy days of the spring,
When the green leaves bud, and the merry birds sing,
And the dread of the winter is over and past,
Then the little dormouse peeps out at last—
Out of his snug quiet burrow he wends,

And looks all about for his neighbours and friends ;
Then he says, as he sits at the foot of a larch,
" 'Tis a beautiful day for the first day of March,
The violet is blooming, the blue sky is clear ;
The lark is upspringing, his carol I hear ;
And in the green fields are the lamb and the foal ;
I'm glad I'm not sleeping, nor down in my hole."
Then away he runs, in his merry mood,
Over the fields and into the wood,
To find any grain there may chance to be,
Or any small berry that hangs on the tree.
So, from early morning till late at night,
Has the poor little creature its own delight ;
Looking down to the earth, and up to the sky,
Thinking, "What a happy dormouse am I."

—MARY HOWITT.



PRIMROSE GATHERING.

AWAKE, dearest Auntie, and open your door ;
The sun has been shining this hour or more.
You promised last night in the morning you'd go
And show little Harry where primroses grow.
I've wash'd my round face, and I've comb'd my
brown hair ;
The birds are awake, and the weather is fair.
My dear little basket I'll take with me, too ;
I like it because 'twas a present from you.

We'll fill it with blossoms all pick'd in their prime,
With garlands of hawthorn and cushions of thyme ;
With daffodils yellow, and hyacinths blue ;
And the best and the sweetest shall all be for you.
Make haste, dearest Auntie, and open your door ;
I got up when the sun did, or rather before,
And I thought you'd be ready an hour ago
To show little Harry where primroses grow.

—MRS. HUTCHINGS.

LOWLINESS OF MIND.

T'WAS a summer morn, and the soften'd breeze
Scarce ruffled the tiny flowers,
As they lay half hid in the velvet grass,
Or nestled in leafy bowers.

And a happy child was wandering there,
And with a wild delight
Stoop'd down to pluck the violets sweet,
Half hidden from his sight.

And down he lay on that cushion green,
To gather the fragrant buds ;
For he loved them better than any flower
Which the blossom'd earth bestuda.

And so do the wise and pure of heart,
Of all the humankind,
Esteem and love with a closer bond,
A lowly heart and mind.

So does the Wise One who dwells above
Look down on the meek below,
And causes the fragrance of inward peace
Round the hearts of such to flow.

—IRNE.



THE CHOSEN TREE.

A BIRD built her nest in a fair green tree,
In the midst of a beautiful wood :
She lined it with feathers and made it so soft,
As only a mother could.

Primroses grew in the long green grass
At the foot of the chosen tree ;
And the scent of sweet violets filled the air,
Like odours from Araby.

There the daisy, that modest simple flower,
With its eye of golden hue,
The cowslip sweet, and the wind-flower light,
And the graceful harebell grew.

And the dragon-fly, and the painted moth,
And the musical-winged bee,
And the grasshopper came with its chirping voice,
To play 'neath the chosen tree.

Not long ere three tiny heads were seen
Peeping out from their downy nest,
And, oh ! what a happy mother was she
That warmed them beneath her breast.

She loved them as only a mother loves,
And she sang them her songs of glee ;
There were no little birds more happy than they,
In their nest in the chosen tree !

THE DRUM.

But one of this little family
Grew tired of his mother's care ;
He sat all day in sullen mood,
And nought to him looked fair.

For the heart of this little bird was changed,
And he thought he should like to roam
Away o'er the fields and the high green hills,
In search of a brighter home.

Ah me ! there is not a brighter home
Than that which is lighted by love ;
There is no other light so divinely sweet,
Not the moon nor the stars above.

But he fled away, and he sported awhile
Amid flowers of each perfume and hue,
And when night came on he was weary and cold,
And it rained and the storm-wind blew.

Ah ! then, how he thought of his mother's wing,
Which had covered him tenderly ;
And his little brothers so happy and good,
In their home in the chosen tree !

Then he lifted his voice, but none to hear
The sound of his sorrow were nigh ;
So he covered his head with his half-fledged wing,
And he sat on a stone to die.

Oh : never more in that beautiful wood
Was the song of his gladness heard ;
And for many a day did his brothers weep
For the loss of the truant bird.

And for many a day no song of joy
Came up from his mother's breast ;
She mourned for him with drooping wings,
But he came not again to his nest.

And thus, little children, from this you may learn
How even one child may be
The cause of sorrow which nought may remove
From a little family.

You each have a home in a chosen tree,
Which your parents have lit with love ,
Oh, cause not the shadows of grief to descend,
The beautiful light to remove.

But seek for that wisdom which comes from on high,
And that truth which shall never decay :
That heaven-born peace which the world cannot give,
Nor the world in its pride take away.

And your Heavenly Father, who dwelleth above,
Will guard you wherever you be ;
He will send down the light of celestial love
To your home in the chosen tree !

—JERRAM.

THE DRUM.

YONDER is a little drum, hanging on the wall ;
Dusty wreaths, and tattered flags, round about it fall.
A shepherd youth, on Cheviot's hills, watched the sheep whose skin
A cunning workman wrought, and gave the little drum its din

Oh, pleasant are fair Cheviot's hills, with velvet verdure spread,
And pleasant 'tis, among its heath, to make your summer bed ;
And sweet and clear are Cheviot's rills that trickle to its vales,
And balmily its tiny flowers breathe on the passing gales.
And thus hath felt the Shepherd-boy whilst tending of his fold ;
Nor thought there was, in all the world, a spot like Cheviot's wold.

And so it was for many a day !—but change with time will come !
And he—(alas for him the day !) he heard . . . the little drum !
"Follow," said the drummer-boy, "would you live in story !
For he who strikes a foeman down, wins a wreath of glory."
"Rub-a-dub !" and "rub-a-dub !" the drummer beats away—
The shepherd lets his bleating flock o'er Cheviot wildly stray.

On Egypt's arid wastes of sand the shepherd now is lying ;
Around him many a parching tongue for "Water !" faintly crying ;
Oh, that he were on Cheviot's hills, with velvet verdure spread,
Or lying 'mid the blooming heath where oft he made his bed :
Or could he drink of those sweet rills that trickle to its vales,
Or breathe once more the balminess of Cheviot's mountain gales.



At length, upon his wearied eyes, the mists of slumber come,
And he is in his home again—till wakened by the drum !
"Take arms ! take arms !" his leader cries, "the hated foeman's nigh !"
Guns loudly roar—steel clanks on steel, and thousands fall to die.
The shepherd's blood makes red the sand : "Oh ! water—give me some !
My voice might reach a friendly ear—but for that little drum !"

'Mid moaning men, and dying men, the drummer kept his way,
And many a one by "glory" lured, did curse the drum that day.
"Rub-a-dub !" and "rub-a-dub !" the drummer beat aloud—
The shepherd . . . died ! and, ere the morn, the hot sand was his shroud.
—And this is "Glory" ?—Yes ; and still will man the tempter follow,
Nor learn that Glory, like its drum, is but a sound—and hollow !

—DOUGLAS JERBOLD



THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.

THE poetry of earth is never dead :

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead ;
That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out with fun,

He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never :

On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

—KEATS.





IN A DREAR-NIGHTED DECEMBER.

In a drear-nighted December,
 Too happy, happy tree,
 Thy branches ne'er remember
 Their green felicity :
 The north cannot undo them
 With a sleety whistle through them ;
 Nor frozen thawings glue them
 From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
 Too happy, happy brook,
 Thy bubbling's ne'er remember
 Apollo's summer look ;

But with a sweet forgetting,
 They stay their crystal fretting,
 Never, never petting
 About the frozen time.

Ah ! would 'twere so with many
 A gentle girl and boy !
 But were there ever any
 Writhed not at passed joy ?
 To know the change and feel it,
 When there is none to heal it,
 Nor numbed sense to steal it,
 Was never said in rhyme.

—KEATS



MOONLIGHT.

ETERNE Apollo! that thy sister fair
 Is of all these the gentlier-mightiest.
 When thy gold breath is misting in the west,
 She unobserved steals unto her throne,
 And there she sits most meek and most alone;
 As if she had not pomp subservient;
 As if thine eye, high Poet, was not bent
 Towards her with the muses in thine heart;
 As if the ministering stars kept not apart,
 Waiting for silver-footed messages.
 O Moon! the oldest shades 'mong oldest trees
 Feel palpitations when thou lookest in:
 O Moon! old boughs lisp forth a holier din
 The while they feel thine airy fellowship.
 Thou dost bless everywhere, with silver lip

Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping kine,
 Couched in thy brightness, dream of fields divine:
 Innumerable mountains rise, and rise,
 Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes;
 And yet thy benediction passeth not
 One obscure hiding-place, one little spot
 Where pleasure may be sent: the nested wren
 Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken,
 And, from beneath a sheltering ivy leaf,
 Takes glimpses of thee; thou art a relief
 To the poor patient oyster, where it sleeps
 Within its pearly house.—The mighty deeps,
 The monstrous sea is thine—the myriad sea!
 O Moon! far spooming Ocean bows to thee,
 And Tellus feels her forehead's cumbrous load.

— KEATS.



HE ORDERETH ALL THINGS WELL.

ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their shining wings.

CATECHISM.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them high and lowly,
And ordered their estate

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning
That brighten up the sky,

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruit in the garden,
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day—

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who doeth all things well.

—KEBLE.



CATECHISM.

Oh say not, dream not, heavenly notes
To childish ears are vain,
That the young mind at random floats,
And cannot reach the strain.

Dim or unheard the words may fall,
And yet the heaven-taught mind
May learn the sacred air, and all
The harmony unwind.

Was not our Lord a little child,
Taught by degrees to pray,
By father dear and mother mild
Instructed day by day?

And lov'd He not of Heaven to talk
With children in His sight,
To meet them in His daily walk,
And to His arms invite?

What though around His throne of fire
The everlasting chant
Be wafted from the seraph choir
In glory jubilant?

Yet stoops He, ever pleas'd to mark
Our rude essays of love,
Faint as the pipe of wakening lark,
Heard by some twilight grove:

Yet is He near us, to survey
These bright and order'd files,
Like spring-flowers in their best array,
All silence and all smiles,

Save that each little voice in turn
Some glorious truth proclaims,
What sages would have died to learn,
Now taught by cottage dames.

And if some tones be false or low,
What are all prayers beneath
But cries of babes, that cannot know
Half the deep thought they breathe?

In His own words we Christ adore,
But angels, as we speak,
Higher above our meaning soar
Than we o'er children weak:

And yet His words mean more than they,
And yet He owns their praise:
Why should we think He turns away
From infants' simple lays?

—KINGSLEY.

THE LOST DOLL.

I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away.
And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet for old sakes' sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

—KINGSLEY

A FAREWELL.

MY fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day:

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast Forever
One grand, sweet song.

—KINGSLEY.

THE THREE FISHERS.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

'Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee."
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see ;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land—
And never home came she.

"Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o' golden hair,
O' drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea ?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea ;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee.

—KINGSLEY.



THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing down to the west,
Away to the west as the sun went down ;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the
best,
And the children stood watching them out of the
town.
For men must work, and women must weep,
And here's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down ;
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at
the shower,
While the night-rack came rolling up, ragged and
brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lie out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their
hands,
For those who will never come home to the town.
But men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

—KINGSLEY



TO A ROBIN RED-BREAST.

LITTLE bird, with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed !
Courtly domes of high degree
Have no room for thee and me :
Pride and Pleasure's fickle throng
Nothing mind an idle song.
Daily near my table steal,
While I pick my scanty meal ;
Doubt not, little though there be,
But I'll cast a crumb to thee ;
Well rewarded if I spy
Pleasure in thy glancing eye—

See thee, when thou'st eat thy fill,
Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.
Come, my feather'd friend, again,
Well thou know'st the broken pane ;
Ask of me thy daily store ;
Go not near the miser's door :
Once within his iron hall,
Woeful end shall thee befall.
Savage !—he would soon divest
Of its rosy plumes thy breast ;
Then, with solitary joy,
Eat thee, bones and all, my boy.

—LANGHORNE.

THE TWO ANGELS.

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Pass'd o'er the village as the morning broke ;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white ;
But one was crown'd with amaranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

THE TWO ANGELS.

I saw them pause on their celestial way ;
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppress'd :
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest !"

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.



I recognised the nameless agony,
The terror, and the tremor, and the pain,
That oft before had fill'd and haunted me,
And now return'd with threefold strength again.

The door I open'd to my heavenly guest,
And listen'd, for I thought I heard God's voice ;
And, knowing whatsoe'er He sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then, with a smile that fill'd the house with light,
"My errand is not Death, but Life," he said ;
And ere I answer'd, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend ! and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,
Whisper'd a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin ;
And softly, from that hush'd and darken'd room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God ! if He but wave His hand
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo ! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His ;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er ;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door ?
—LONGFELLOW.



THE OPEN WINDOW.

THE old house by the lindens
Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravelled pathway
The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows
Wide open to the air ;
But the faces of the children,
They were no longer there.

THE DAY IS DONE.

The large Newfoundland house-dog
Was standing by the door ;
He looked for his little playmates,
Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,
They played not in the hall ;
But shadow, and silence, and sadness,
Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,
With sweet, familiar tone ;
But the voices of the children
Will be heard in dreams alone !

And the boy that walked beside me,
He could not understand
Why closer in mine, ah ! closer,
I pressed his warm, soft hand !

—LONGFELLOW.



THE DAY IS DONE.

THE Day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness came o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist ;

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour ;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labour.
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—LONGFELLOW.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea ;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see !"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and colder blew the wind,
A gale from the North-east ;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength ;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so ;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father ! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be ?"
"Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast :"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father ! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be ?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea !"

"O father ! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be ?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be ;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.



The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a weary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank,
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow !
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe !
—LONGFELLOW.



FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlour wall ;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door ;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more ;

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life !

A PSALM OF LIFE.

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the Being Beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depress'd and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died !

—LONGFELLOW.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream !"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act,—act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's ocean main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

—LONGFELLOW.





CURFEW.

I.

SOLEMNLY, mournfully
Dealing its dole,
The curfew Bell
Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,
And put out the light ;
Toil comes with the morning,
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,
And quenched is the fire ;
Sound fades into silence,—
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers.
No sound in the hall !
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all !

II.

The book is completed,
And closed, like the day ;
And the hand that has written it
Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies,
Forgotten they lie ;
Like coals in the ashes,
They darken and die.

Songs sink into silence,
The story is told,
The windows are darkened,
The hearth-stone is cold.

Darker and darker
The black shadows fall ;
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all

—LONGFELLOW.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas-day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

THE BRIDGE.

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
 A voice, a chime,
 A chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

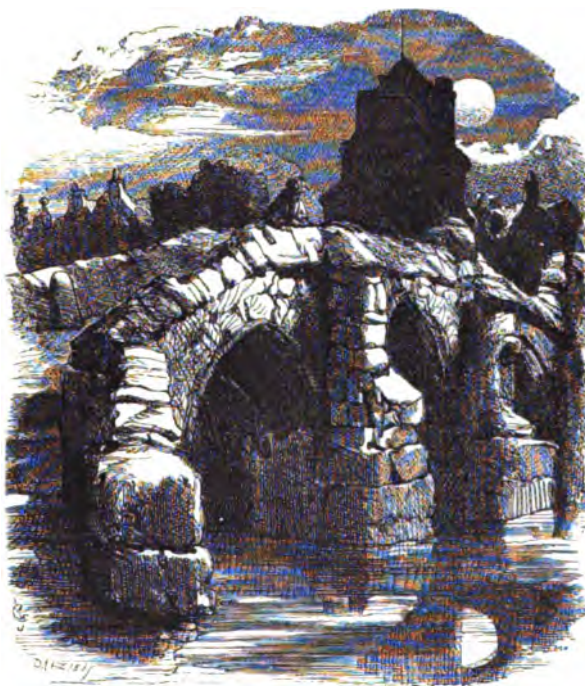
Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
 And with the sound
 The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearthstones of a continent,
 And made forlorn
 The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

And in despair I bowed my head ;
"There is no peace on earth," I said ;
 " For hate is strong,
 And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men ! "

Then pealed the clouds more loud and deep :
"God is not dead ; nor doth He sleep !
 The Wrong shall fail,
 The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men ! "

—LONGFELLOW.



THE BRIDGE.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away ;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The sea-weed floated wide.

And, like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky !

How often, oh, how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide !

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea ;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river,
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odour of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then !

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow.

And for ever and for ever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes ;

The moon, and its broken reflection,
And its shadows, shall appear
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

—LONGFELLOW.

DAYBREAK.

A WIND came out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake ! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout !
Hang all your leafy banner's out !"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow ; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell ! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet ! in quiet lie."

—LONGFELLOW.



GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow.

—LONGFELLOW.

WEARINESS.

O LITTLE feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I, nearer to the Wayside Inn,
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road!

O little hands! that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts ! that throb and heat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires ;
Mine that so long has glowed and burned,
With passions into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls ! as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source divine ;
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine !

—LONGFELLOW.



TWILIGHT.

THE twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness,
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
And the night wind, bleak and wild,
As they beat at the crazy casement,
Tell to that little child ?

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother,
Drive the colour from her cheek ?

—LONGFELLOW.





CHILDREN.

COME to me, O ye children !
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow ;
But in mine is the wind of Autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah ! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more ?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,

Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children ;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children !
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks !

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said ;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

—LONGFELLOW.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall-stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence :
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting, and planning together,
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall !
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall !

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair ;
If I try to escape they surround me ;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse Tower on the Rhine !

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all !

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away !

—LONGFELLOW.

ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !
Thou messenger of Spring !
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear ;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fliest thy vocal vail
An annual guest in other lands
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year !

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

—JOHN LOGAN.



THE ANGELS' WHISPER.

A BABY was sleeping, its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea ;
And the tempest was swelling round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh ! come back to me."

Her beads while she numbered, the baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face, while she bended her knee.
"Oh ! blessed be that warning, my child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

"And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh ! pray to them softly, my baby, with me ;
And say thou wouldst rather they'd watched o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,
And closely caressing her child, with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

—LOVER.

THE CHANGELING.

I HAD a little daughter,
And she was given to me
To lead me gently backward
To the Heavenly Father's knee,
That I, by the force of nature,
Might in some dim wise divine
The depth of His infinite patience
To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,
But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the heaven she came from
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair ;
For it was as wavy and golden,
And as many changes took,
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
On the yellow bed of a brook.

To what can I liken her smiling
Upon me, her kneeling lover?
How it leaped from her lips to her eyelids,
And dimpled her wholly over
Till her outstretched hands smiled also,
And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
Sending sun through her veins to me !

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,
And it hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
Stole my little daughter away ;
Or perhaps those heavenly Zincoli
But loosed the hampering strings,
And when they had opened her cage-door,
My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling,
A little angel child,
That seems like her bud in full blossom,
And smiles as she never smiled :
When I wake in the morning, I see it
Where she always used to lie,
And I feel as weak as a violet
Alone 'neath the awful sky ;

As weak, yet as trustful also ;
For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of faithful Nature
Still worked for the love of me ;
Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,
Rain falls, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.

This child is not mine as the first was,
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly
And bless it upon my breast ;
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle,
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she's gone to
Transfigures its golden hair.

—LOWELL.





THE CHILD'S
DESIRE.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that His hand had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me ;
And that I might have seen His kind look when
He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

But still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love ;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all that are washed and forgiven ;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

—MRS. LUKE.



THE WINDOW.

At my window, late and early,
In the sunshine and the rain,
When the jocund beams of morning
Come to wake me from my napping,
With their golden fingers tapping
At my window-pane,
From my troubled slumbers flitting—
From my dreamings fond and vain,
From the fever intermitting,
Up I start and take my sitting
At my window-pane.

Through the morning, through the noontide,
Fettered by a diamond chain,
Through the early hours of evening,
When the stars begin to tremble,
As their shining ranks assemble
O'er the azure plain :
When the thousand lamps are blazing,
Through the street and lane—
Mimic stars of man's upraising—
Still I linger, fondly gazing
From my window-pane !

For, amid the crowds slow passing,
Surging like the main,
Like a sunbeam among shadows,
Through the storm-swept cloudy masses,
Sometimes one bright being passes
'Neath my window-pane ;

Thus a moment's joy I borrow
From a day of pain.
See, she comes ! but, bitter sorrow !
Not until the slow to-morrow
Will she come again.
—M'CARTHY.

THE WAR OF THE LEAGUE.

Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom all glories are !
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre !
Now, let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh, pleasant land of France !
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still, are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre !

Oh ! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array ;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land !
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand ;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood ;
And we cried unto the living Power who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre !

The king is come to marshal us, all in his armour drest ;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing
Down all our line, a deafening shout, " Long live our lord the King !"—
" And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where you see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah ! the foes are moving ! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trumpet, and drum, and roaring culverin !
The fiery Duke is speeding fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
" Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge—for the golden lilies now—upon them with the lance !"
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest ;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre !

Now, heaven be praised, the day is ours ! Mayenne hath turned his rein,
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale ;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance ; and all along our van
"Remember St. Bartholomew !" was passed from man to man ;
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe :
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh ! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre ?

Ho ! maidens of Vienna ! Ho ! matrons of Lucerne !
Weep, weep, and rend your hair, for those who never shall return.
Ho ! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls !
Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright !
Ho ! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night !
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are ;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre !

—MACAULAY.

THE MILLER OF DEE.

THERE dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee ;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he ;
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be :
"I envy nobody, no, not I,
And nobody envies me."

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said good King Hal—
"As wrong as wrong can be—
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee ;
And tell me now, what makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the king,
Beside the river Dee."

The miller smiled and doffed his cap :
"I earn my bread," quoth he ;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three ;
I owe no penny I cannot pay ;
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
That feeds my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while
"Farewell and happy be ;
But say no more, if thoud'st be true,
That no one envies thee :
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill, my kingdom's fee ;
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee !"

—MACKAY





THE SHIP ON FIRE.

THERE was joy in the ship as she furrowed the foam,
 For fond hearts within her were dreaming of home.
 The young mother pressed fondly her babe to her
 breast,
 And sang a sweet song as she rocked it to rest ;
 "Oh, happy !" said she, "when our roaming is o'er,
 We'll dwell in a cottage that stands by the shore !"

dark ! hark ! what was that ? Hark ! hark to the
 shout !—
 "Fire ! fire !"—then a tramp, and a rush, and a rout ;
 And an uproar of voices arose in the air,
 And the mother knelt down ; and the half-spoken
 prayer
 That she offered to God, in her agony wild,
 Was, "Father, have mercy ! look down on my child !"

Fire ! fire ! it is raging above and below ;
 And the smoke and hot cinders all blindingly blow :
 The cheek of the sailor grew pale at the sight,
 And his eyes glistened wild in the glare of the light.
 The flames in thick wreaths mounted higher and
 higher !—
 O God, it is fearful to perish by fire !

They prayed for the light, and, at noontide about,
 The sun o'er the waters shone joyously out.
 "A sail, ho ! a sail !" cried the man on the lee ;
 "A sail !" and they turned their glad eyes o'er the
 sea.
 "They see us ! they see us ! the signal is waved !
 They bear down upon us !—thank God ! we are
 saved !"

—MACKAY.

THE DYING CHIEF.

THE stars looked down on the battle-plain,
Where night-winds were deeply sighing :
And with shattered lance, near his war-steed slain,
Lay a youthful Chieftain—dying !
He had folded round his gallant breast
The banner, once o'er him streaming,
For a noble shroud, as he sunk to rest
On the couch that knows no dreaming.
Proudly he lay on his broken shield,
By the rushing Guadalquiver,
While, dark with the blood of his last red field,
Swept on the majestic river.
There were hands which came to bind his wound,
There were eyes o'er the warrior weeping ;

But he raised his head from the dewy ground,
Where the land's high hearts were sleeping !
And "Away !" he cried ;—"your aid is vain ;
My soul may not brook recalling,—
I have seen the stately flower of Spain,
Like the autumn vine-leaves falling !
I have seen the Moorish banners wave
O'er the halls where my youth was cherished ;
I have drawn a sword that could not save ;
I have stood, where my king hath perished !
Leave me to die with the free and brave,
On the banks of my own bright river !
Ye can give me nought but a warrior's grave,
By the chainless Guadalquiver !"

—MRS. MACLEAN (L. E. L.)

WHAT IS TIME?

I ASKED an aged Man, with hoary hairs,
Wrinkled, and curved with worldly cares ;—
"Time is the warp of life," he said ; "oh, tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well !"

I asked the ancient, venerable Dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled ;
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,
"Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode !"

I asked a dying Sinner, ere the tide,
Of life had left his veins ; "Time !" he replied ;
"I've lost it ! ah, the treasure !"—and he died.

I asked the golden sun and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years ;
They answered, "Time is but a meteor glare,"
And bade me for Eternity prepare.

I asked the Seasons, in their annual round
Which beautify or desolate the ground ;
And they replied (no oracle more wise),
"Tis Folly's blank, and Wisdom's highest prize !"

I asked a Spirit lost,—but oh ! the shriek
That pierced my soul ! I shudder while I speak,—
It cried, "A particle ! a speck ! a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite !"

Of things inanimate, my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply,—
"Time is the season fair of living well,
The path of glory, or the path of hell."

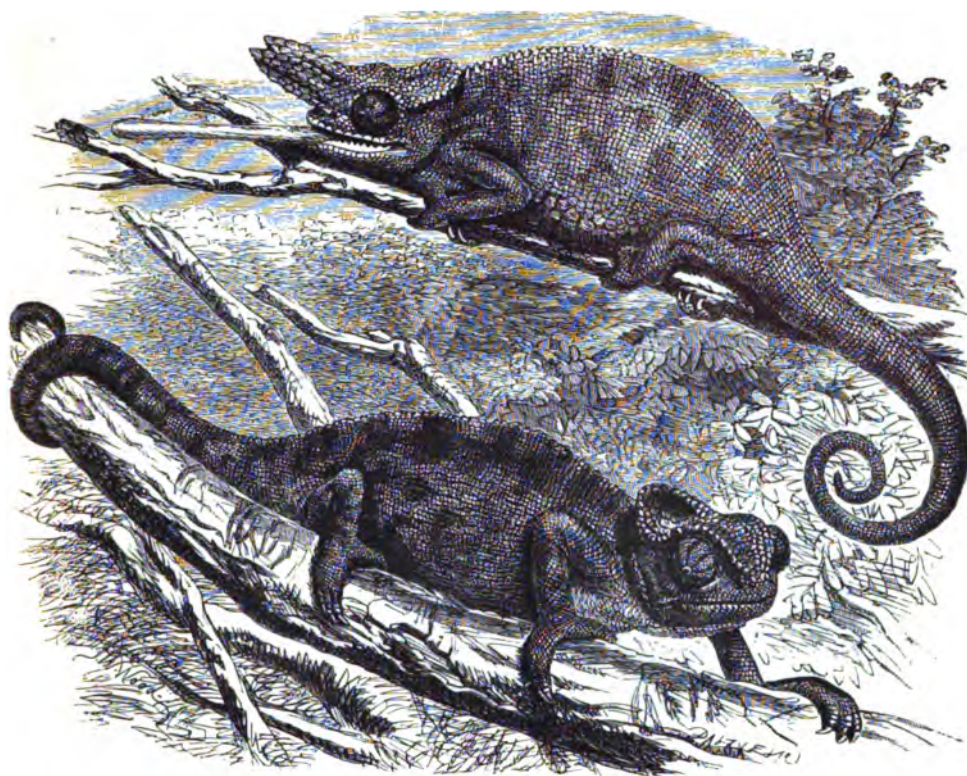
I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,
"Time is the present hour, the past is fled :
Live ! live to-day ! to-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set."

I asked Old Father Time himself at last ;
But in a moment he flew swiftly past,—
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.

I asked the mighty Angel, who shall stand
One foot on sea, and one on solid land ;
"Mortal !" he cried, "the mystery now is o'er ;
Time was,—Time is,—but Time shall be no more !"

—MARSDEN.





THE CHAMELEON.

Oft has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,
 With eyes that hardly served at most
 To guard their master 'gainst a post ;
 Yet round the world the blade has been
 To see whatever can be seen.
 Returning from his finished tour,
 Grown ten times perter than before,
 Whatever word you chance to drop,
 The travelled fool your mouth will stop :
 " Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
 I've seen—and sure I ought to know."
 So begs you'd pay a due submission
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
 And on their way, in friendly chat,
 Now talked of this, and then of that ;
 Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
 Of the chameleon's form and nature.

" A stranger animal," cries one,
 " Sure never lived beneath the sun !
 A lizard's body, lean and long,
 A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
 Its foot with triple claw disjoined ;
 And what a length of tail behind !
 How slow its pace ! and then its hue—
 Who ever saw so fine a blue ?"
 " Hold there," the other quick replies,
 " 'Tis green ; I saw it with these eyes,
 As late with open mouth it lay,
 And warmed it in the sunny ray,
 Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,
 And saw it eat the air for food."
 " I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
 And must again affirm it blue ;
 At leisure I the beast surveyed
 Extended in the cooling shade."
 " 'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye !"
 " Green !" cries the other in a fury ;
 " Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes ?"

"'Twere no great loss," the friend replies ;
 "For if they always serve you thus,
 You'll find them of but little use."
 So high at last the contest rose,
 From words they almost came to blows,
 When, luckily, came by a third :
 To him the question they referred,
 And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,
 Whether the thing was green or blue.
 "Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother ;
 The creature's neither one nor t'other.
 I caught the animal last night,
 And viewed it o'er by candlelight ;
 I marked it well ; 'twas black as jet !
 You stare ; but, sirs, I've got it yet,
 And can produce it."—"Pray, sir, do ;
 I'll lay my life the thing is blue."

"And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
 The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
 "Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,"
 Replies the man, "I'll turn him out ;
 And when before your eyes I've set him,
 If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."
 He said, and full before their sight
 Produced the beast, and, lo !—'twas white.
 Both stared : the man looked wondrous wise :
 "My children," the chameleon cries
 (Then first the creature found a tongue),
 "You all are right, and all are wrong :
 When next you talk of what you view,
 Think others see as well as you ;
 Nor wonder if you find that none
 Prefers your eyesight to his own."

—MERRICK.

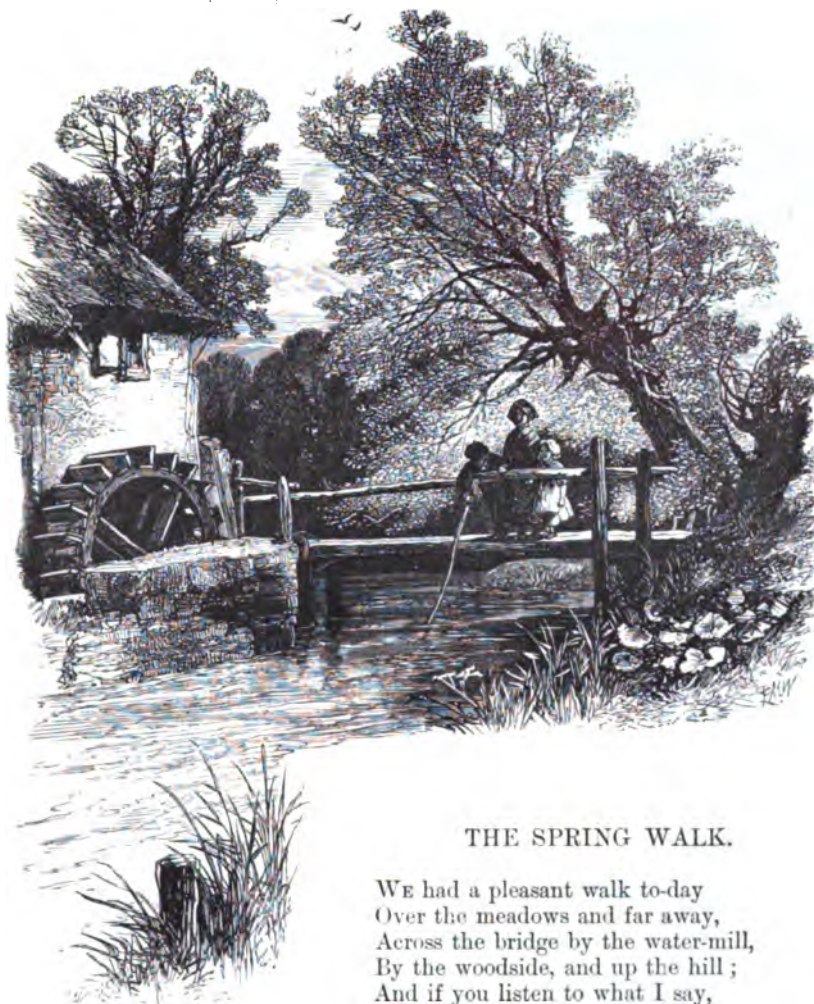
THE BEARS AND BEES.

As two young bears, in wanton mood,
 Forth issuing from a neighb'ring wood,
 Came where th' industrious bees had stored
 In artful cells their luscious hoard,
 O'erjoyed they seized, with eager haste,
 Luxurious, on the rich repast.
 Alarmed at this, the little crew
 About their ears vindictive flew.
 The beasts, unable to sustain
 The unequal combat, quit the plain.
 Half-blind with rage, and mad with pain,
 Their native shelter they regain ;

There sit, and now discreeter grown,
 Too late their rashness they bemoan ;
 And this by dear experience gain—
 That pleasure's ever bought with pain,
 So when the gilded baits of vice
 Are placed before our longing eyes,
 With greedy haste we snatch our fill,
 And swallow down the latent ill ;
 But when experience opes our eyes,
 Away the fancied pleasure flies :
 It flies, but, oh ! too late we find
 It leaves a real sting behind.

—MERRICK.





THE SPRING WALK.

WE had a pleasant walk to-day
Over the meadows and far away,
Across the bridge by the water-mill,
By the woodside, and up the hill ;
And if you listen to what I say,
I'll tell you what we saw to-day.

Amid a hedge, where the first leaves
Were peeping from their sheaths so sly,
We saw four eggs within a nest,
And they were blue as a summer sky.

An elder-branch dipp'd in the brook ;
We wonder'd why it moved, and found
A silken hair'd smooth water-rat
Nibbling, and swimming round and round.

Where daisies open'd to the sun,
In a broad meadow, green and white,
The lambs were racing eagerly—
We never saw a prettier sight.

We saw, upon the shady banks,
Long rows of golden flowers shine,
And first mistook for buttercups
The star-shaped yellow celandine.

Anemones and primroses,
And the blue violets of spring,
We found, while listening by a hedge
To hear a merry ploughman sing.

And from the earth the plough turn'd up
There came a sweet refreshing smell,
Such as the lily of the vale
Sends forth from many a woodland dell.

We saw the yellow wallflowers wave
Upon a mouldering castle wall ;
And then we watch'd the busy rooks
Among the ancient elm-trees tall.

And, leaning from the old stone bridge,
Below we saw our shadows lie ;
And through the gloomy arches watch'd
The swift and fearless swallows fly.

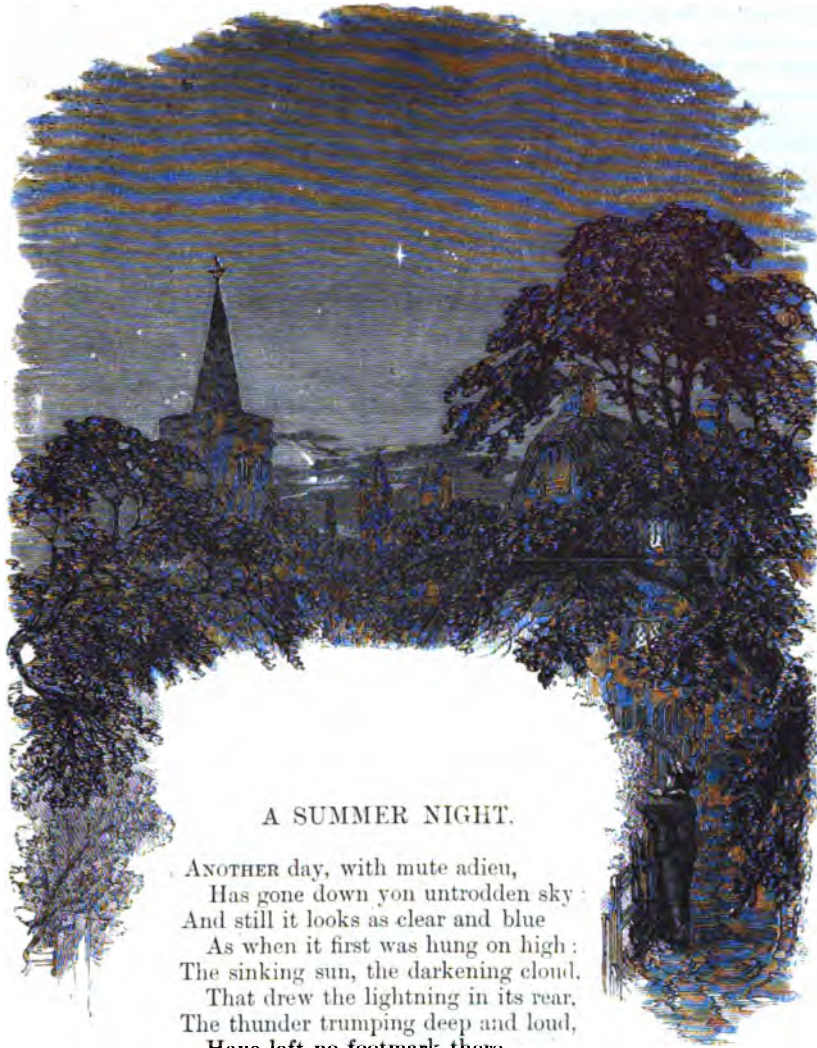
We heard the speckle-breasted lark
As it sang somewhere out of sight,
And tried to find it, but the sky
Was filled with clouds of dazzling light.

We saw young rabbits near the wood.
And heard a pheasant's wings go "whirr ;"
And then we saw a squirrel leap
From an old oak-tree to a fir.

We came back by the village fields,
A pleasant walk it was across 'em,
For all behind the houses lay
The orchards red and white with blossom.

Were I to tell you all we saw,
I'm sure that it would take me hours ;
For the whole landscape was alive
With bees, and birds, and buds, and flowers.
—MILLER.





A SUMMER NIGHT.

ANOTHER day, with mute adieu,
Has gone down yon untrodden sky :
And still it looks as clear and blue
As when it first was hung on high :
The sinking sun, the darkening cloud,
That drew the lightning in its rear,
The thunder trumping deep and loud,
Have left no footmark there.

The village bells, with silver chime,
Come softened o'er the distant shore ;
Though I have heard them many a time,
They never rang so sweet before.
A silence rests upon the hill,
A listening awe pervades the air ;
The very flowers are shut, and still,
And bowed as if in prayer.

And in this hush'd and breathless close,
O'er earth, and air, and sky, and sea,
A still low voice in silence goes,
Which speaks alone, great God, of Thee—

The whispering leaves, the far-off brook,
The linnet's warble fainter grown,
The hive-bound bee, the homeward rook,
All these their Maker own.

Now shine the starry hosts of light,
Gazing on earth with golden eyes :
Bright sentinels that guard the night,
What are ye in your native skies ?
I know not ! neither can I know,
Nor on what leader ye attend,
Nor whence ye came, nor whither go,
Nor what your aim nor end.

I know they must be holy things
That from a roof so sacred shine,
Where sounds the beat of angel wings,
And footsteps echo all divine.
Their mysteries I never sought,
Nor hearkened to what science tells,
For, oh! in childhood I was taught
That God amidst them dwells.

The deepening woods, the fading trees,
The grasshopper's last feeble sound,
The flowers just awakened by the breeze,
All leave the stillness more profound.
The twilight takes a deeper shade,
The dusty pathways darker grow,
And silence reigns in glen and glade
While all is mute below.



And other eves as sweet as this
Will close upon as calm a day;
Then, sinking down the steep abyss,
Will, like the last, be swept away,
Until eternity is gained,—
The boundless sea without a shore,
That without time for ever reigned,
And will when time's no more.

Now nature sinks in soft repose,
A living semblance of the grave;
The dew steals noiseless on the rose,
The boughs have almost ceased to wave;
The silent sky, the sleeping earth,
Tree, mountain, stream, the humble sod,—
All tell from whom they had their birth,
And cry, "Behold a God!"

—MILLER.





HARVEST HOME.

SUMMER's toiling now is past ;
Harvest now hath sent her last—
Her last, last load.
If the field containeth more,
Master, give it to the poor,
Abroad—abroad.

Let them through the corn-field roam,
While we welcome harvest-home—
Harvest-home, harvest-home,—
While we welcome harvest-home :
Songs shall sound and ale-cups foam
While we welcome harvest-home.

—MILLER.

PARADISE.

So on he fares, and to the border comes,
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head

Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied ; and overhead upgrew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,

Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene; and, as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung:
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighbouring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once, of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colours mix'd:
On which the Sun more glad impress'd his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath shower'd the earth; so lovely
seem'd

That landscape: and of pure, now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they
stole

Those balmy spoils; as when, to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest; with such delay
Well pleased, they slack their course, and many a
league,
Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles.
—MILTON.

EVENING IN PARADISE.

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;

Silence was pleased: now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

—MILTON.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
E'er half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
Doth God exact day labour, light deny'd,
I fondly ask? but patience to prevent

That murmur soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

—MILTON.

TO MY MOTHER SLEEPING.

SLEEP on, my Mother! sweet and innocent dreams
Attend thee, best and dearest! Dreams that gild
Life's clouds like setting-suns, with pleasure fill'd,
And saintly joy, such as thy mind beseems,—
Thy mind where never stormy passion gleams,
Where their soft nest the dove-like virtues build,
And calmest thoughts, like violets distill'd,

Their fragrance mingle with bright Wisdom's beams
Sleep on, my Mother! not the lily's bell
So sweet; not the enamour'd west wind's sighs
That shake the dewdrop from her snowy cell
So gentle; not that dewdrop ere it flies
So pure! E'en slumber loves with thee to dwell,
Oh, model most beloved of good and wise!

—MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.



GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see :
Then smoothèd her work and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work ! Good night ! good night !"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying, "Caw ! caw !" on their way to bed :
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things ! Good night ! good night !"

The horses neighed and the oxen lowed ;
The sheep's "Bleat ! bleat !" came over the road ;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl ! Good night ! good night !"

She did not say to the sun "Good night !"
Though she saw him there, like a ball of light ;
For she knew he had God's own time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head—
The violets curtsied and went to bed ;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said on her knees her favourite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day ;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good morning ! good morning ! our work is begun !"

—MONCKTON MILNES.



THE DAISY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.
The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.
It smiles upon the lap of May,
The sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath, and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round,
It shares the sweet carnation's bed ;
And blooms in consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.
The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page :—In every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.
On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise ;
The rose has but a summer reign,
The Daisy never dies.

—MONTGOMERY.

THE PRISONER TO A ROBIN WHO CAME TO HIS WINDOW.

WELCOME! welcome little stranger!
Welcome to my lone retreat!
Here, secure from every danger,
Hop about, and chirp, and eat.
Robin, how I envy thee,
Happy child of liberty!

Hunger never shall distress thee
While my meals one crumb afford ;
Colds and cramps shall ne'er oppress thee,
Come and share my humble board :
Robin, come and live with me ;
Live, yet still at liberty.

Soon shall spring, with smiles and blushes,
Steal upon the blooming year;
Then, amid the verdant bushes,
Thy sweet song shall warble clear;
Then shall I too, joined with thee,
Taste the sweets of liberty. •

Should some rough, unfeeling Dobbin,
In this iron-hearted age,
Seize thee on thy nest, my Robin,
And confine thee in a cage;
Then, poor Robin, think of me,
Think—and sigh for liberty.

Liberty! thou brightest treasure
In the crown of earthly joys!
Source of gladness! soul of pleasure!
All delights besides are toys:
None but prisoners like me
Know the worth of liberty.

—MONTGOMERY.

INSTABILITY OF FRIENDSHIP.

ALAS! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!—
Hearts, that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off:—
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven is all tranquillity!
A something light as air—a look—
A word unkind, or wrongly taken—
Oh! love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this, hath shaken.
And ruder words will soon rush in,

To spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till, fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone;
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds,—or like the stream
That smiling left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into floods, that part for ever!

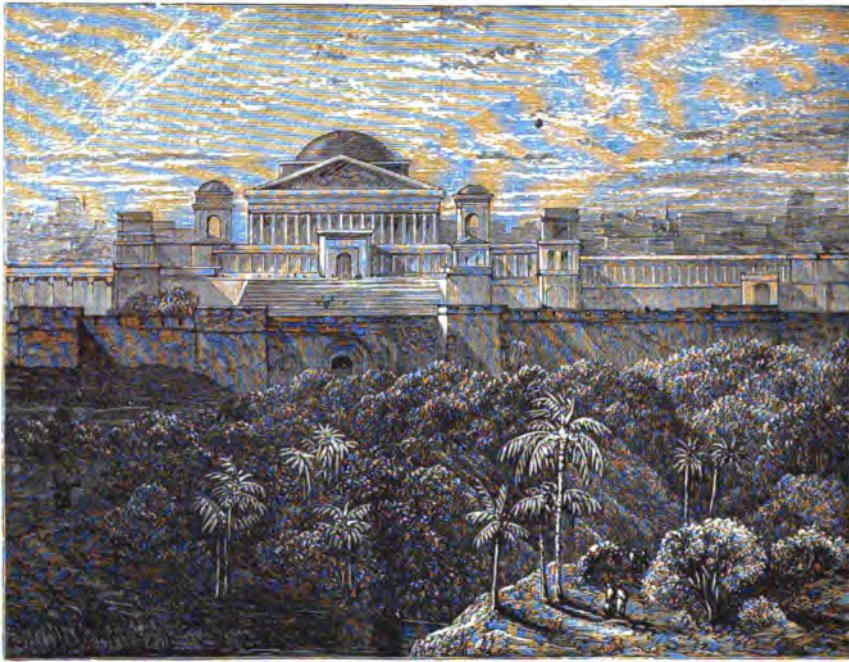
—THOMAS MOORE.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

THE minstrel boy to the war is gone—
In the ranks of death you'll find him!
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
“Land of song!” said the Warrior-Bard—
“Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee.”

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder!
And said, “No chain shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!”

—THOMAS MOORE.



JERUSALEM.

FALLEN is thy throne, O Israel ! silence is o'er thy plains !
Thy dwellings all lie desolate, thy children weep in chains.
Where are the dews that fed thee on Etham's barren shore ?
That fire from heaven, which led thee, now lights thy path no more !

Lord ! Thou didst love Jerusalem ; once she was all Thine own :
Her love Thy fairest heritage, her power Thy glory's throne ;
Till evil came, and blighted Thy long-loved olive-tree,
And Salem's shrines were lighted for other gods than Thee.

Then sank the star of Solyma ; then passed her glory's day,
Like heath that, in the wilderness, the light wind whirls away.
Silent and waste her bowers, where once the mighty trod ;
And sunk those guilty towers, where Baal reigned as God.

"Go," said the Lord, "ye conquerors ! steep in her blood your swords,
And raze to earth her battlements, for they are not the Lord's !
Till Zion's mournful daughter o'er kindred bones shall tread,
And Hinnom's vale of slaughter shall hide but half her dead."

But soon shall other pictured scenes in brighter vision rise,
When Zion's sun shall sevenfold shine on all her mourners' eyes ;
And, on her mountains beauteous, stand messengers of peace ;
"Salvation by the Lord's right hand !" they shout and never cease.

—THOMAS MOORE.



THE TWO WEAVERS.

As at their work two weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat,
They touch'd upon the price of meat,
So high a weaver scarce could eat.

"What with my babes and sickly wife,"
Quoth James, "I'm almost tired of life;
So hard we work, so poor we fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

"How glorious is the rich man's state,
His house so fine, his health so great;
Heaven is unjust, you must agree:
Why all to him, and none to me?"

"In spite of all the Scripture teaches,
In spite of all the pulpit preaches,
The world, indeed I've thought so long,
Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.

"Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confus'd, and hard, and strange;
The good are troubled and oppress'd,
And all the wicked are the blest."

Quoth John, "Our ignorance is the cause
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
Parts of His ways alone we know,
'Tis all that man can see below.

"See'st thou that carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear James, hast well begun?
Behold the wild confusion there!
So rude the mass, it makes one stare.

"A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
Would say no meaning's there convey'd;
For where's the middle? where's the border?
The carpet now is all disorder."

Quoth James, "My work is yet in bits,
But still in ev'ry part it fits;
Besides, you reason like a lout,
Why, man, that carpet's inside out!"

Says John, "Thou say'st the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen:
The world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out.

"As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So, when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.

"No plan, no pattern can we trace,
All wants proportion, truth, and grace;
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

"But when we reach the world of light,
And view these works of God aright,
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the Workman is divine.

"What now seem random strokes will there
All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise what here we spurn'd,
For then the carpet will be turn'd."

"Thou'rt right," quoth James, "no more I'll grumble
That this world is so strange a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own carpet sets me right."

—HANNAH MORE.



THE THREE SONS.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould:
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his childish years.
I cannot say how this may be—I know his face is fair,
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air:
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency.
But that which others most admire is the thought which fills his mind,—
The food for grave inquiring speech he everywhere doth find:

Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk ;
 He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk ;
 Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,
 But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
 His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplex
 With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next :
 He kneels at his dear mother's knee ; she teaches him to pray,
 And strange, and sweet, and solemn then are the words which he will say.
 Oh, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years, like me,
 A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be ;
 And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful brow,
 I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three :
 I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,
 How silver-sweet those tones of his when he prattles on my knee.
 I do not think his light-blue eye is, like his brother's, keen,
 Nor his brow so full of childish thought, as his hath ever been ;
 But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and tender feeling,
 And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
 When he walks with me, the country folk who pass us in the street
 Will shout with joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and sweet.
 A playfellow is he to all, and yet, with cheerful tone,
 Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone.
 His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home and hearth,
 To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.
 Should *he* grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove
 As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for earthly love.
 And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes must dim,
 God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him.

I have a son, a third sweet son : his age I cannot tell,
 For they reckon not by years or months where he is gone to dwell.
 To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given,
 And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.
 I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,
 Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.
 The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,
 Are numbered with the secret things which God will not reveal.
 But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest,
 Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast.
 I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,
 But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams of joy for ever fresh.
 I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,
 And soothe him with a song that breathes of heaven's divinest things.
 I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear and I),
 When God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.
 Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, *his* bliss can never cease ;
 Their lot may here be grief and fear, but *his* is certain peace.
 It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever,
 But if our own poor faith fail not, *he* must be ours for ever.
 When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be,—
 When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss, and *this* world's misery,—
 When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain,—
 Oh ! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him here again.

—MOULTRIE.



CRIPPLED JANE.

THEY said she might recover, if we sent her down to the sea,
 But that is for rich men's children, and we knew it could not be ;
 So she lived at home in the Lincolnshire Fens, and we saw her, day by day,
 Grow pale, and stunted, and crooked ; till her last chance died away.
 And now *I'm* dying ; and often, when you thought that I moaned with pain,
 I was moaning a prayer to Heaven, and thinking of Crippled Jane.
 Folks will be kind to Johnny ; his temper is merry and light ;
 With so much love in his honest eyes, and a sturdy sense of right.
 And no one could quarrel with Susan ; so pious, and meek, and mild,
 And nearly as wise as a woman, for all she looks such a child !
 But Jane will be weird and wayward ; fierce, and cunning, and hard ;
 She won't believe she's a burden, be thankful, nor win regard.--
 God have mercy upon her ! God be her guard and guide !
 How will strangers bear with her, when, at times, even *I* felt tried ?
 When the ugly smile of pleasure goes over her sallow face,
 And the feeling of health, for an hour, quickens her languid pace ;
 When with dwarfish strength she rises, and plucks, with a selfish band,
 The busiest person near her, to lead her out on the land ;
 Or when she sits in some corner, no one's companion or care,
 Huddled up in some darksome passage, or crouched on a step of the stair ;
 While far off the children are playing, and the birds singing loud in the sky,
 And she looks through the cloud of her headache, to scowl at the passers-by.
 I die—God have pity upon her !—how happy rich men must be !—
 For they said she might have recovered—if we sent her down to the sea.

—HON. MRS. NORTON.

NONE REMEMBER THEE.

None remember thee ! thou whose heart
 Pour'd love on all around ;
 Thy name no anguish can impart—
 'Tis a forgotten sound.
 Thy old companions pass me by
 With a cold bright smile, and a vacant eye,
 And none remember thee
 Save me !

None remember thee ! thou wert not
 Beauteous as some things are ;
 No glory beam'd upon thy lot,
 My pale and quiet star !
 Like a winter bud that too soon nath burst,
 Thy cheek was fading from the first—
 And none remember thee
 Save me !

SONG OF THE PEASANT WIFE.

None remember thee! they could spy
Nought when they gazed on thee,
But thy soul's deep love in thy quiet eye—
It hath pass'd from their memory.
The gifts of genius were not thine,
Proudly before the world to shine—
And none remember thee
Save me!

None rememoer thee now thou'rt gone!
Or they could not choose but weep,
When they thought of thee, my gentle one,
In thy long and lonely sleep.
Fain would I murmur thy name, and tell
How fondly together we used to dwell—
But none remember thee
Save me!

—HON. MRS. NORTON.



SONG OF THE PEASANT WIFE.

COME, Patrick, clear up the storms on your brow;
You were kind to me once—will you frown on me now?—
Shall the storm settle here, when from heaven it departs,
And the cold from without find its way to our hearts?
No, Patrick, no! sure the wintriest weather
Is easily borne when we bear it together.

Though the rain's dropping through, from the roof to the floor,
And the wind whistles free where there once was a door,
Can the rain, or the snow, or the storm wash away
All the warm vows we made in our love's early day?
No, Patrick, no! sure the dark stormy weather
Is easily borne, if we bear it together.

When you stole out to woo me when labour was done,
And the day that was closing to us seemed begun,
Did we care if the sunset was bright on the flowers,
Or if we crept out amid darkness and showers?
No, Patrick! we talked, while we braved the wild weather,
Of all we could bear, if we bore it together,

Soon, soon will these dark dreary days be gone by,
And our hearts be lit up with a beam from the sky!
Oh, let not our spirits, embittered with pain,
Be dead to the sunshine that came to us then!
Heart in heart, hand in hand, let us welcome the weather,
And, sunshine or storm, we will bear it together.

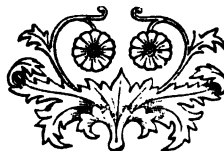
—HON. MRS. NORTON.

YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

Ye gentlemen of England
That live at home at ease,
Ah! little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas.
Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly shew
All the cares and the fears
When the stormy winds do blow.
When the stormy, &c.

If enemies oppose us
When England is at war
With any foreign nation,
We fear not wound or scar;
Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
Our valour for to know,
Whilst they reel on the keel,
And the stormy winds do blow.
And the stormy, &c.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
And never be dismay'd;
While we have bold adventurers,
We ne'er shall want a trade:
Our merchants will employ us
To fetch them wealth, we know;
Then be bold—work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.
When the stormy, &c.
—MARTYN PARKER.



THE THREE WARNINGS.

THE tree of deepest root is found
 Least willing still to quit the ground ;
 'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
 That love of life increased with years
 So much, that, in our latter stages,
 When pains grow sharp and sickness rages ;
 The greatest love of life appears.
 This strange affection to believe,
 Which all confess but few perceive,
 If old assertions can't prevail,
 Be pleased to hear a modern tale.
 When sports went round, and all were gay
 On neighbour Dobson's wedding day,
 Death call'd aside the jocund groom
 With him into another room ;
 And, looking grave, "You must," says he,
 "Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
 "With you ! and quit my Susan's side ?
 With you !" the hapless husband cried ;
 "Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard !
 Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared ;
 My thoughts on other matters go ;
 This is my wedding day, you know."
 What more he urg'd I have not heard,
 His reasons could not well be stronger ;
 So Death the poor delinquent spared,
 And left to live a little longer.
 Yet, calling up a serious look,—
 His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,—
 "Neighbour," he said, "farewell ; no more
 Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour ;
 And, further, to avoid all blame,
 Of cruelty upon my name,
 To give you time for preparation,
 And fit you for your future station,
 Three several Warnings you shall have
 Before you're summon'd to the grave.
 Willing, for once, I'll quit my prey,
 And grant a kind reprieve ;
 In hopes you'll have no more to say
 But, when I call again this way,
 Well pleas'd the world will leave."
 To these conditions both consented,
 And parted, perfectly contented.
 What next the hero of our tale befell,
 How long he lived, how wise, how well,
 How roundly he pursued his course,
 And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,
 The willing muse shall tell :
 He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,
 Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,
 Nor thought of Death as near ;
 His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
 Many his gains, his children few.

He pass'd his days in peace.
 But while he view'd his wealth increase,
 While thus along life's dusty road
 The beaten track content he trod,
 Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares.
 Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
 Brought on his eightieth year.
 And now one night, in musing mood
 As all alone he sat,
 The unwelcome messenger of fate
 Once more before him stood.
 Half kill'd with anger and surprise,
 "So soon returned ?" old Dobson cries.
 "So soon, d'ye call it ?" Death replies ;
 "Surely, my friend, you're but in jest !
 Since I was here before,
 'Tis six-and-forty years at least,
 And you are now fourscore !"
 "So much the worse," the clown rejoind'd ;
 "To spare the aged would be kind ;
 Besides, you promised me Three Warnings,
 Which I have look'd for nights and mornings !
 But, for that loss of time and ease,
 I can recover damages !"
 "I know," cries Death, "that at the best,
 I seldom am a welcome guest ;
 But don't be captious, friend, at least.
 I little thought you'd still be able
 To stump about your farm and stable ;
 Your years have run to a great length :
 I wish you joy, though, of your strength !"
 "Hold !" says the farmer, "not so fast !
 I have been lame these four years past."
 "And no great wonder," Death replies ;
 "However, you still keep your eyes ;
 And sure, to see one's loves and friends,
 For legs and arms must make amends."
 "Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might,
 But latterly I have lost my sight."
 "This is a shocking story, faith :
 But there's some comfort still," says Death.
 "Each strives your sadness to amuse,
 I warrant you hear all the news."
 "There's none," cries he ; "and if there were,
 I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear."
 "Nay, then," the Spectre stern rejoined,
 "Cease, pr'ythee, cease these foolish yearnings ;
 If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
 You've had your Three sufficient Warnings ;
 So come along ! no more we'll part !"
 He said, and touched him with his dart ;
 And now, old Dobson, turning pale,
 Yields to his fate. So ends my tale.

—MRS. THRALE.



THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door;
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber-door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating:
"Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door:
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you,"—here I opened wide the door—
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"—
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.
"Surely," said I—"surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore.
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Quoth the Raven : " Never more."

With such name as "Never more."

Then the bird said : " Never more."

Of 'Never—never more.'"

Meant in croaking "Never more."

She shall press—ah, never more!

Quoth the Raven : " Never more ! "

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
(On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is there* balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven: "Never more."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore?"
Quoth the Raven: "Never more."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven: "Never more."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door:
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—never more!

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the Sea,
That a Maiden there lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this Maiden she lived with no other thought,
Than to love, and be loved, by me!
I was a child, and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the Sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love,—
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wing'd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me!
And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the Sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud,
Chilling my beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came,
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre—
In this kingdom by the sea.
The Angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me;

Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the Sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.
But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who are older than we—
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the Angels, in heaven above,—
Nor the Demons, down under the sea,—
Can ever dissever my soul, from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee!
For, the moon never beams without bringing me
dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my
bride;
In her sepulchre there by the Sea,—
In her tomb by the sounding Sea!

—EDGAR ALLAN POE.



THE BELLS.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle in the icy air of night!
While the stars, that oversprinkle all the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells!

Hear the mellow wedding bells—golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night how they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes, what a liquid ditty floats!
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells! how it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing of the bells,
Bells, bells—bells, bells, bells, bells!—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—brazen bells!
What a tale of terror; now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night how they scream out their affright;
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire!
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire!
Oh the bells, bells, bells! What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar! What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!

Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging, and the clanging, how the danger ebbs and flows;
Ay! the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling and the wrangling, how the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
Of the bells! bells! bells!—
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—iron bells !
 What a world of solemn thought their monody compels !
 In the silence of the night, how we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their tone !
 For every sound that floats from the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people—ah, the people—they that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who, tolling, tolling, tolling, in that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling on the human heart a stone,—
 They are neither man nor woman—they are neither brute nor human—
 They are Ghouls :
 And their king it is who tolls ! and he rolls, rolls, rolls,
 A pæan from the bells !
 And his bosom proudly swells with the pæan of the bells !
 And he dances, and he yells !
 Keeping time, time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells !—
 Bells !—
 To the throbbing of the bells !—
 Bells !—
 To the sobbing of the bells !—
 Bells !—
 To the rolling of the bells !—
 Bells !—
 To the tolling of the bells !—
 Bells ! bells !—
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells !
 —EDGAR ALLAN POE

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame !—
 Trembling, hoping,—lingering, flying ;
 Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond nature ! cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life !

Hark, they whisper ! Angels say,
 “ Sister spirit, come away ! ”—
 What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul—can this be death ?

The world recedes !—it disappears !—
 Heaven opens on my eyes !—my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring !
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !—
 O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O Death ! where is thy sting ?

—ALEXANDER POPE.

ON MAN.

AWAKE, my St. John—leave all meaner things
 To low ambition, and the pride of kings ;
 Let us (since life can little more supply
 Than just to look about us, and to die)
 Expatiate free o'er all this scene of Man :
 A mighty maze ! but not without a plan ;
 A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot,
 Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
 Together let us beat this ample field,
 Try what the open, what the covert yield ;
 The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore,
 Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar ;
 Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
 And catch the manners living as they rise ;
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can ;
 But vindicate the ways of God to Man.
 Say, first, of God above, or Man below,
 What can we reason, but from what we know ?
 Of man, what see we, but his station here,
 From which to reason, or to which refer ?
 Through worlds unnumbered though the God be
 known,

'Tis ours to trace Him only in our own.
 He who through vast immensity can pierce,
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
 Observe how system into system runs,
 What other planets circle other suns ;
 What varied being peoples every star,—
 May tell why heaven has made us as we are.
 But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
 The strong connexions, nice dependencies,
 Gradations just,—has thy pervading soul
 Looked through ? or, can a part contain the whole ?
 Is the great chain that draws all to agree,
 And, drawn, supports, upheld by God, or thee ?

Presumptuous Man ! the reason wouldst thou find
 Why formed so weak, so little, and so blind ?
 First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,

Why formed no weaker, blinder, and no less.
 Ask of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made
 Taller and stronger than the weeds they shade ?
 Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
 Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove ?
 Of systems possible, if 'tis confessed
 That wisdom infinite must form the best ;
 Where all must fall, or not coherent be,
 And all that rises, rise in due degree ;
 Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain
 There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man :
 And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
 Is only this—If God has placed him wrong ?

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
 May—must, be right, as relative to all.
 In human works, though laboured on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain :
 In God's, one single can its end produce,
 Yet serves to second too some other use.
 So Man, who here seems principal alone,
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal :
 'Tis but a part we see, and not the whole.

When the proud steed shall know why Man
 restrains
 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains ;
 When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
 Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god ;
 Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend
 His actions', passions', being's use and end ;
 Why doing, suffering ; checked, impelled ; and why
 This hour a Slave, the next a Deity.

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heaven in fault ;
 Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought ;
 His knowledge measured to his state and place ;
 His time a moment, and a point his space.

—ALEXANDER POPE.

THE MESSAGE.

I HAD a message to send her,
 To her whom my soul loves best ;
 But I had my task to finish,
 And she had gone to rest :
 To rest in the far bright Heaven—
 Oh ! so far away from here !
 It was vain to speak to my darling,
 For I knew she could not hear.

I had a message to send her,
 So tender, and true, and sweet,
 I longed for an angel to hear it,
 And lay it down at her feet.
 I placed it, one summer's evening
 On a little white cloud's breast ;
 But it faded in golden splendour,
 And died in the crimson west.

I gave it the lark next morning,
And I watched it soar and soar ;
But its pinions grew faint and weary,
And it fluttered to earth once more.

I cried, in my passionate longing,
Has the earth no angel friend
Who will carry my love the message
My heart desires to send ?



Then I heard a strain of music,
So mighty, so pure, so dear,
That my very sorrow was silent,
And my heart stood still to hear.
It rose in harmonious rushing
Of mingled voices and strings,
And I tenderly laid my message
On music's outspread wings.

And I heard it fleet farther and farther,
In sound more perfect than speech,
Farther than sight can follow,
Farther than soul can reach.
And I know that at last my message
Has passed through the golden gate ;
So my heart is no longer restless,
And I am content to wait.

—ADELAIDE PROCTER.

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall ;
Some are coming, some are going ;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

FRIEND SORROW.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready be to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly,
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching Heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

—ADELAIDE PROCTER.

NOW.

Rise! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armour,
And forth to the fight are gone:
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The Past and the Future are nothing,
In the face of the stern To-day.

Rise! if the Past detains you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever,
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife To-day.

—ADELAIDE PROCTER.

FRIEND SORROW.

Do not cheat thy Heart and tell her,
"Grief will pass away,
Hope for fairer times in future,
And forget to-day."
Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
Need not come in vain;
Tell her that the lesson taught her
Far outweighs the pain.

Cheat her not with the old comfort,
"Soon she will forget"—
Bitter truth, alas—but matter
Rather for regret;
Bid her not "Seek other pleasures,
Turn to other things:"
Rather nurse her caged sorrow,
Till the captive sings.

Rather bid her go forth bravely,
And the stranger greet:
Not as foe, with spear and buckler,
But as dear friends meet;
Bid her with a strong clasp hold her,
By her dusky wings—
Listening for the murmured blessing
Sorrow always brings.

—ADELAIDE PROCTER.



GOD VISIBLE IN HIS WORKS.

THERE's not a leaf within the bower,
There's not a bird upon the tree,
There's not a dew-drop on the flower,
But bears the impress, Lord, of Thee.

Thy hand the varied leaf designed
And gave the bird its thrilling tone ;
Thy power the dew-drop's tints combined,
Till like a diamond's blaze they shone.

Yes :—dew-drops, leaves, and birds, and all,
The smallest like the greatest things ;
The sea's vast space, the earth's vast ball,
Alike proclaim Thee King of kings.

But man alone to bounteous Heaven,
Thanksgiving's conscious strains can raise,
To favour'd man alone 'tis given
To join the angelic choir in praise.

—MRS. OPIE

NO WORK THE HARDEST WORK.

NO WORK THE HARDEST WORK.

Ho! ye who at the anvil toil, and strike the sounding blow,
Where from the burning iron's breast the sparks fly to and fro,
While answering to the hammer's ring and fire's intenser glow ;—
Oh! while ye feel 'tis hard to toil and sweat the long day through,
Remember it is harder still to have no work to do!

Ho! ye who till the stubborn soil, whose hard hands guide the plough,
Who bend beneath the summer sun, with burning cheek and brow—
Ye deem the curse still clings to earth from olden time till now ;—
But, while ye feel 'tis hard to toil and labour all day through,
Remember it is harder still to have no work to do!

Ho! ye who plough the sea's blue field, who ride the restless wave,
Beneath whose gallant vessel's keel there lies a yawning grave,
Around whose bark the wintry winds like fiends of fury rave ;—
Oh! while ye feel 'tis hard to toil and labour long hours through,
Remember it is harder still to have no work to do!

Ho! ye upon whose fevered cheeks the hectic glow is bright,
Whose mental toil wears out the day and half the weary night ;
Who labour for the souls of men, champions of truth and right ;—
Although ye feel your toil is hard, even with this glorious view,
Remember it is harder still to have no work to do!

Ho! all who labour, all who strive, ye wield a lofty power ;
Work with your might, work with your strength, fill every golden hour!
The glorious privilege "to do," is man's most noble dower.
Oh! to your birthright and yourselves, to your own souls, be true!
A weary, wretched life is theirs, who have no work to do!

C. F. ORNE.





THE WAYSIDE SPRING.

FAIR dweller by the dusty way,
Bright saint within a mossy shrine,
The tribute of a heart to-day,
Weary and worn, is thine.

The earliest blossoms of the year,
The sweet-briar and the violet,
The pious hand of spring has here
Upon thy altar set.

And not alone to thee is given
The homage of the pilgrim's knee ;
But oft the sweetest birds of heaven
Glide down and sing to thee.

Here daily from his beechen cell,
The hermit squirrel steals to drink ;
And flocks which cluster to their bell,
Recline along thy brink.

And here the wagoner blocks his wheels,
To quaff the cool and generous boon ;
Here from the sultry harvest-fields
The reapers rest at noon.

And oft the beggar, mask'd with tan,
In rusty garments grey with dust,
Here sits and dips his little can,
And breaks his scanty crust ;

A WISH.

And, lull'd beside thy whispering stream,
Oft drops to slumber unawares,
And sees the angel of his dream
Upon celestial stairs.

Dear dweller by the dusty way,
Thou saint within a mossy shrine,
The tribute of a heart to-day,
Weary and worn, is thine.

—THOMAS BUCHANAN READ



A WISH

MINE be a cot beside the hill ;
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear ;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivy'd porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ;
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing,
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

—SAMUEL ROGERS.

ON PARTING WITH HIS BOOKS.

As one who, destined from his friends to part,
 Regrets his loss, but hopes again, erewhile,
 To share their converse and enjoy their smile,
 And tempers, as he may, affliction's dart ;
 Thus, lov'd associates ! chiefs of elder art !
 Teachers of wisdom ! who could once beguile
 My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,

I now resign you—nor with fainting heart.
 For, pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
 And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
 And all your sacred fellowship restore,
 When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
 Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
 And kindred spirits meet to part no more.
 —WILLIAM ROSCOE.



IF HOPE GREW ON A BUSH.

If hope grew on a bush,
 And joy grew on a tree,
 What a nosegay for the plucking
 There would be !

But oh ! in windy autumn,
 When frail flowers wither,
 What should we do for hope and joy,
 Fading together ?
 —CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

I DUG AND DUG AMONGST THE SNOW.

I dug and dug amongst the snow,
 And thought the flowers would never grow ;
 I dug and dug amongst the sand,
 And still no green thing came to hand.

Melt, O snow ! the warm winds blow
 To thaw the flowers and melt the snow ;
 But all the winds from every land
 Will rear no blossom from the sand.
 —CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



HOPE IS LIKE A HAREBELL TREMBLING FROM ITS BIRTH.

HOPE is like a harebell trembling from its birth,
Love is like a rose the joy of all the earth;
Faith is like a lily lifted high and white,

Love is like a lovely rose, the world's delight;
Harebells and sweet lilies show a thornless growth,
But the rose with all its thorns excels them both.

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

WHAT ARE HEAVY? SEA-SAND AND SORROW.

WHAT are heavy? sea-sand and sorrow:
What are brief? to-day and to-morrow:
What are frail? Spring blossoms and youth:
What are deep? the ocean and truth.

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



IF A PIG WORE A WIG.

If a pig wore a wig,
What could we say?
Treat him as a gentleman,
And say "Good day."

If his tail chanced to fail,
What could we do?—
Send him to the tailoress
To get one new.

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



A PIN HAS A HEAD, BUT HAS NO HAIR.

A PIN has a head, but has no hair ;
A clock has a face, but no mouth there ;
Needles have eyes, but they cannot see ;
A fly has a trunk without lock or key ;

A timepiece may lose, but cannot win ;
A corn-field dimples without a chin ;
A hill has no leg, but has a foot ;
A wine-glass a stem, but not a root.
—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



IF STARS DROPPED OUT OF HEAVEN.

If stars dropped out of heaven,
And if flowers took their place,
The sky would still look very fair,
And fair earth's face.

Winged angels might fly down to us
To pluck the stars,
But we could only long for flowers
Beyond the cloudy bars.

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI



HOW MANY SECONDS IN A MINUTE.

How many seconds in a minute?
Sixty, and no more in it.

How many minutes in an hour?
Sixty, for sun and shower.

How many hours in a day?
Twenty-four for work and play.
—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



RHYME OF THE RAIL.

SINGING through the forests, rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches, rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains, buzzing o'er the vale—
Bless me! this is pleasant, riding on the rail!

Men of different stations, in the eye of Fame,
Here are very quickly coming to the same;
High and lowly people, birds of every feather,
On a common level, travelling together!

Gentlemen in shorts, looming very tall ;
Gentlemen at large, talking very small ;
Gentlemen in tights, with a loose-ish mien ;
Gentlemen in gray, looking rather green ;

Gentlemen quite old, asking for the news ;
Gentlemen in black, in a fit of blues ;
Gentlemen in claret, sober as a vicar ;
Gentlemen in tweed, dreadfully in liquor !

Stranger on the right, looking very sunny,
Obviously reading something rather funny.
Now the smiles are thicker—wonder what they
mean ?

Sure, he's got the Knickerbocker Magazine !

Stranger on the left, closing up his peepers ;
Now he snores amain, like the seven sleepers :
At his feet a volume gives the explanation,
How the man grew stupid from "association !"

Ancient maiden lady anxiously remarks,
That there must be peril 'mong so many sparks :
Roguish-looking fellow, turning to the stranger,
Says it's his opinion, *she* is out of danger !

Woman with her baby, sitting *vis-a-vis* :
Baby keeps a-squalling, woman looks at me ;
Asks about the distance ; says it's tiresome talking.
Noises of the cars are so very shocking !

Market woman, careful of the precious casket ;
Knowing eggs are eggs, tightly holds her basket ;
Feeling that a smash, if it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot, rather prematurely.

—Singing through the forests, rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches, rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains, buzzing o'er the
vale,—

Bless me ! this is pleasant, riding on the rail !

—J. G. Saxe

LOCHINVAR.

LADY HERON'S SONG.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,
And, save his good broad-sword, he weapons had
none ;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for
stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late,
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall.
Among bride's-men and kinsmen, and brothers and
all :

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied ;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine.
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh.
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure !" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
plume ;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better
by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochin-
var."

HELLVELLYN.

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger
stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and
scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Grames of the Netherby
clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
they ran:
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?
—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

HELLVELLYN.

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn.
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty
and wide;
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was
bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer
had died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain-
heather,
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretched in
decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless
clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was
slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst
thou start?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou
number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And oh, was it meet, that—no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him,
Unhonoured the Pilgrim from life should depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted
hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts at deep midnight the torches are
gleaming;
In the proudly-arched chapel the banners are beam-
ing;
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a Chief of the People should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of Nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain-
lamb,
When, 'wiltred, he drops from some cliff huge in
stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.
—SIR WALTER SCOTT.





THE POWER OF LOVE.

WHILE thus he poured the lengthened tale
The minstrel's voice began to fail ;
Full slyly smiled the observant page,
And gave the withered hand of age
A goblet crowned with mighty wine,
The blood of Veley's scorched vine.
He raised the silver cup on high,
And while the big drop filled his eye,
Prayed God to bless the Duchess long,
And all who cheered a son of song.
The attending maidens smiled to see

How long, how deep, how zealously
The precious juice the minstrel quaff'd :
And he, emboldened by the draught,
Looked gaily back to them and laughed.
The cordial nectar of the bowl
Swelled his old veins and cheered his soul ;—
A lighter, livelier, prelude ran,
Ere thus his tale again began :—
“ And said I that my limbs were old,
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,

And my poor withered heart was dead,
And that I might not sing of Love?
How could I to the dearest theme
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,
So foul, so false a recreant prove?
How could I name Love's very name,
Nor wake my heart to notes of flame?

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen,
In hamlets, dances on the green;—
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above,
For Love is heaven, and heaven is Love.”
—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BONNY DUNDEE.

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who
spoke,
“Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns
to be broke;
So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

“Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the West Port, and let me gae free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!”

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are
beat;
But the Provost, douce man, said, “Just e'en let
him be,
The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee.”
Come fill up my cup, &c.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
But the young plants of grace they look'd couthie
and slee,
Thinking, luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee!
Come fill up my cup, &c.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grass-market was
cramm'd
As if half the West had set tryst to be hang'd:
There was spite in each look, there was fear in
each ee,
As they watch'd for the Bonnets of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

These cowl's of Kilmarnock had spits and had
spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers;

But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway
was free,
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

He spurr'd to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke;
“Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words
or three,
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.”
Come fill up my cup, &c.

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes—
“Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

“There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond
Forth,
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in
the North;
There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times
three,
Will cry *hoigh*! for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

“There's brass on the target of barken'd bull-hide;
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
The brass shall be burnish'd, the steel shall flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

“Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks—
Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!”
Come fill up my cup, &c.

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were
blown,
The kettle-drums clash'd, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee,
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses, and call up the men,
Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!
—SIR WALTER SCOTT.



TIME.

"WHY sit'st thou by that ruin'd hall,
Thou aged carle so stern and grey?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it pass'd away?"—

"Know'st thou not me!" the Deep Voice cried;
"So long enjoy'd, so oft misused—
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused!"

"Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away!
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

"Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When TIME and thou shalt part for ever
—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WAR SONG OF THE ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

To horse! to horse! the standard flies,
The bugles sound the call;
The Gallic navy stems the seas,
The voice of battle's on the breeze,—
Arouse ye, one and all!

From high Dunedin's towers we come,
A band of brothers true;
Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,
With Scotland's hardy thistle crowned;
We boast the red and blue.

Though tamely crouch to Gallia's frown
Dull Holland's tardy train;
Their ravished toys though Romans mourn;
Though gallant Switzers vainly spurn,
And, foaming, gnaw the chain;

Oh! had they marked the avenging call
Their brethren's murder gave,
Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor patriot valour, desperate grown,
Sought freedom in the grave!

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,
In Freedom's temple born,
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,
To hail a master in our isle,
Or brook a victor's scorn?

No! though destruction o'er the land
Come pouring as a flood,
The sun, that sees our falling day,
Shall mark our sabres' deadly sway,
And set that night in blood.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,
Or plunder's bloody gain;
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard our King, to fence our Law,
Nor shall their edge be vain.

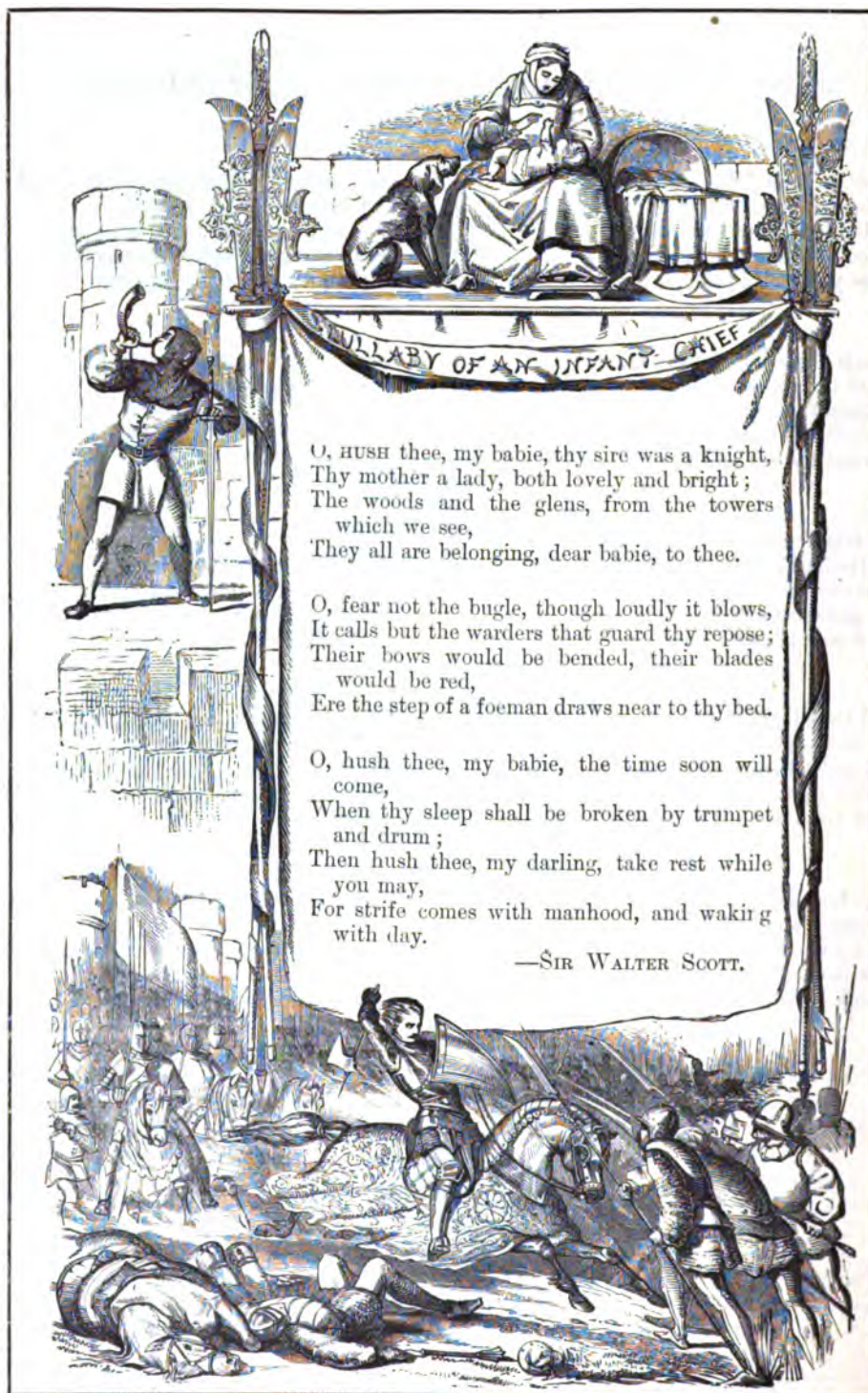
If ever breath of British gale
Shall fan the tricolor,
Or footstep of the invader rude,
With rapine foul, and red with blood,
Pollute our happy shore,—

Then farewell home! and farewell friends!
Adieu each tender tie!
Resolved, we mingle in the tide,
Where charging squadrons furious ride,
To conquer, or to die.

To horse! to horse! the sabres gleam;
High sounds our bugle call;
Combined by honour's sacred tie,
Our word is *Laws and Liberty!*
March forward, one and all!

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.





THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN FIELD, AND DEATH OF MARMION.

"—THE good Lord Marmion, by my life !

Welcome to danger's hour !—

Short greeting serves in time of strife !

Thus have I ranged my power :—

Myself will rule this central host,

Stout Stanley fronts their right,

My sons command the vanward post,

With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight,

Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,

Shall be in rear-ward of the fight,

And succour those that need it most.

Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,

Would gladly to the vanguard go ;

Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,

With thee their charge will blithely share ;

There fight thine own retainers too,

Beneath De Burg, thy steward true."

"Thanks, noble Surrey !" Marmion said,

Nor farther greeting there he paid ;

But, parting like a thunderbolt,

First in the vanguard made a halt,

Where such a shout there rose

Of "Marmion ! Marmion !" that the cry,

Up Flodden mountain shrilling high,

Startled the Scottish foes.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still

With Lady Clare upon the hill ;

On which (for far the day was spent)

The western sunbeams now were bent.

The cry they heard, its meaning knew,

Could plain their distant comrades view :

Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,

"Unworthy office here to stay !

No hope of gilded spurs to-day.—

But see ! look up—on Flodden bent

The Scottish foe has fired his tent."

And sudden, as he spoke,

From the sharp ridges of the hill,

All downward to the banks of Till,

Was wreathed in sable smoke.

Volumed and fast, and rolling far,

The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,

As down the hill they broke ;

Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,

Announced their march—their tread alone ;

At times one warning trumpet blown,

At times a stifled hum,

Told England, from his mountain-throne

King James did rushing come.—

Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,

Until at weapon-point they close.—

They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,

With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust ;

And such a yell was there,

Of sudden and portentous birth,

As if men fought upon the earth,

And fiends in upper air ;

O, life and death were in the shout,

Recoil and rally, charge and rout,

And triumph and despair.

Long look'd the anxious squires ; their eye

Could in the darkness nought descry.

At length the freshening western blast

Aside the shroud of battle cast ;

And, first, the ridge of mingled spears

Above the brightening cloud appears ;

And in the smoke the pennons flew,

As in the storm the white sea-mew.

Then mark'd they, dashing broad and far,

The broken billows of the war,

And plumed crests of chieftains brave,

Floating like foam upon the wave ;

But nought distinct they see.

Wide rag'd the battle on the plain ;

Spears shook, and falchions flash'd amain ;

Fell England's arrow-flight like rain ;

Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose again,

Wild and disorderly.

Amid the scene of tumult, high

They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly :

And stainless Tunstall's banner white,

And Edmund Howard's lion bright,

Still bear them bravely in the fight :

Although against them come,

Of gallant Gordons many a one,

And many a stubborn Highlandman,

And many a rugged Border clan,

With Huntly, and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,

Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle ;

Though there the western mountaineer

Rush'd with bare bosom on the spear,

And flung the feeble targe aside,

And with both hands the broadsword plied.

'Twas vain :—But Fortune, on the right,

With fickle smile, cheer'd Scotland's fight.

Then fell that spotless banner white,

The Howard's lion fell ;
 Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
 With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
 Around the battle-yell.
 The Border slogan rent the sky !
 A Home ! a Gordon ! was the cry :
 Loud were the clanging blows ;
 Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
 The pennon sunk and rose ;
 As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
 When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
 It waver'd 'mid the foes.
 No longer Blount the view could bear :
 "By Heaven, and all its saints ! I swear
 I will not see it lost !
 Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
 May bid your beads, and patter prayer,—
 I gallop to the host."
 And to the fray he rode amain,
 Follow'd by all the archer train.
 The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
 Made, for a space, an opening large,—
 The rescued banner rose,—
 But darkly closed the war around,
 Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
 It sunk among the foes.
 Then Eustace mounted too :—yet staid
 As loth to leave the helpless maid,
 When, fast as shaft can fly,
 Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
 The loose rein dangling from his head,
 Housing and saddle bloody red,
 Lord Marmion's steed rush'd by ;
 And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
 A look and sign to Clara cast
 To mark he would return in haste,
 Then plunged into the fight.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
 Left in that dreadful hour alone :
 Perchance her reason stoops, or reels ;
 Perchance a courage, not her own,
 Braces her mind to desperate tone.—
 The scatter'd van of England wheels :—
 She only said, as loud in air
 The tumult roar'd, "Is Wilton there ?"—
 They fly, or, madden'd by despair,
 Fight but to die,— "Is Wilton there ?"
 With that, straight up the hill there rode
 Two horsemen drench'd with gore,
 And in their arms, a helpless load,
 A wounded knight they bore.
 His hand still strain'd the broken brand ;
 His arms were smear'd with blood and sand.
 Dragg'd from among the horses' feet,

With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
 The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
 Can that be haughty Marmion ! . . .
 Young Blount his armour did unlace,
 And, gazing on his ghastly face,
 Said—"By Saint George, he's gone !
 That spear-wound has our master sped,
 And see the deep cut on his head !
 Good-night to Marmion."—
 "Unnurtured Blount ! thy brawling cease :
 He opes his eyes," said Eustace ; "peace !"

When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air,
 Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare :—
 "Where's Harry Blount ? Fitz-Eustace where !
 Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare !
 Redeem my pennon,—charge again !
 Cry—"Marmion to the rescue !"—Vain !
 Last of my race, on battle-plain
 That shout shall ne'er be heard again !—
 Yet my last thought is England's—fly,
 To Dacre bear my signet-ring :
 Tell him his squadrons up to bring.—
 Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie ;
 Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
 His life-blood stains the spotless shield :
 Edmund is down :—my life is left ;
 The Admiral alone is left.
 Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
 With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
 Full upon Scotland's central host,
 Or victory and England's lost.—
 Must I bid twice ?—hence, varlets ! fly !
 Leave Marmion here alone—to die."
 They parted, and alone he lay ;
 Clare drew her from the sight away,
 Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
 And half he murmur'd,— "Is there none,
 Of all my halls have nurst,
 Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
 Of blessed water from the spring,
 To slake my dying thirst ?"

O, Woman ! in our hours of ease
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made ;
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou !—
 Scarce were the piteous accents said,
 When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
 To the high streamlet ran :
 Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears ;
 The plaintive voice alone she hears,
 Sees but the dying man.

She stoop'd her by the runnel's side,
 But in abhorrence backward drew ;
 For, oozing from the mountain's side,
 Where rag'd the war, a dark-red tide
 Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
 Where shall she turn ?—behold her mark
 A little fountain cell,
 Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
 In a stone basin fell.
 Above, some half-worn letters say,
Drink, weary pilgrim, drink, and pray
For the kind soul of Sybil Grey,
Who built this cross, and well.
 She fill'd the helm, and back she hied,
 And with surprise and joy espied
 A monk supporting Marmion's head :
 A pious man, whom duty brought
 To dubious verge of battle fought,
 To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
 And, as she stoop'd his brow to lave—
 "Is it the hand of Clare," he said,
 "Or injured Constance, bathes my head ?"
 Then, as remembrance rose,—
 "Speak not to me of shrift or prayer !
 I must redress her woes.
 Short space, few words, are mine to spare ;
 Forgive and listen, gentle Clare !"—
 "Alas !" she said, "the while,—
 O, think of your immortal weal !
 In vain for Constance is your zeal ;
 She—died at Holy Isle."—
 Lord Marmion started from the ground,
 As light as if he felt no wound ;
 Though in the action burst the tide,
 In torrents, from his wounded side.
 "Then it was truth,"—he said—"I knew
 That the dark presage must be true.—
 I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
 The vengeance due to all her wrongs,

Would spare me but a day !
 For wasting fire, and dying groan,
 And priests slain on the altar-stone,
 Might bribe him for delay.
 It may not be !—this dizzy trance—
 Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
 And doubly cursed my failing brand !
 A sinful heart makes feeble hand."
 Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
 Supported by the trembling Monk.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,
 And strove to stanch the gushing wound :
 The Monk, with unavailing cares,
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
 Ever, he said, that, close and near,
 A lady's voice was in his ear,
 And that the priest he could not hear,
 For that she ever sung,
"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the
dying !"

So the notes rung ;—
 "Avoid thee, Fiend !—with cruel hand,
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand !—
 O, look, my son, upon yon sign
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine ;
 O, think on faith and bliss !—
 By many a death-bed I have been,
 And many a sinner's parting seen,
 But never aught like this."—
 The war, that for a space did fail,
 Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,
 And—STANLEY ! was the cry ;
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye ;
 With dying hand, above his head,
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted "Victory !"—
 "Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on !"
 Were the last words of Marmion.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.





ARIEL'S SONG.

The Tempest.

COME unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands ;
Court'sied when you have, and kissed,
The wild waves whist,—
Foot it feately here and there ;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark !—
Bow-wow !
The watch-dogs bark—
Bow-wow !
Hark, hark ! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Full fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made ;

Those are pearls that were his eyes ;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange ;
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell ;
Ding-dong,
Hark ! now I hear them—ding, dong, bell !

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I ;
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
There I couch when owls do cry ;
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.



FAIRY SONG.

Midsummer Night Dream.

You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong ;
Come not near our fairy queen.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby ;
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So, good night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here :
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence,
Beetles black, approach not near ;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby ;
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So, good night, with lullaby.
—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

As You Like It.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly ;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh-ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the warters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly ;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh-ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly.
—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



OVER HILL, OVER DALE.

Midsummer Night Dream.

OVER hill, over dale,
Through bush, through brier,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere ;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green :

The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;
In their gold coats spots you see ;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours :
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone ;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.
—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

The Merchant of Venice.

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes ;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown ;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power

The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

As You Like It.

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the bird's sweet throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

JAQUES AND THE WOUNDED DEER.

TO-DAY my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish: and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much." Then, being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends,
"Tis right," quoth he, "thus misery doth part
The flux of company." Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: "Ay," quoth Jaques,
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

OTHELLO'S ACCOUNT OF HIS COURTSHIP OF DESDEMONA.

Othello.

MOST potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,

In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious
patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what
charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal),
I won his daughter with.

Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field ;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history :
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch
heaven,

It was my hint to speak ;—such was the process ;—
And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline :
But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse : which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,

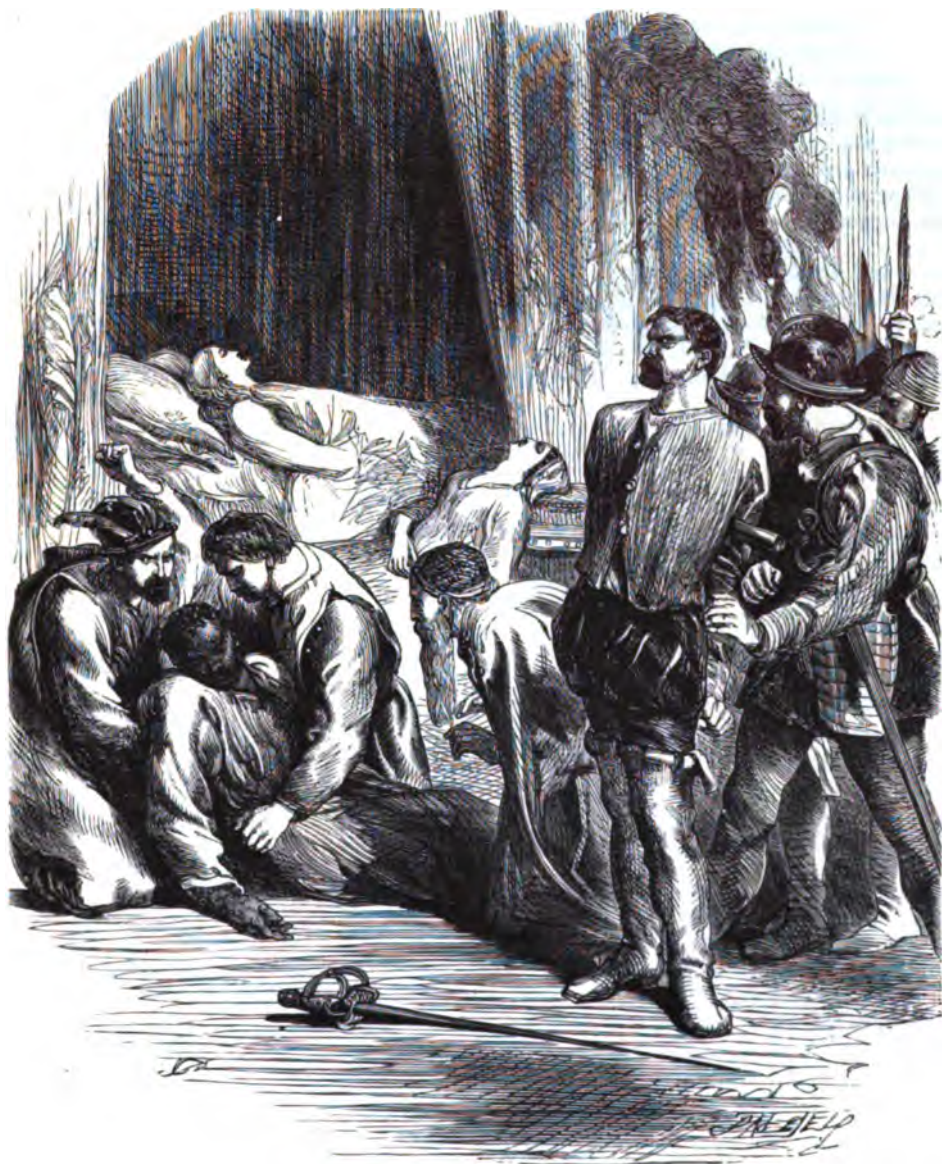


That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently. I did consent ;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
She swore—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
strange ;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :

She wish'd she had not heard it ; yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man : she thank'd
me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake :
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd ;
And I loved her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.





OTHELLO'S DYING SPEECH.

Soft you ; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it ;
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice : then must you speak
Of one, that loved not wisely, but too well :
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme ; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away,

Richer than all his tribe ; of one whose subdu'd eyes ;
 Albeit unus'd to the melting mood,
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
 Their medicinal gum. Set you down this :
 And say besides,—that in Aleppo once,
 Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
 Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
 And smote him—thus.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON LIFE AND DEATH.

Hamlet.

To be, or not to be,—that is the question :—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—to
sleep,—
No more,—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die ;—to sleep ;—
To sleep ! perchance to dream ;—ay, there's the
rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause ; there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will ;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of ?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn a-wry,
And lose the name of action.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

HAMLET'S ESTEEM FOR HORATIO.

NAY, do not think I flatter :
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
To feed and clothe thee ? Why should the poor be
flatter'd ?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp ;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear ?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath seal'd thee for herself ; for thou hast
been

As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing ;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hath ta'en with equal thanks : and bless'd are
those
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-
mingled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger,
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts,
As I do thee.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

MARK ANTHONY'S ORATION OVER THE BODY OF CÆSAR. *Julius Cæsar.*

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears :
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interr'd with their bones ;
So let it be with Cæsar ! The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :
If it were so, it were a grievous fault ;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest
(For Brutus is an honourable man
So are they all, all honourable men),
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me ;
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

MARK ANTHONY'S ORATION OVER THE BODY OF CÆSAR.

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill ;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept ;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff ;

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,



Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke.

But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause ;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me,
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet,—'tis his will;
Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See, what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no!
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you Gods! how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us!
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors!

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honour-
able,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That give me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

DISEASES OF THE MIND INCURABLE.

Macbeth.

CANST thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;

And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

PRINCE HENRY'S DEFENCE OF HIMSELF.

CORDELIA'S EMOTION ON HEARING OF HER SISTER'S CRUELTY. *King Lear.*

PATIENCE and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once : her smiles and tears
Were like a better day. Those happy smiles,

That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes ; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

QUEEN MAB.

Romeo and Juliet.

O, THEN, I see queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife ; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :
Her waggon spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
The traces of the smallest spider's web ;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams :
Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film ;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid :
Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lover's brains, and then they dream of
love :
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies
straight :
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees :
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,

Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit ;
And sometimes comes she with a tithepig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice :
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathoms deep ; and then anon
Drums in his ear ; at which he starts, and wakes ;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night ;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.

* * * * *

I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain ;
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy ;
Which is as thin of substance as the air ;
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now, the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

PRINCE HENRY'S DEFENCE OF HIMSELF.

King Henry IV.

God forgive them that have so much sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me !
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son ;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask

Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, when'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet :
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes ; and on my head

My shames redoubled ! for the time will come
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf ;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,

Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here :
The which, if He be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance :
If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



CARDINAL WOLSEY ON THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE. *King Henry VIII.*

FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness.
This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely

His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth ; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,

THE MINUTE GUN.

Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
I feel my heart new open'd : O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours .

There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears, than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

HENRY'S SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

King Henry IV.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy
slumber ;
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?
O thou dull god ! why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell ?

Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?—
Canst thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king ?—Then, happy low, lie down !
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE MINUTE GUN.

WHEN in the storm on Albion's coast
The night-watch guards his wary post,
From thoughts of danger free,
He marks some vessel's dusky form,
And hears, amid the howling storm,
The minute gun at sea.

Swift on the shore a hardy few
The life-boat man with a gallant crew,
And dare the dangerous wave :
Through the wild surf they cleave their way,
Lost in the foam, nor know dismay,
For they go the crew to save.

But, oh, what rapture fills each breast
Of the hapless crew of the ship distressed !
Then, landed safe, what joy to tell
Of all the dangers that befell !
Then is heard no more,
By the watch on shore,
The minute gun at sea.

—SHARPE.

MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

How beautiful this Night! The balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in Evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon
vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the Moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which Love had spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;

Yon darksome walls, whence icicles depend,
So stainless that their white and glittering spears
Tinge not the Moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that wrapt Fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of Peace,—all form a scene
Where musing Solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where Silence undisturb'd might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.



TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever
singingst.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run
Like an unbodied joy whose race has just
begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill
delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-
flowed.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul, in secret hour,
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from
the view :

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged
thieves :

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass :

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine ;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panteth forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? What ignorance of
pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee ;
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal
stream ?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught :
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever could come near.

Better than all measures
Of delight and sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground.

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

FLOWERS.

A SENSITIVE plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew ;
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the spirit of love felt everywhere !
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet ;
And their breath was mix'd with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice to the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers, and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all—
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess
Till they die of their own dear loveliness !

And the naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green ;

And the hyacinth, purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense ;

And the rose, like a nymph to the bath address,
Which unveil'd the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare ;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-colour'd cup,
Till the fiery star which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky ;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows !
And rare blossoms from every clime,
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and moss
Which led through the garden along and across—
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees—

Were all paved with daisies, and delicate bells
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,
And flow'rets which, drooping as they droop'd too,
Fell into pavilions white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes : O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet birds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill :
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere,
Destroyer and preserver, hear, oh hear !

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commo-
tion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and
Ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning : there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

IANTHE SLEEPING.

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: Oh hear!

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,
Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: Oh hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip the skye's speed
Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er have striven
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet, though in sadness. Be thou, spirit, fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth;
And, by the incantation of this verse,
Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth,
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

IANTHE SLEEPING.

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother, Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When, throned on ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world;
Yet both so passing wonderful!
Hath then the gloomy Power
Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres
Seized on her sinless soul?
Must, then, that peerless form
Which love and admiration cannot view
Without a beating heart, those azure veins
Which steal like streams along a field of snow,

That lovely outline, which is fair
As breathing marble, perish!
Must putrefaction's breath
Leave nothing of this heavenly sight
But loathsomeness and ruin?
Spare nothing but a gloomy theme,
On which the lightest heart might moralize!
Or is it only a sweet slumber
Stealing o'er sensation,
Which the breath of roseate morning
Chaseth into darkness?
Will Ianthe wake again,
And give that faithful bosom joy
Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
Light, life, and rapture, from her smile?

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

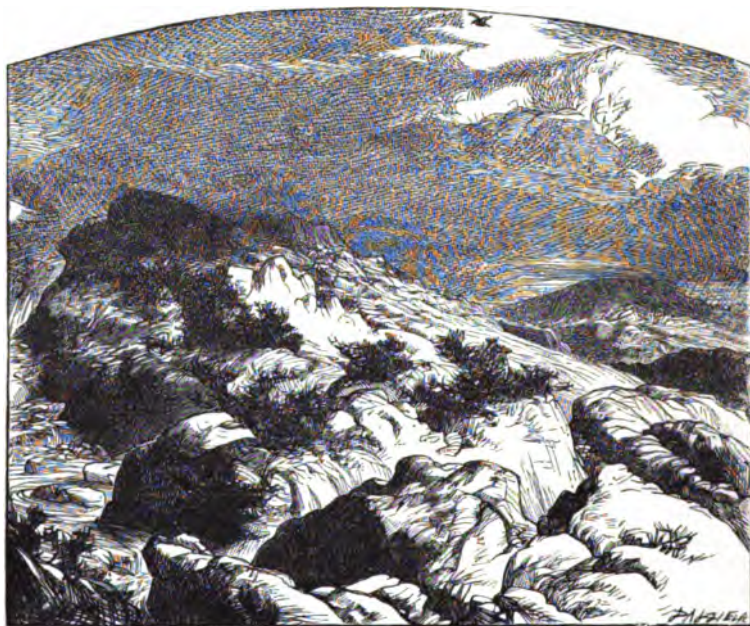


INVOCATION TO NATURE.

EARTH, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood !
 If our great mother have imbued my soul
 With aught of natural piety to feel
 Your love, and recompense the boon with mine ;
 If dewy morn, and odorous noon, and even,
 With sunset and its gorgeous ministers,
 And solemn midnight's tingling silentness ;
 If autumn's hollow sighs in the sere wood,
 And winter, robing with pure snow and crowns

Of starry ice the grey grass and bare boughs ;
 If spring's voluptuous pantings when she breathes
 Her first sweet kisses, have been dear to me ;
 If no bright bird, insect, or gentle beast
 I consciously have injured, but still loved
 And cherished these my kindred ; then forgive
 This boast, beloved brethren, and withdraw
 No portion of your wonted favour now !

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.



THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the sea and the streams ;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noon-day dreams.
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet birds every one,
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast
 As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under,
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast ;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
 Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
 Lightning, my pilot, sits,
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
 It struggles and howls at fits ;
 Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
 Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea ;

Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains ;
And I, all the while, bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea
beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,

Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow ;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky ;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

VIRGINIA DARE.

'Twas lovely in the deep greenwood
Of old Virginia's glade,
Ere the sharp axe amid its boughs
A fearful chasm had made ;
Long spikes of rich catalpa flowers
Hung pendant from the tree,
And the magnolia's ample cup
O'erflowed with fragrance free :

And through the shades the antler'd deer
Like fairy visions flew,
And mighty vines from tree to tree
Their wealth of clusters threw ;

While winged odours from the hills
Reviving welcome bore,
To greet the stranger bands that came
From Albion's distant shore.

Up rose their roofs in copse and dell,
Outpealed the labourer's horn,
And graceful through the broken mould
Peered forth their tasselled corn ;
While from one rose-encircled bower,
Hid in the nested grove,
Came, blending with the robin's lay,
The lullaby of love.

There sang a mother to her babe—
A mother young and fair—
“No flower like thee adorns the vale,
O sweet Virginia Dare!
Thou art the lily of our love,
The forest's sylph-like queen,
The first-born bud from Saxon stem
That this New World hath seen!

“Thy father's axe in thicket rings,
To fell the kingly tree;
Thy grandsire sails o'er ocean-brine—
A gallant man is he!
And when once more, from England's realm,
He comes with bounty rare,
A thousand gifts to thee he'll bring,
Mine own Virginia Dare!’



As sweet that mother's loving tones
Their warbled music shed,
As though in proud baronial hall,
O'er silken cradle-bed.
No more the pomps and gauds of life
Maintained their strong control,
For holy love's new gift had shed
Fresh greenness o'er her soul.

And when the husband from his toil
Returned at closing day,
How dear to him the lowly home
Where all his treasures lay.
“O Ellinor! 'tis nought to me,
The hardship or the storm,
While thus thy blessed smile I see,
And clasp our infant's form.”

THE EARLY BLUE-BIRD.

No secret sigh o'er pleasures lost
Convulsed their tranquil breast,
For where the pure affections dwell
The heart hath perfect rest.
So fled the Summer's balmy prime,
The Autumn's golden wing,
And Winter laid his hoary head
Upon the lap of Spring.

Yet oft, with wily, wary step,
The red-browed Indian crept
Close round his pale-faced neighbour's home,
And listened while they slept;
But fierce Wingina, lofty chief,
Alloof, their movements eyed,
Nor courteous bowed his plumed head,
Nor checked his haughty stride.

John White leaped from his vessel's prow,
He had braved the boisterous sea,
And boldly rode the mountain-wave—
A stalwart man was he.
John White leaped from his vessel's prow,
And joy was in his eye;
For his daughter's smile had lured him on
Amid the stormiest sky.

Where were the roofs that flecked the green?
The smoke-wreaths curling high?
He calls—he shouts—the cherished names,
But Echo makes reply.
"Where art thou, Ellinor! my child!
And sweet Virginia Dare!
O, silver cloud, that cleaves the blue
Like angel's wing—say where?

"Where is the glorious Saxon vine
We set so strong and fair?"
The stern grey rocks in mockery smiled,
And coldly answered "Where!"
"Ho! fitting savage! stay thy step,
And tell"—but, light as air,
He vanished, and the falling stream,
Responsive, murmured—"Where!"

So, o'er the ruined palisade,
The blackened threshold-stone,
The funeral of colonial hope,
That old man wept—alone!
And mournful rose his wild lament,
In accents of despair,
For the lost daughter of his love,
And young Virginia Dare.

—MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

DEATH found strange beauty on that polished-brow,
And dashed it out. There was a tint of rose
O'er cheek and lip, He touched the veins with ice,
And the rose faded.

Forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wistful tenderness, a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone may wear. With ruthless haste he bound
The silken fringes of those curtaining lids
For ever.

There had been a murmuring sound,
With which the babe would claim its mother's
ear,
Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set
The seal of silence.

But there beamed a smile,
So fixed, so holy, from that cherub brow,
Death gazed, and left it there. He dared not steal
The signet-ring of heaven.

—MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THE EARLY BLUE-BIRD.

BLUE-BIRD! on yon leafless tree,
Dost thou carol thus to me,
"Spring is coming! Spring is here!"
Say'st thou so, my birdie dear?
What is that, in misty shroud,

Stealing from the darken'd cloud?
Lo! the snow-flakes' gathering mound
Settles o'er the whitened ground,
Yet thou singest, blithe and clear,
"Spring is coming! Spring is here!"

Strik'st thou not too bold a strain?
Winds are piping o'er the plain;
Clouds are sweeping o'er the sky,
With a black and threatening eye;
Urchins, by the frozen rill,
Wrap their mantles closer still;
You poor man, with doublet old,
Doth he shiver at the cold?
Hath he not a nose of blue?
Tell me, birdling, tell me true.

Spring's a maid of mirth and glee,
Rosy wreaths and revelry;
Hast thou wooed some winged love
To a nest in verdant grove?
Sung to her of greenwood bower,

Sunny skies that never lower?
Lured her with thy promise fair
Of a lot that knows no care?
Pr'ythee, bird, in coat of blue,
Though a lover, tell her true.

Ask her if, when storms are long,
She can sing a cheerful song?
When the rude winds rock the tree,
If she'll closer cling to thee?
Then the blasts that sweep the sky,
Unappalled shall pass thee by;
Though thy curtained chamber show
Siftings of untimely snow,
Warm and glad thy heart shall be,
Love shall make it Spring for thee.

—MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS AT SEA.

BORNE upon the ocean's foam,
Far from native land and home,
Midnight's curtain, dense with wrath,
Brooding o'er our venturous path,
While the mountain wave is rolling,
And the ship's bell faintly tolling;
Saviour! on the boisterous sea,
Bid us rest secure in Thee.

Blast and surge, conflicting hoarse,
Sweep us on with headlong force;
And the bark, which tempests surge,
Moans and trembles at their scourge:
Yet, should wildest tempests swell,
Be thou near and all is well.
Saviour! on the stormy sea,
Let us find repose in Thee.

Hearts there are with love that burn
When to us afar they turn;
Eyes that show the rushing tear
If our uttered names they hear:
Saviour! o'er the faithless main
Bring us to those homes again,
As the trembler, touched by Thee,
Safely trod the treacherous sea.

Wrecks are darkly spread below,
Where with lonely keel we go;
Gentle brows and bosoms brave
Those abysses richly pave:
If beneath the briny deep
We, with them, should coldly sleep,
Saviour! o'er the whelming sea,
Take our ransomed soul to Thee.

—MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

BARBARA.

On the Sabbath-day,
Through the churchyard old and grey,
Over the crisp and yellow leaves, I held my rustling way;
And amid the words of mercy, falling on my soul like balms;
'Mong the gorgeous storms of music—in the mellow organ-calms,
'Mong the upward-streaming prayers, and the rich and solemn psalms,
I stood heedless, Barbara!

My heart was otherwhere
While the organ fill'd the air,
And the priest, with outspread hands, bless'd the people with a prayer ;
But, when rising to go homeward, with a mild and saint-like shine
Gleam'd a face of airy beauty with its heavenly eyes on mine—
Gleam'd and vanish'd in a moment. Oh, the face was like to thine,
Ere you perish'd, Barbara !



Oh, that pallid face !
Those sweet earnest eyes of grace !
When last I saw them, dearest, it was in another place ;
You came running forth to meet me with my love-gift on your wrist,
And a cursed river kill'd thee, aided by a murderous mist.
Oh, a purple mark of agony was on the mouth I kiss'd,
When I last saw thee, Barbara !

These dreary years eleven
Have you pined within your heaven,
And is this the only glimpse of earth that in that time was given ?
And have you passed unheeded all the fortunes of your race—
Your father's grave, your sister's child, your mother's quiet face—
To gaze on one who worshipp'd not within a kneeling place ?
Are you happy, Barbara ?

'Mong angels, do you think
Of the precious golden link
I bound around your happy arm while sitting on yon brink?
Or when that night of wit and wine, of laughter and guitars,
Was emptied of its music, and we watched, through lattice-bars,
The silent midnight heaven moving o'er us with its stars,
Till the morn broke, Barbara?

In the years I've changed;
Wild and far my heart has ranged,
And many sins and errors deep have been on me avenged;
But to you I have been faithful, whatsoever good I've lack'd:
I loved you, and above my life still hangs that love intact—
Like a mild consoling rainbow, or a savage cataract.
Love has saved me, Barbara!

Oh Love! I am unblest;
With monstrous doubts opprest
Of much that's dark and nether, much that's holiest and best.
Could I but win you for an hour from off that starry shore,
The hunger of my soul were still'd; for Death has told you more
Than the melancholy world doth know,—things deeper than all lore.
Will you teach me, Barbara?

In vain, in vain, in vain!
You will never come again.
There droops upon the dreary hills a mournful fringe of rain;
The gloaming closes slowly round, unblest winds are in the tree,
Round selfish shores for ever moans the hurt and wounded sea:
There is no rest upon the earth, peace is with Death and thee,—
I am weary, Barbara!

—ALEXANDER SMITH.

HOW THE WATER COMES DOWN AT LODORE.

HERE it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling.
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along, conflicting, strong,
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among.
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting

Around and around;
Collecting, disjecting,
With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in,
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And brightening and whitening,
And quivering and shivering,

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and growing,
And running and stunning,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and flittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering,
And falling and crawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and winking,

And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and
beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
Retreating and meeting and beating and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and
jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing,
And so never ending but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once, and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And in this way the water comes down at Lodore.
—ROBERT SOUTHEY.



THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea :
The ship was still as she could be ;
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock ;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock ;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell ;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeléd round,
And there was joyaunce in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,—
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float :
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the
Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is, they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar!
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock:
"O Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
And beat his breast in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
And the ship sinks down beneath the tide.
—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer's evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done;
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he, beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,

"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory."

"I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about,
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for."

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout ;
But what they kill'd each other for,
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory."

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly ;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head."



"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby, died.
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory."

"They say it was a shocking sight,
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory."

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."—
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing !"
Said little Wilhelmine.—
"Nay—nay—my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory."

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who such a fight did win."—
"But what good came of it at last ?"
Quoth little Peterkin.—
"Why that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE MORNING MIST.

Look, William, how the morning mists
Have covered all the scene ;
Nor house, nor hill, canst thou behold,
Grey wood or meadow green.

The distant spire across the vale
These floating vapours shroud ;
Scarce are the neighbouring poplars seen,
Pale, shadowed in the cloud.

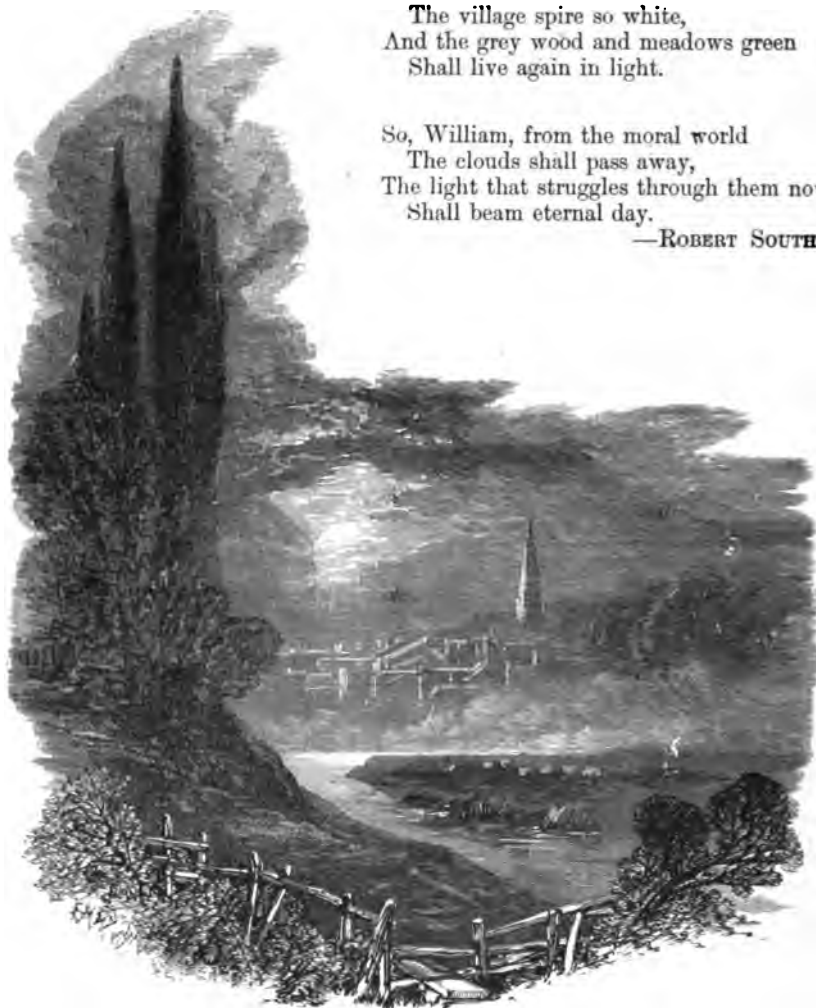
But see'st thou, William where the mists
Sweep o'er the southern sky,
The dim effulgence of the sun
That lights them as they fly ?

Soon shall that glorious orb of day
In all his strength arise,
And roll along his azure way,
Through clear and cloudless skies.

Then shall we see across the vale
The village spire so white,
And the grey wood and meadows green
Shall live again in light.

So, William, from the moral world
The clouds shall pass away,
The light that struggles through them now
Shall beam eternal day.

—ROBERT SOUTHEY.



MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

Who is she—the poor Maniac, whose wildly-fixed eyes

Seem a heart overcharged to express ?
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs ;
She never complains, but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.

No aid, no compassion, the Maniac will seek,
Cold and hunger awake not her care ;
Through her rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak
On her poor withered bosom, half bare ; and her cheek
Has the deadly, pale hue of despair.

Yet cheerful and happy (nor distant the day)
Poor Mary the Maniac hath been ;
The traveller remembers, who journeyed this way,
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Her cheerful address filled the guests with delight,
As she welcomed them in with a smile ;
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright ;
And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night,
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She loved, and young Richard had settled the day,
And she hoped to be happy for life ;
But Richard was idle and worthless, and they
Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say,
That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in autumn ; and stormy and dark was the night,
And fast were the windows and door ;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burned bright ;
And, smoking in silence, with tranquil delight
They listened to hear the wind roar.

" 'Tis pleasant," cried one, " seated by the fire-side,
To hear the wind whistle without."
" What a night for the Abbey !" his comrade replied ;
" Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried,
Who should wander the ruins about.

" I myself, like a school-boy, should tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head ;
And could fancy I saw, half-persuaded by fear,
Some ugly old abbot's grim spirit appear—
For this wind might awaken the dead !"

" I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,
" That Mary will venture there now."
" Then wager, and lose," with a sneer he replied ;
" I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
And faint if she saw a white cow."

" Will Mary this charge on her courage allow ?"
His companion exclaimed with a smile ;
" I shall win, for I know she will venture there now,
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
From the elder that grows in the aisle."

With fearless good-humour did Mary comply,
And her way to the Abbey she bent ;
The night it was gloomy, the wind it was high,
And, as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,
She shivered with cold as she went.

O'er the path, so well known, still proceeded the Maid,
Where the Abbey rose dim on the sight ;
Through the gateway she entered—she felt not afraid ;
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seemed to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howled dismally round the old pile ;
Over weed-covered fragments, still fearless, she passed,
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the elder-tree grew in the aisle.

Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near,
And hastily gathered the bough—
When the sound of a voice seemed to rise on her ear !—
She paused—and she listened, all eager to hear—
And her heart panted fearfully now !—

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head ;
She listened ;—nought else could she hear.
The wind ceased :—her heart sank in her bosom
with dread,
For she heard in the ruins, distinctly, the tread
Of footsteps approaching her near !

Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,
She crept, to conceal herself there ;
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear,
And between them a corpse did they bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart's blood curdle cold !
 Again the rough wind hurried by—
 It blew off the hat of the one, and behold !
 Even close to the feet of poor Mary it rolled ;
 She fell—and expected to die !

“Stay!—the hat!” he exclaims,—“Nay, come on,
 and fast hide
 The dead body,” his comrade replies.
 She beholds them in safety pass on by her side—
 She seizes the hat—fear her courage supplied,
 And fast through the Abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rushed in at the door,
 She cast her eyes horribly round ;
 Her limbs could support their faint burden no more,
 But exhausted and breathless she sank on the floor,
 Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
 For a moment the hat met her view ;
 Her eyes from that object convulsively start !
 For alas ! what cold horror thrilled through her
 heart,
 When the name of her Richard she knew !

Where the old Abbey stands, on the common hard by,
 His gibbet is now to be seen ;
 Not far from the road it engages the eye :
 The traveller beholds it, and thinks, with a sigh,
 Of poor Mary the Maid of the Inn.

—ROBERT SOUTHEY.



LLEWELLYN AND HIS DOG.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
 And cheerly smiled the morn ;
 And many a brach, and many a hound,
 Attend Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
 And gave a louder cheer ;
 “Come, Gelert ! why art thou the last
 Llewellyn's horn to hear ?

“Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam,
 The flower of all his race ?
 So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
 A lion in the chase.”

That day Llewellyn little loved
 The chase of hart or hare,
 And scant and small the booty proved,
 For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained the castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood ;
The hound was smeared with gouts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood !

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise :
Unused such looks to meet,
His favourite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn passed
(And on went Gelert too),
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view !

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
The blood-stained cover rent ;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied ;
He searched with terror wild ;
Blood ! blood ! he found on every side,
But nowhere found the child !

“Hell-hound ! by thee my child's devoured !”
The frantic father cried ;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart ;
But still his Gelert's dying yell,
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh ;
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry !

Concealed beneath a mangled heap,
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub boy he kissed !

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But the same couch beneath
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death !

Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain !
For now the truth was clear :
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe ;
“Best of thy kind, adieu !
The frantic deed which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue !”

And now a gallant tomb they raised,
With costly sculpture decked ;
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved ;
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear,
And oft, as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

HISTORY.

THOU chronicle of crimes ! I read no more—
For I am one who willingly would love
His fellow kind. O gentle poesy,
Receive me ; from the court's polluted scenes,
From dungeon horrors, from the fields of war,
Receive me to your haunts,—that I may nurse
My nature's better feelings, for my soul
Sickens at man's misdeeds !

I spake—when lo !
She stood before me in her majesty,
Clio the strong-eyed muse. Upon her brow
Sate a calm anger. Go, young man, she cried,
Sigh among myrtle bowers, and let thy soul
Effuse itself in strains so sorrowful sweet,
That love-sick maids may weep upon thy page
In most delicious sorrow. Oh, shame ! shame !

Was it for this I wakened thy young mind?
Was it for this I made thy swelling heart
Throb at the deeds of Greece, and thy boy's eye
So kindle when that glorious Spartan died?
Boy! boy! deceive me not! what if the tale
Of murdered millions strike a chilling pang,
What if Tiberius in his island stews,
And Philip at his beads, alike inspire

Strong anger and contempt; hast thou not risen
With nobler feelings? with a deeper love
For freedom? Yes—most righteously thy soul
Loathes the black history of human crimes
And human misery! let that spirit fill
Thy song, and it shall teach thee, boy, to raise
Strains such as Cato might have deigned to hear,
As Sidney in his hall of bliss may love.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.



TO A BEE.

Thou wert out betimes, thou busy, busy bee!
As abroad I took my early way,
Before the cow from her resting place
Had risen up, and left her trace
On the meadow, with dew so grey,
I saw thee, thou busy, busy bee!

Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy bee!
After the fall of the cistus flower,
When the primrose-tree blossom was ready to
burst,
I heard thee last, as I saw thee first;
In the silence of the evening hour,
I heard thee, thou busy, busy bee!

Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy bee!
Late and early at employ;
Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy summer in heaping and hoarding is spent,
What thy winter will never enjoy;
Wise lesson this for me, thou busy, busy bee!

Little dost thou think, thou busy, busy bee!
What is the end of thy toil
When the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,
And all thy work for the year is done,
Thy master comes for the spoil.
Woe then for thee, thou busy, busy bee!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.



UNA AND THE LION.

ONE day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight;
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;
From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside: her angel's face,
As the great eye of Heaven, shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortunéd, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lion rushéd suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood:
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devoured her tender corse:
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage assuagéd with remorse,
And, with the sight amazed, forgot his furious force.

Instead thereof he kissed her weary feet,
And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue;
As he her wrongéd innocence did weet.
O how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her heart 'gan melt in great compassion;
And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,
Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late
Him pricked, in pity of my sad estate:—
But he, my lion, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her, that him lov'd, and ever most adored
As the god of my life? why hath he me abhorred?"

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pity calmed, down fell his angry mood.
At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,
Arose the virgin born of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got again,
To seek her stray'd champion if she might attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And, when she waked, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepared:
From her fair eyes he took commandément,
And ever by her looks conceived her intent.

—EDMUND SPENSER.

SPRING.

YOUNG folk now flock in everywhere,
To gather May-bushes and smelling brere
And home they hasten the posts to dight
And all the kirk pillars, ere daylight,
With hawthorn-buds, and sweet eglantine
And garlands of roses. ———
Even this morning—no longer ago—
I saw a shoal of shepherds outgo,
With singing, and shouting, and jolly cheer:
Before them went a lusty tabourer,
That unto many a hornpipe play'd,

Whereto they danced, each one with his maid.
To see these folk making such joyance
Make my heart after the pipe to dance.
Then to the greenwood they speed them all
To fetch home May, with their musical:
And home they bring him, in a royal throne,
Crown'd as king; and his queen—fair one—
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
A fair flock of fairies, and a fresh bend
Of lovely nymphs. Oh that I were there,
To help the ladies their May-bush to bear!

—EDMUND SPENSER.

SWEET IS THE ROSE.

SWEET is the rose, but grows upon a brere ;
 Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough ;
 Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh near ;
 Sweet is the furbloom, but his branches rough ;
 Sweet is the cyprus, but his rind is tough ;
 Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill ;
 Sweet is the broom flower, but yet sour enough ;

And sweet is moly, but his root is ill ;
 So, every sweet, with sour is tempered still,
 That maketh it be coveted the more :
 For easy things that may be got at will
 Most sorts of men do set but little store.
 Why then should I account of little pain,
 That endless pleasure shall unto me gain !

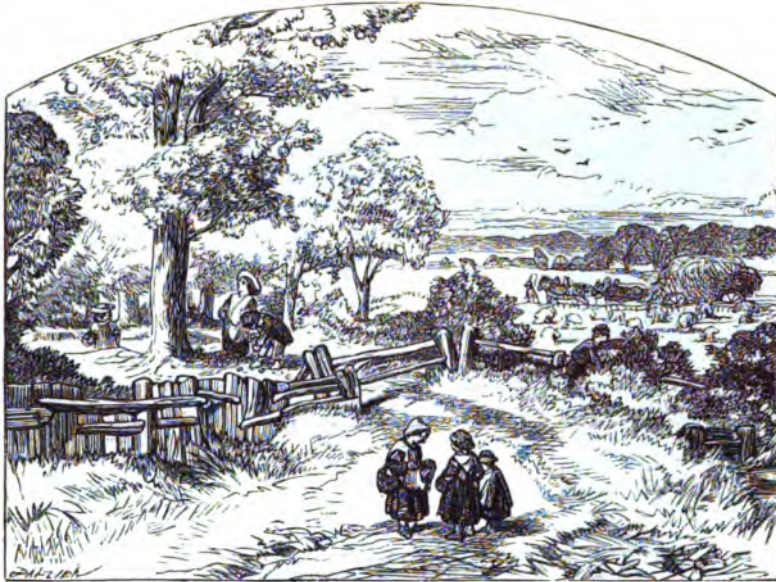
—EDMUND SPENSER



THE SEASONS.

So forth issued the Seasons of the year ;
 First lusty Spring, all dight in leaves and flowers
 That freshly budded, and new blossoms did bear,
 In which a thousand birds had built their bowers,
 That sweetly sung to call forth paramours ;
 And in his hand a javelin he did bear,
 And on his head (as fit for warlike stours)
 A gilt engraven morion he did wear,
 That as some did him love, so others did him
 fear.

Then came the jolly Summer, being dight
 In a thin silken cassock coloured green,
 That was unlined all, to be more light,
 And on his head a garland well beseen
 He wore, from which, as he had chafed been
 The sweat did drop, and in his hand he bore
 A bow and shaft, as he in forest green
 Had hunted late the libbard or the boar,
 And now would bathe his limbs, with labour heated
 sore.



Then came the Autumn, all in yellow clad,
As though he joyed in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banished Hunger, which to fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore ;

Upon his head a wreath, that was enroled
With ears of corn of every sort, he bore,
And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
To reap the ripened fruits the which the earth had
yold.



Lastly came Winter, clothed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,
And the dull drops that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distil ;

In his right hand a tipped staff he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still,
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld,
That scarce his loosed limbs he able was to weld.

—EDMUND SPENSER

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

A GENTLE knight was pricking on the plain,
Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field;
Yet arms till that time did he never wield:
His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
As much disdainful to the curb to yield:
Full jolly knight he seem'd, and fair did sit,
As one for knightly guists and fierce encounters fit.

And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,

For sovereign hope, which in his help he had.
Right, faithful, true he was in deed and word:
But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad,
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest glorious Queen of Faery Lond)
To win him worship, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave.
And ever, as he rode, his heart did yearn
To prove his puissance in battle brave;
Upon his foe, and his new force to learn;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stern.

—EDMUND SPENSER.

THE HERMITAGE.

A LITTLE lowly hermitage it was,
Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side;
Far from resort of people that did pass
In travel to and fro: a little wide,
There was an holy chapel edifyde,

Wherein the hermit duly wont to say
His holy things each morn and eventide;
Thereby a crystal stream did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountain welled forth alway.

—EDMUND SPENSER.

THE CHILD AND THE ANGELS.

THE Sabbath's sun was setting low,
Amidst the clouds at even;
"Our Father," breathed a voice below—
"Our Father, who art in heaven."

Beyond the earth, beyond the clouds,
Those infant words were given;
"Our Father," angels sang aloud—
"Father, who art in heaven."

"Thy kingdom come," still from the ground,
That child-like voice did pray;
"Thy kingdom come," God's hosts resound,
Far up the starry way.

"Thy will be done," with little tongue,
That lisping love implores;
"Thy will be done," the angelic throng
Sing from the heavenly shores.

"For ever," still those lips repeat
Their closing evening prayer;
"For ever," floats in music sweet,
High midst the angels there.

—CHARLES SWAIN.



THE MOTHER.

A SOFTENING thought of other years,
A feeling link'd to hours
When Life was all too bright for tears,—
And Hope sang, wreath'd with flowers !
A memory of affections fled—
Of voices—heard no more !—
Stirred in my spirit when I read
That name of fondness o'er !

Oh, Mother !—in that early word
What loves and joys combine ;
What hopes—too oft, alas !—deferr'd ;
What vigils—griefs—are thine !—
Yet never till the hour we roam,
By worldly thralls oppress,
Learn we to prize that truest home—
A watchful mother's breast !

The thousand prayers at midnight pour'd,
Beside our couch of woes ;
The wasting weariness endured
To soften our repose !—
Whilst never murmur mark'd thy tongue—
Nor toils relax'd thy care :—
How, Mother, is thy heart so strong
To pity and forbear ?

What filial fondness e'er repaid,
Or could repay, the past ?—
Alas ! for gratitude decay'd !
Regrets—that rarely last !—
'Tis only when the dust is thrown
Thy lifeless bosom o'er,
We muse upon thy kindness shown—
And wish we'd loved thee more !

'Tis only when thy lips are cold,
We mourn with late regret,
'Mid myriad memories of old,
The days for ever set !
And not an act—nor look—nor thought—
Against thy meek control,
But with a sad remembrance fraught
Wakes anguish in the soul !

On every land—in every clime—
True to her sacred cause,
Fill'd by that effluence sublime
From which her strength she draws,
Still is the Mother's heart the same—
The Mother's lot as tried :—
Then, oh ! may Nations guard that name
With filial power and pride !
—CHARLES SWAIN.

WHAT IS NOBLE ?

What is noble ?—to inherit
Wealth, estate, and proud degree ?—
There must be some other merit
Higher yet than these for me !—
Something greater far must enter
Into life's majestic span,
Fitted to create and centre
True nobility in man.

What is noble ?—'tis the finer
Portion of our mind and heart,
Linked to something still diviner
Than mere language can impart :
Ever prompting—ever seeing
Some improvement yet to plan ;
To uplift our fellow being,
And, like man, to feel for Man !

What is noble ?—is the sabre
Nobler than the humble spade ?—
There's a dignity in labour
Truer than e'er pomp arrayed !
He who seeks the mind's improvement
Aids the world, in aiding mind !
Every great commanding movement
Serves not one, but all mankind.

O'er the forge's heat and ashes,—
O'er the engine's iron head,—
Where the rapid shuttle flashes,
And the spindle whirls its thread :
There is labour, lowly tending
Each requirement of the hour,—
There is genius, still extending
Science, and its world of power !

'Mid the dust, and speed, and clamour,
Of the loom-shed and the mill ;
'Midst the clink of wheel and hammer,
Great results are growing still !
Though too oft, by fashion's creatures,
Work and workers may be blamed,
Commerce need not hide its features,—
Industry is not ashamed !

What is noble ?—That which places
Truth in its enfranchised will,
Leaving steps, like angel-traces,
That mankind may follow still !
E'en though scorn's malignant glances
Prove him poorest of his clan,
He's the Noble—who advances
Freedom, and the Cause of Man !
—CHARLES SWAIN.



SPRING.

See, see, how the ices are melting away,
The rivers have burst from their chain !
The woods and the hedges with verdure look gay,
And daisies enamel the plain.

The sun rises high, and shines warm o'er the dale,
The orchards with blossoms are white ;
The voice of the woodlark is heard in the vale,
And the cuckoo returns from her flight.

Young lambs sport and frisk on the side of the hill,
The honey-bee wakes from her sleep,
The turtle-dove opens her soft-cooing bill,
And snowdrops and primroses peep.

All nature looks active, delightful, and gay,
The creatures begin their employ ;
Ah ! let me not be less industrious than they,
An idle, an indolent boy.

Now, while in the spring of my vigour and bloom,
In the paths of fair learning I'll run ;
Nor let the best part of my being consume,
With nothing of consequence done.

Thus, if to my lessons with care I attend,
And store up the knowledge I gain,
When the winter of age shall upon me descend,
Twill cheer the dark season of pain.

—JANE and ANN TAYLOR.



THE HAND-POST.

The night was dark, the moon was hid,
Beneath the mountain gray !
And not a single star appear'd
To shoot a silver ray.

Across the heath the owlet flew,
And scream'd along the blast,
And onward, with a quicken'd step,
Benighted Henry pass'd.

At intervals amid the gloom,
A flash of lightning play'd,
And showed the ruts with water fill'd,
And the black hedge's shade.

Again in thickest darkness plunged,
He groped his way to find ;
And now he thought he spied beyond
A form of horrid kind.

In deadly white it upward rose,
Of cloak or mantle bare,
And held its naked arms across,
To catch him by the hair.

Poor Henry felt his blood run cold
At what before him stood ;
Yet like a man did he resolve
To do the best he could.

So calling all his courage up,
He to the goblin went ;
And eager, through the dismal gloom,
His piercing eyes he bent.

But when he came well nigh the ghost
That gave him such affright,
He clapp'd his hands upon his sides,
And loudly laugh'd outright :

For there a friendly post he found,
The stranger's road to mark ;
A pleasant sprite was this to see,
For Henry in the dark.

" Well done ! " said he, " one lesson wise,
I've learn'd, beyond a doubt, —
Whatever frightens me again,
I'll try to find it out.

" And when I hear an idle tale
Of goblins and a ghost,
I'll tell of this ; my lonely walk,
And the tall white Hand-post."

—JANE and ANN TAYLOR.



THE STAR.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star
How I wonder what you are !
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark :

He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

—JANE and ANN TAYLOR.



JAMES AND THE SHOULDER OF MUTTON.

YOUNG Jem at noon return'd from school,
As hungry as could be,
He cried to Sue, the servant-maid,
"My dinner give to me."

Said Sue, "It is not yet come home ;
Besides, it is not late."
"No matter that," cries little Jem,
"I do not like to wait."

Quick to the baker's Jemmy went,
And ask'd, "Is dinner done?"
"It is," replied the baker's man.
"Then home I'll with it run."

"Nay, sir," replied he prudently,
"I tell you 'tis too hot,
And much too heavy 'tis for you."
"I tell you it is not."

"Papa, mamma, are both gone out,
And I for dinner long ;
So give it me, it is all mine,
And, baker, hold your tongue."

"A shoulder 'tis of mutton nice !
And batter-pudding too ;
I'm glad of that, it is so good ;
How clever is our Sue !"

Now near the door young Jem was come,
He round the corner turn'd ;
But oh, sad fate ! unlucky chance !
The dish his fingers burn'd.

Low in the kennel down fell dish,
And down fell all the meat :
Swift went the pudding in the stream,
And sail'd along the street.

The people laugh'd, and rude boys grinn'd
At mutton's hapless fall ;
But though ashamed, young Jemmy cried,
"Better lose part than all."

The shoulder by the knuckle seized,
His hands both grasp'd it fast,
And deaf to all their jibes and cries,
He gain'd his home at last.

"Impatience is a fault," cries Jem,
"The baker told me true ;
In future I will patient be,
And mind what says our Sue."

—JANE and ANN TAYLOR.



THE PIGS.

"Do look at those pigs as they lie in the straw,"

Willy said to his father one day ;

"They keep eating longer than ever I saw,
Oh, what greedy gluttons are they !"

"I see they are feasting," his father replied,

"They eat a great deal, I allow ;

But let us remember, before we deride,

"Tis the nature, my dear, of a sow.

"But were a great boy, such as you, my dear Will,
Like them to be eating all day,

Or be taking nice things till he made himself ill,
What a glutton, indeed, we might say !

"If plum-cake and sugar he constantly picks,
And sweetmeats, and comfits, and figs ;

We should tell him to leave off his own greedy tricks,
Before he finds fault with the pigs."

—JANE and ANN TAYLOR.

GREAT THINGS.

Come, tell of the planets that roll round the sky,
And tell of the wisdom that guides them on high :
Come tell of their magnitudes, motions, and phases,
And which are the swiftest in running their races :
And tell of the moons, each in regular course,
And speak of their splendour, their distance, and
force.

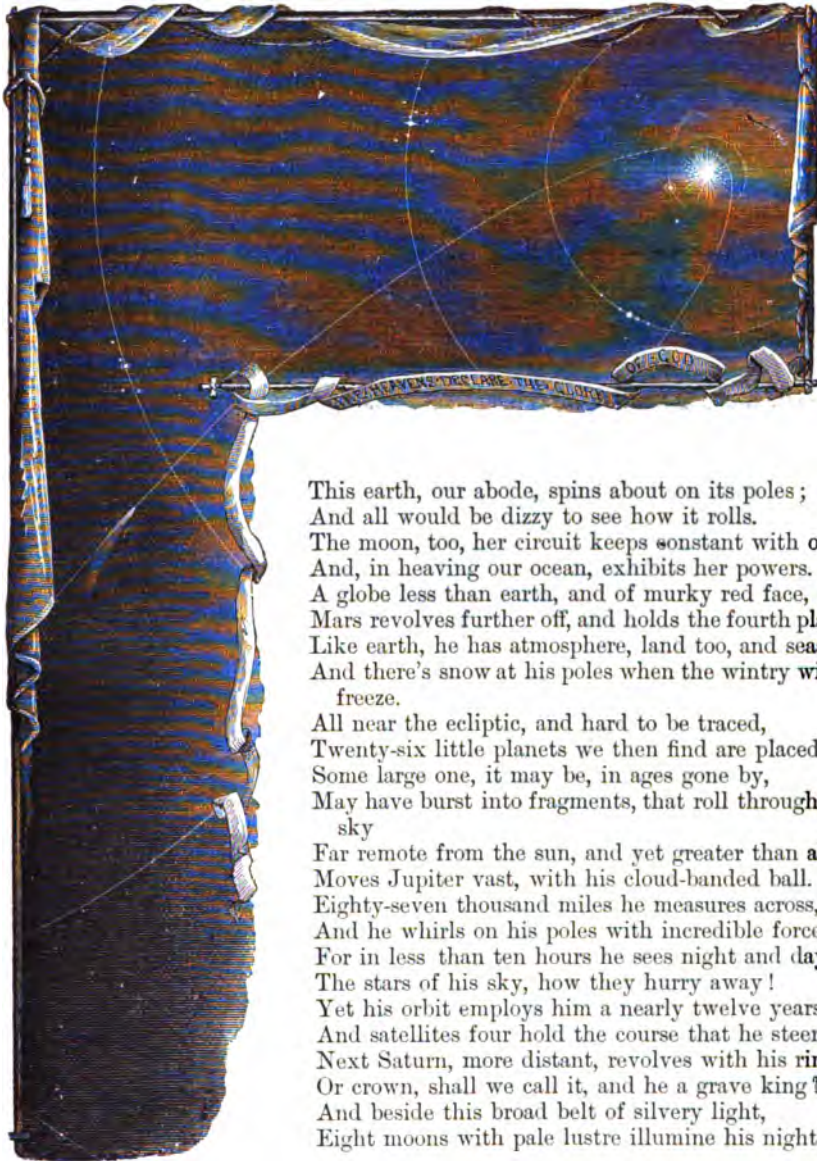
Hear then, child of earth, this wonderful story
Of God's works, and how they show forth His glory ;
For the stars and the planets speak much of His
might,
And, if we will listen, sing anthems by night.

And first, of the sun, flaming centre of all,
Many thousand times bigger than this little ball :
He turns on his axis in twenty-five days,
And sheds through the system a deluge of rays.

Now mark his dimensions, in round numbers given,
The earth's disc as one—his, a hundred and eleven.
Yet solid and dense is his substance, like ours,
Although from his vesture a flood of light pours,
His atmosphere shoots forth a torrent of flame,
An ocean still burning, yet ever the same !
Around him revolve—and perhaps there are more—
Of planets and satellites, say fifty-four :

To him they are globules, and lost in his glare :
 He's a sultan, and they are the pearls in his hair.
 First Mercury travels, so near the sun's beam,
 As would turn our earth's metals and mountains to
 steam,
 Yet he well likes his orbit, and round it he plays,
 A few hours deducted, in eighty-eight days.
 Then Venus, bright lamp of the evening and morn,
 Lengthens twilight on earth by her dazzling horn.

How lucid her substance ! how clear are her skies !
 She sparkles a diamond as onward she hies !
 The third place is held by this ocean-girt Earth,
 The cloud-cover'd, wind-shaken place of our birth :
 With its valleys of verdure, its corn-fields, and
 downs,
 Its cities of uproar, its hamlets and towns,
 Its volcanos flinging forth fiery flakes,
 Its snow-crested mountains, and glassy smooth lakes.



This earth, our abode, spins about on its poles ;
 And all would be dizzy to see how it rolls.
 The moon, too, her circuit keeps constant with ours,
 And, in heaving our ocean, exhibits her powers.
 A globe less than earth, and of murky red face,
 Mars revolves further off, and holds the fourth place ;
 Like earth, he has atmosphere, land too, and seas,
 And there's snow at his poles when the wintry winds
 freeze.

All near the ecliptic, and hard to be traced,
 Twenty-six little planets we then find are placed ;
 Some large one, it may be, in ages gone by,
 May have burst into fragments, that roll through the
 sky

Far remote from the sun, and yet greater than all,
 Moves Jupiter vast, with his cloud-banded ball.
 Eighty-seven thousand miles he measures across,
 And he whirls on his poles with incredible force ;
 For in less than ten hours he sees night and day,—
 The stars of his sky, how they hurry away !
 Yet his orbit employs him a nearly twelve years,
 And satellites four hold the course that he steers.
 Next Saturn, more distant, revolves with his ring—
 Or crown, shall we call it, and he a grave king ?
 And beside this broad belt of silvery light,
 Eight moons with pale lustre illumine his night :

Thirty years—little less—of our times are expended,
Before a course round his wide orbit is ended.
Uranus comes next, and 'twas fancied that he
Was the last, with his moons, perhaps six,—perhaps
three ;

For his orbit employs him, so vast is its span,
All the years that are granted, at longest, to man.
But since—O the wonders that science has done !—
We have found a new planet, so far from the sun,
That but for our glasses and long calculation,
We surely should not have discover'd his station :
His name we call Neptune, and distant so far,
The sun can appear little more than a star.
But what shall we say of the comet that shows

Its ominous tail that with pallid light glows !
Whisp of vapour! that stretches from orbit to orbit,
And whirls round the sun, till the sun shall absorb it.
But solid or cloudy, these comets they move all
In orbits elliptic, or very long oval.
And millions on millions of these errant masses
Flit about in the sky, though unseen by our glasses.
Such, then, is the system in which we revolve,
But who to pass onward through space shall resolve ?
Or what wing of fancy can soar to the height
Where stars keep their stations—a phalanx of light ?
Nor reason, nor fancy, that field can explore ;
We pause in mute wonder, and God we adore.

—JANE and ANN TAYLOR.



BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

WHAT millions of beautiful things there must be
In this mighty world !—who could reckon them all ?
The tossing, the foaming, the wide flowing sea,
And thousands of rivers that into it fall.

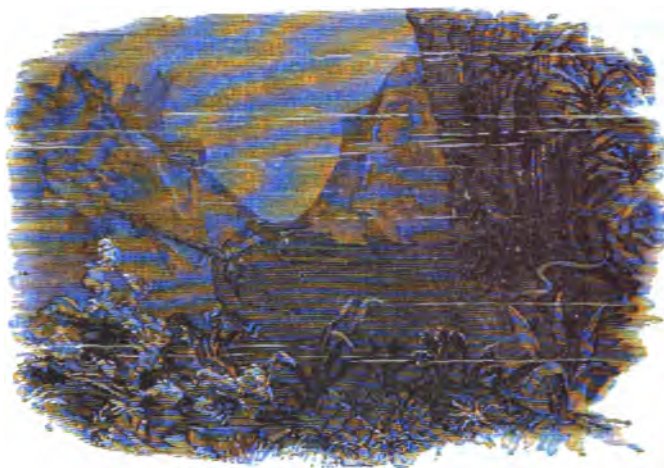
Oh there are the mountains, half cover'd with
snow,
With tall and dark trees, like a girdle of green,
And waters that wind in the valleys below,
Or roar in the caverns, too deep to be seen.

Vast caves in the earth, full of wonderful things,
The bones of strange animals, jewels, and spars ;
Or, far up in Iceland, the hot boiling springs,
Like fountains of feathers, or showers of stars !

Here spread the sweet meadows with thousands of
flowers ;
Far away are old woods, that for ages remain ;
Wild elephants sleep in the shade of their bowers,
Or troops of young antelopes traverse the plain.

Oh yes, they are glorious all to behold,
And pleasant to read of, and curious to know,
And something of God and His wisdom we're told,
Whatever we look at—wherever we go.

—JANE and ANN TAYLOR.



DEEP THINGS.

Come, think of the wonderful things there must be
Conceal'd in the caverns and cells of the sea ;
For there must be jewels and diamonds bright,
Lost ages ago, hidden out of our sight.

And ships too, entire, that have founder'd in storms,
Now bristle the bottom with skeleton forms ;
Deep tides murmur through them, and weeds as
they pass'd
Were caught and hang clotted in wreaths on the mast.

And then the rich cargoes—wealth not to be told,
The silks and the spices, the silver and gold,
And guns that dealt death at the warrior's command,
Are silently tombing themselves in the sand.

But unburied whiten the bones of the crew :
Ah ! would that the widow and orphan but knew
The place where their dirge by deep billows is sigh'd,
The place where unheeded, unholpen, they died.

There, millions on millions of glittering shells,
The nautilus there, with its pearl-coated cells,
And the scale-cover'd monsters that sleep or that
roam,
The lords without rival of that boundless home.

The microscope mason his toil there pursues,
Coral insect ! unseen are his beautiful hues ;
Yet in process of time, though so puny and frail,
O'er the might of the ocean his structures prevail :

On the surface at last a flat islet is spied,
And shingle and sand are heap'd up by the tide ;
Seeds brought by the breezes take root, and erewhile
Man makes him a home on the insect-built pile !

The deep then,—what is it ? A wonderful hoard,
Where all precious things are in multitudes stored ;
The workshop of nature, where islands are made,
And in silence foundations of continents laid !

—JANE and ANN TAYLOR.

MEDDLESOME MATTY.

ONE ugly trick has often spoil'd
The sweetest and the best ;
Matilda, though a pleasant child,
One ugly trick possess'd,
Which, like a cloud before the skies,
Hid all her better qualities.

Sometimes she'd lift the tea-pot lid,
To peep at what was in it ;
Or tilt the kettle, if you did
But turn your back a minute.
In vain you told her not to touch,
Her trick of meddling grew so much.

Her grandmamma went out one day,
And by mistake she laid
Her spectacles and snuff-box gay
Too near the little maid;
"Ah! well," thought she, "I'll try them on,
As soon as grandmamma is gone."

Forthwith she placed upon her nose
The glasses large and wide;
And looking round, as I suppose,
The snuff-box too she spied:
"Oh, what a pretty box is that!
I'll open it," said little Matt.

"I know that grandmamma would say,
'Don't meddle with it, dear;'
But then, she's far enough away,
And no one else is near:
Besides, what can there be amiss
In opening such a box as this?"

So thumb and finger went to work
To move the stubborn lid,
And presently a mighty jerk
The mighty mischief did;
For all at once, ah! woful case,
The snuff came puffing in her face.



Poor eyes, and nose, and mouth beside,
A dismal sight presented;
In vain, as bitterly she cried,
Her folly she repented;
In vain she ran about for ease,
She could do nothing now but sneeze.

She dash'd the spectacles away,
To wipe her tingling eyes,
And as in twenty bits they lay,
Her grandmamma she spies.
"Heyday! and what's the matter now!"
Says grandmamma, with lifted brow.

Matilda, smarting with the pain,
And tingling still, and sore,
Made many a promise to refrain
From meddling evermore.
And 'tis a fact, as I have heard,
She ever since has kept her word.
JANE and ANN TAYLOR.



THE GLEANER.

BEFORE the bright sun rises over the hill,
In the corn-field poor Mary is seen,
Impatient her little blue apron to fill,
With the few scatter'd ears she can glean.

She never leaves off, nor runs out of her place,
To play, or to idle and chat;
Except now and then, just to wipe her hot face,
And to fan herself with her broad hat.

"Poor girl, hard at work in the heat of the sun,
How tired and hot you must be!
Why don't you leave off as the others have done,
And sit with them under the tree?"

"Oh, no! for my mother lies ill in her bed,
Too feeble to spin or to knit;
And my poor little brothers are crying for bread,
And we hardly can give them a bit.

"Then could I be merry, or idle, and play,
While they are so hungry and ill?
Oh no, I would rather work hard all the day,
My little blue apron to fill."

JANE and ANN TAYLOR.

DAY.

THE sun rises bright in the air,
The dews of the morning are dry,
Men and beasts to their labours repair,
And the lark wings his way to the sky.
Now, fresh from his moss-dappled shed,
The husbandman trudges along,
And, like the lark over his head,
Begins the new day with a song.

Just now, all around was so still,
Not a bird drew his head from his wing,
Not an echo was heard from the hill,
Not a waterfly dipp'd in the spring.
Now every thing wakes from its sleep,
The shepherd-boy pipes to his flock,
The common is speckled with sheep,
And cheerfully clamours the cock.

Now, winding along on the road,
 Half hid by the hedges so gay,
 The slow waggon drags with its load,
 And its bells tinkle, tinkle away.
 The husbandman follows his plough,
 Across the brown fallow-field's slope,
 And toils in the sweat of his brow,
 Repaid by the pleasures of hope.

The city, so noisy and wide,
 Wakes up to a thousand affairs ;
 While business, and pleasure, and pride
 Alike are intent upon theirs.
 The merchant, with dignified look ;
 My lord and my lady so grand ;
 The schoolboy, with satchel and book ;
 And the poor hackney horse to its stand.



For the dews of the morning are flown,
 And the sun rises bright in the sky ;
 Alike in the field and the town,
 Men and beasts to their labour apply.
 Now, idle no hand must remain,
 Up! up! from the bed of repose,
 For evening is coming again,
 And time must be caught as it goes.

And what is our life but a day !
 A short one that soon will be o'er !
 It presently passes away,
 And will not return any more !
 To-morrow may never arise,
 And yesterday's over and gone :
 Then catch at to-day as it flies,
 'Tis all we can reckon upon.

—JANE and ANN TAYLOR.

NIGHT.

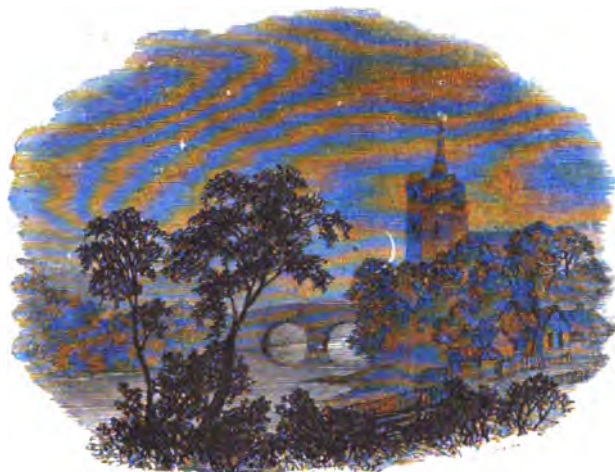
No longer the beautiful day
 Is cheerful, and pleasant, and bright ;
 The shadows of evening grey
 Are closed in the darkness of night.
 The din of employment is o'er,
 Not a sound, not a whisper is heard ;
 The waggon-bell tinkles no more,
 And hush'd is the song of the bird.

The landscape, once blooming and fair,
 With every gay colour inlaid ;
 The landscape, indeed, is still there,
 But all its fair colours are shade.
 The sun, sinking under the hill,
 Is gone other mornings to make ;
 The bustle of business is still ;
 Only sorrow and sin are awake !

GREEDY RICHARD.

The busy hand, busy no more,
Is sunk from its labours to rest ;
Closed tight is each window and door,
Where once the gay passengers press'd.
The houses of frolic and fun
Are empty and desolate all ;
The din of the coaches is done,
And the weary horse rests in his stall.

Just such is the season of death,
Which comes upon each of us fast !
The bosom can't flutter with breath,
When life's little day-time is past.
The blood freezes cold in its vein,
The heart sinks for ever to rest ;
Not a fancy flits over the brain,
Nor a sigh finds its way from the breast.



The tongue stiff and silent is grown,
The pale lips move never again :
The smile and the dimple are flown,
And the voice both of pleasure and pain.
Clay-cold the once feverish head,
The eyes' pleasant flashing has ceased ;
And narrow and dark is the bed
Where comes the grave-worm to his feast !

But as, from the silence and gloom,
Another bright morning shall rise,
So, bursting awake from the tomb,
We shall mount far away to the skies.
And those who, with meekness and prayer,
In the paths of religion have trod,
Shall worship all glorious there,
Among the archangels of God.

—JANE and ANN TAYLOR.

GREEDY RICHARD.

" I THINK I want some pies this morning,"
Said Dick, stretching himself and yawning ;
So down he threw his slate and books,
And saunter'd to the pastry-cook's.

And there he cast his greedy eyes
Round on the jellies and the pies,
So to select, with anxious care,
The very nicest that was there.

At last the point was thus decided :
As his opinion was divided
'Twixt pie and jelly, being loth
Either to leave, he took them both.

Now Richard never could be pleased
To stop when hunger was appeased,
But would go on to eat still more
When he had had an ample store.

"No, not another now," said Dick ;
 "Dear me ! I feel extremely sick :
 I cannot even eat this bit ;
 I wish I had not tasted it."

Then slowly rising from his seat,
 He threw his cheesecake in the street,
 And left the tempting pastry-cook's
 With very discontented looks.



Just then a man with wooden leg
 Met Dick, and held his hat to beg ;
 And while he told his mournful case,
 Look'd at him with imploring face.

The beggar turn'd with face of grief,
 And look of patient unbelief,
 While Richard now his folly blamed,
 And felt both sorry and ashamed.

Dick, wishing to relieve his pain,
 His pockets search'd, but search'd in vain ;
 And so at last he did declare,
 He had not left a farthing there.

"I wish," said he (but wishing's vain),
 "I had my money back again,
 And had not spent my last, to pay
 For what I only threw away.

"Another time I'll take advice,
 And not buy things because they're nice ;
 But rather save my little store,
 To give to those who want it more."

—JANE and ANN TAYLOR





THE FARM.

BRIGHT glows the east with blushing red,
While yet upon their homely bed
The sleeping labourers rest ;
And the pale moon and silver star
Grow paler still, and wandering far,
Sink slowly to the west.

And see ! behind the sloping hill,
The morning clouds grow brighter still,
And all the shades retire ;
Slowly the sun, with golden ray,
Breaks forth above the horizon grey,
And gilds the distant spire.

And now, at Nature's cheerful voice,
The hills, and vales, and woods rejoice,
The lark ascends the skies ;
And soon the cock's shrill notes alarm
The sleeping people at the farm,
And bid them all arise.

Then at the dairy's cool retreat,
The busy maids and mistress meet,
The early hour to seize :
Some tend with skilful hand the churns,
Where the thick cream to butter turns,
And some the curdling cheese.

And now comes Thomas from the house,
With well-known cry to call the cows
Still resting on the plain ;
They, quickly rising, one and all,
Obedient to the daily call,
Wind slowly through the lane.

And see the rosy milkmaid now,
Seated beside the hornèd cow,
With milking stool and pail ;
The patient cow, with dappled hide,
Stands still, unless to lash her side
With her convenient tail.

And then the poultry (Mary's charge)
Must all be fed and let at large,
To roam about again :
Wide open springs the great barn-door,
And out the hungry creatures pour,
To pick the scatter'd grain.

The sun-burnt labourer hastens now
To plod behind the heavy plough,
And guide with skilful arm :
Thus all is industry around,
No idle hand is ever found
Within the busy farm.

—JANE and ANN TAYLOR.



FIRE.

WHAT is it that shoots from the mountain so high,
In many a beautiful spire?
What is it that blazes and curls to the sky?
This beautiful something is—fire.

Loud noises are heard in the caverns to groan,
Hot cinders fall thicker than snow;
Huge stones to a wonderful distance are thrown,
For burning fire rages below.

When winter blows bleakly, and bellows the storm,
And frostily twinkle the stars;
When bright burns the fire in the chimney so warm,
And the kettle sings shrill on the bars;

Then, call the poor traveller in, cover'd with snow,
And warm him with charity kind:
Fire is not so warm as the feelings that glow
In the friendly, benevolent mind.

By fire, rugged metals are fitted for use;
Iron, copper, gold, silver, and tin;
Without its assistance we could not produce
So much as a minikin pin.

Fire rages with fury wherever it comes:
If only one spark should be dropp'd,
Whole houses, or cities, sometimes, it consumes,
Where its violence cannot be stopp'd.

And when the great morning of judgment shall rise,
How wide will its blazes be curl'd!
With heat, fervent heat, it shall melt down the skies,
And burn up this beautiful world.

JANE and ANN TAYLOR.





AIR.

WHAT is it that winds about over the world,
Spread thin, like a covering fair?
Into each little corner and crevice 'tis curl'd ;
This wonderful fluid is—air.

In summer's still evening how gently it floats,
When not a leaf moves on the spray ;
And no sound is heard but the nightingale's notes,
And merry gnats dancing away.

The village-bells glide on its bosom serene,
And steal in sweet cadence along ;
The shepherd's soft pipe warbles over the green,
And the cottage-girls join in the song.

But oft in the winter it bellows aloud,
And roars in the northerly blast ;
With fury drives onward the snowy blue cloud,
And cracks the tall, tapering mast.

The sea rages wildly, and mounts to the skies,
In billows and fringes of foam !
And the sailor in vain turns his pitiful eyes
'Towards his dear, peaceable home.

When fire lies and smothers, or gnaws through the
beam,
Air makes it more fiercely to glow ;
And engines in vain in cold torrents may stream,
If the wind should with violence blow.

In the forest it tears up the sturdy old oak
That many a tempest had known ;
The tall mountain-pine into splinters is broke,
And over the precipice blown.

And yet, though it rages with fury so wild,
On solid earth, water, or fire,
Without its assistance the tenderest child
Would struggle, and gasp, and expire.

Pure air, pressing into the curious clay,
Gave breath to those bodies at first ;
And when in the bosom it ceases to play,
We crumble again to our dust.

—JANE and ANN TAYLOR.

EARTH.

WHAT is it that's cover'd so richly with green,
And gives to the forest its birth?
A thousand plants bloom on its bosom serene :—
Whose bosom?—the bosom of earth.

Hidden deep in its bowels the emerald shines,
The ruby and amethyst blue ;
And silver and gold glitter bright in the mines
Of Mexico rich, and Peru.

Large quarries of granite and marble are spread
In its wonderful bosom, like bones :
Chalk, gravel, and coals ; salt, sulphur, and lead,
And thousands of beautiful stones.

Beasts, savage and tame, of all colours and forms,
Either stalk in its deserts, or creep ;
White bears sit and growl to the northerly storms,
And shaggy goats bound from the steep.

The oak and the snowdrop, the cedar and rose,
Alike on its surface are seen ;
The tall fir of Norway, surrounded with snows,
And the mountain-ash, scarlet and green.

Fine grass and rich mosses creep over its hills,
Flowers breathe their perfume to the gale :
Tall water-weeds dip in its murmuring rills,
And harvests wave bright in the vale.

And when this poor body is cold and decay'd,
And this warm, throbbing heart is at rest ;
My head upon thee, mother Earth, shall be laid,
To find a long home in thy breast.

— JANE and ANN TAYLOR.



WATER.

WHAT is it that glitters in changeable green,
Or dances in billows so bright ?
Ships, skimming along on its surface, are seen,—
'Tis water—that beautiful sight !

Sea-weeds wind about in its cavities wet,
The pearl-oyster quietly sleeps ;
A thousand fair shells, yellow amber, and jet ;
And coral grows red in its deeps.

Whales lash the white foam in their frolicsome wrath,
While hoarsely the winter wind roars ;
And shoals of green mackerel stretch from the north,
And wander along by our shores.

When tempests awakens its waves from their sleep,
Like giants in fury they rise ;
The ships now appear to be lost in the deep,
And now, carried up to the skies.

DIRTY JIM.

It gushes out clear from the sides of the hill ;
Among the smooth pebbles it strays ;
Creeps low in the valley, or roars through the mill,
And wanders in many a maze.

The traveller that crosses the desert so wide,
Hot, weary, and stifled with dust,
Longs often to stoop at some rivulet's side,
To quench in its waters his thirst.

The stately white swan glides along on its breast,
Nor ruffles its surface serene ;
And the duckling unfledged waddles out of its nest,
To dabble in ditch-water green.

The clouds, blown about in the chilly blue sky,
Vast cisterns of water contain :
Like snowy white feathers in winter they fly,
In summer, stream gently in rain.

When sunbeams so bright on the falling drops shine,
The arch of the rainbow comes o'er,
And glows in the heavens, a beautiful sign
That water shall drown us no more.

—JANE and ANN TAYLOR.



DIRTY JIM.

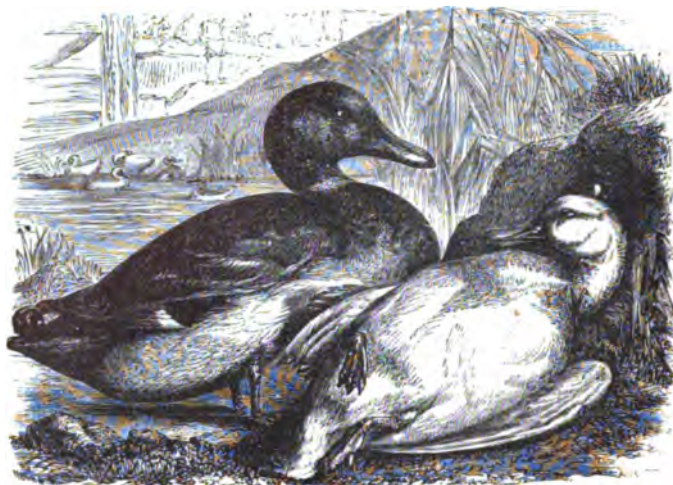
THERE was one little Jim,
'Tis reported of him,
And must be to his lasting disgrace,
That he never was seen
With hands at all clean,
Nor yet ever clean was his face.

His friends were much hurt
To see so much dirt,
And often they made him quite clean ;
But all was in vain,
He got dirty again,
And not at all fit to be seen.

It gave him no pain
To hear them complain,
Nor his own dirty clothes to survey ;
His indolent mind
No pleasure could find
In tidy and wholesome array.

The idle and bad,
Like this little lad,
May love dirty ways, to be sure ;
But good boys are seen
To be decent and clean,
Although they are ever so poor.

—JANE and ANN TAYLOR.



THE NOTORIOUS GLUTTON.

A DUCK—who had got such a habit of stuffing,
That all the day long she was panting and puffing,
And by every creature who did her great crop
see,
Was thought to be galloping fast for a dropsy—

One day, after eating a plentiful dinner,
With full twice as much as there should have been
in her,
While up to her forehead still greedily roking,
Was greatly alarm'd by the symptoms of choking.

Now there was an old fellow, much famed for
discerning
(A drake, who had taken a liking for learning),
And high in repute with his feathery friends,
Was call'd Dr. Drake: for this doctor she sends.

In a hole of the dunghill, was Dr. Drake's shop,
Where he kept a few simples for curing the crop;
Small pebbles, and two or three different gravels,
With certain famed plants he had found in his
travels.

So taking a handful of suitable things,
And brushing his topple and pluming his wings,
And putting his feathers in apple-pie order,
He went to prescribe for the lady's disorder.

"Dear sir," said the duck, with a delicate quack,
Just turning a little way round on her back,

And leaning her head on a stone in the yard,
"My case, Dr. Drake, is exceedingly hard.

"I feel so distended with wind, and opprest,
So squeamish and faint, such a load at my chest:
And, day after day, I assure you it *is* hard,
To suffer with patience these pains in my gizzard."

"Give me leave," said the doctor, with medical look,
As her cold flabby paw in his fingers he took;
"By the feel of your pulse, your complaint, I've
been thinking,
Must surely be owing to eating and drinking."

"Oh! no, sir, believe me," the lady replied
(Alarm'd for her stomach, as well as her pride),
"I'm sure it arises from nothing I eat,
But I rather suspect I got wet in my feet.

"I've only been raking a bit in the gutter,
Where cook has been pouring some cold melted
butter,
And a slice of green cabbage, and scraps of cold
meat,
Just a trifle or two, that I thought I could eat."

The doctor was just to his business proceeding,
By gentle emetics, a blister, and bleeding,
When all on a sudden she roll'd on her side,
Gave a terrible quack, and a struggle, and died!

ONE MOUTH MORE.

Her remains were interred in a neighbouring swamp
By her friends, with a great deal of funeral pomp ;
But, I've heard this inscription, her tombstone displayed :

"Here, poor Mrs. Duck, the great glutton, is laid ;"
And all the young ducklings are brought by their friends

There, to learn the disgrace in which gluttony ends.
—JANE and ANN TAYLOR.



ONE MOUTH MORE.

It is but one mouth more, father ;
And He that can bestow
Wherewith to satisfy all needs,
Will still provide, I know.
Hark, how outside the wind doth roar !
See, how chill drives the sleet !
He came for shelter to our door,
Of all doors in the street.

When Willy ran home from the school,
He found him shivering there :
His eye looked up in Willy's face,
Out of the draggled hair,
As if it said, "I have no food,
No sheltering roof have I ;
If you'll not take me in to live,
I must stay here to die."

I know that you have sore to do
To keep us clothed and fed ;
How mother's bound to save and spare,
How all eat careful bread ;
But God, that blessed the widow's mite,
And filled the widow's cruse,
Will not let miss the bone or crust
For which poor Doggy sues.

I'll save his portion out of mine,
And so will Willy too ;
He'll watch your bundle while you dine, —
We'll find him work to do :
And when he wags his tail at meat,
Or barks with us at play,
If there be one more mouth to eat,
There's one more grace to say.

—TOM TAYLOR.

A SUMMER MORNING.

AND soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek-eyed Morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint gleaming in the dappled east ;
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow,
And from before the lustre of her face
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step
Brown Night retires : young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine ;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, awkward : while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and, often turning, gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy ;

And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells ;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.
But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the east ! The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow,
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo ! now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth and colour'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad ;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering
streams,
High-gleaming from afar.

—JAMES THOMSON.

RULE, BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang the strain : —
“Rule, Britannia ! Britannia, rule the waves ! —
Britons never will be slaves !”

The nations not so bless'd as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall ;
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free —
The dread and envy of them all.
Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame :
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown.
To thee belongs the rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
Blest Isle ! with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
“Rule, Britannia ! Britannia, rule the waves ! —
Britons never will be slaves !”

—JAMES THOMSON.



THE DEAD IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Off let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury, to vulgar minds unknown !
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below ;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held ;

In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled ;
Chiefs, graced with scars and prodigal of blood ;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood ;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given ;
And saints, who taught and led the way to heaven.

—THOMAS TICKLE

HARMOSAN.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne was done,
And the Moslems' fiery valour had the crowning victory won ;
Harmosan, the last of foemen, and the boldest to defy,
Captive, overborne by numbers, they were bringing forth to die.

Then exclaimed that noble Satrap, " Lo, I perish in my thirst ;
Give me but one drink of water, and let then arrive the worst."—
In his hand he took the goblet, but awhile the draught forebore,
Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the victors to explore.

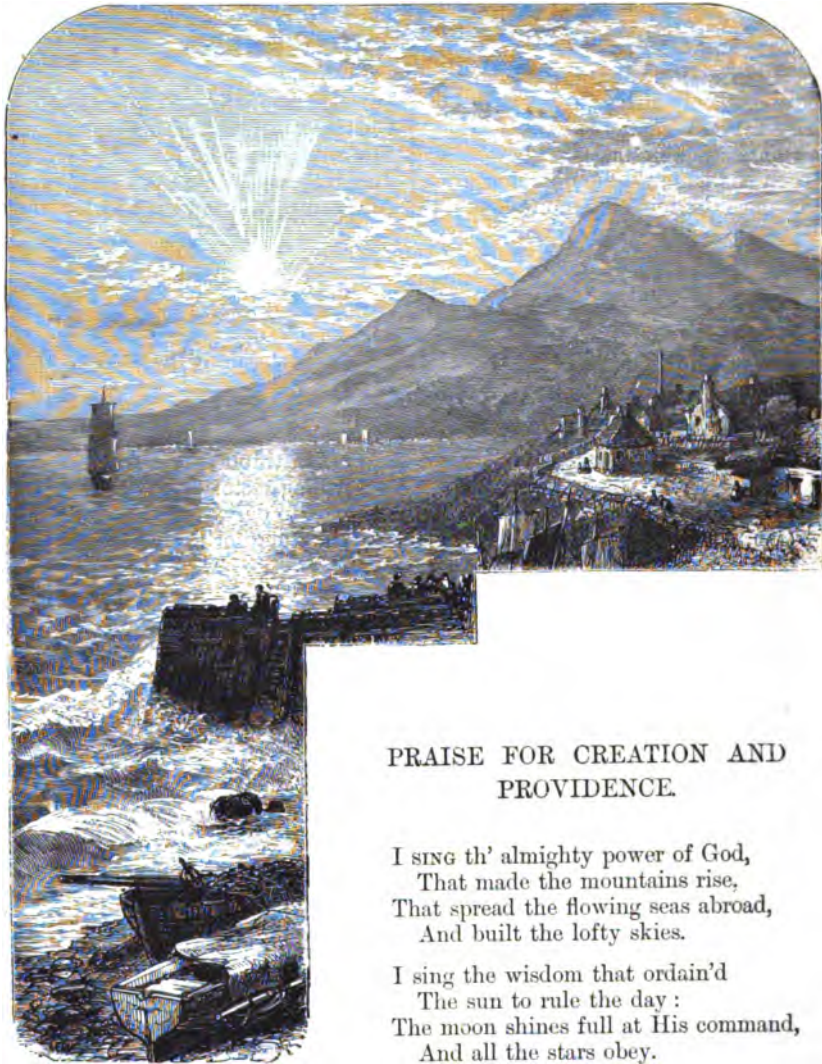
" But what fear'st thou ?" cried the Caliph : " dost thou dread a secret blow ?
Fear it not ; our gallant Moslems no such treacherous dealings know.
Thou mayst quench thy thirst securely ; for thou shalt not die, before
Thou hast drunk that cup of water : this reprieve is thine—no more."

Quick the Satrap dashed the goblet down to earth with ready hand,
And the liquid sunk,—for ever lost, amid the burning sand :
" Thou hast said that mine my life is, till the water of that cup
I have drained :—then bid thy servants that spilled water gather up."

For a moment stood the Caliph, as by doubtful passions stirred :
Then exclaimed, " For ever sacred must remain a Monarch's word.
Bring forth another cup, and straightway to the noble Persian give ;—
Drink, I said before, and perish,—now, I bid thee drink and live!"

—ARCHBISHOP TRENCH





PRAISE FOR CREATION AND
PROVIDENCE.

I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day :
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food :
He form'd the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

Lord, how Thy wonders are display'd
Where'er I turn mine eye—
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky !

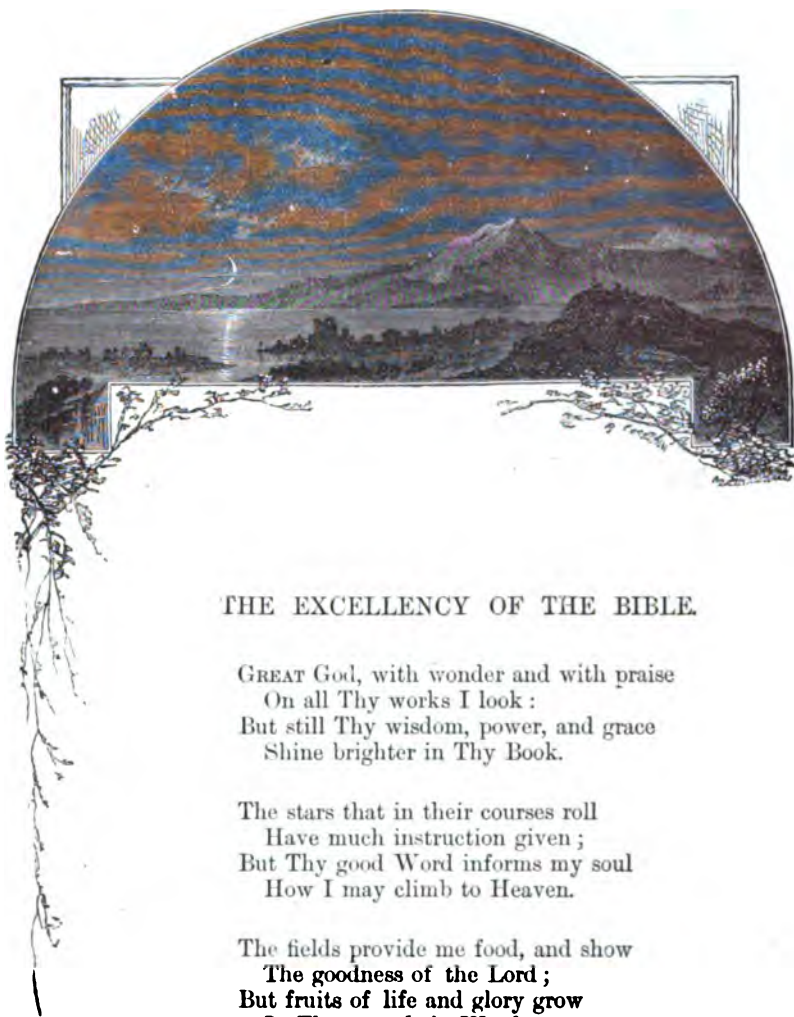
There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes Thy glories known ;
And clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.

Creatures—as numerous as they be—
Are subject to Thy care :
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

In Heaven He shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath :
Tis on His earth I stand or move,
And 'tis His air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with His eye :
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh ?

—ISAAC WATTS.



THE EXCELLENCY OF THE BIBLE.

GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
On all Thy works I look :
But still Thy wisdom, power, and grace
Shine brighter in Thy Book.

The stars that in their courses roll
Have much instruction given ;
But Thy good Word informs my soul
How I may climb to Heaven.

The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord ;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In Thy most holy Word.

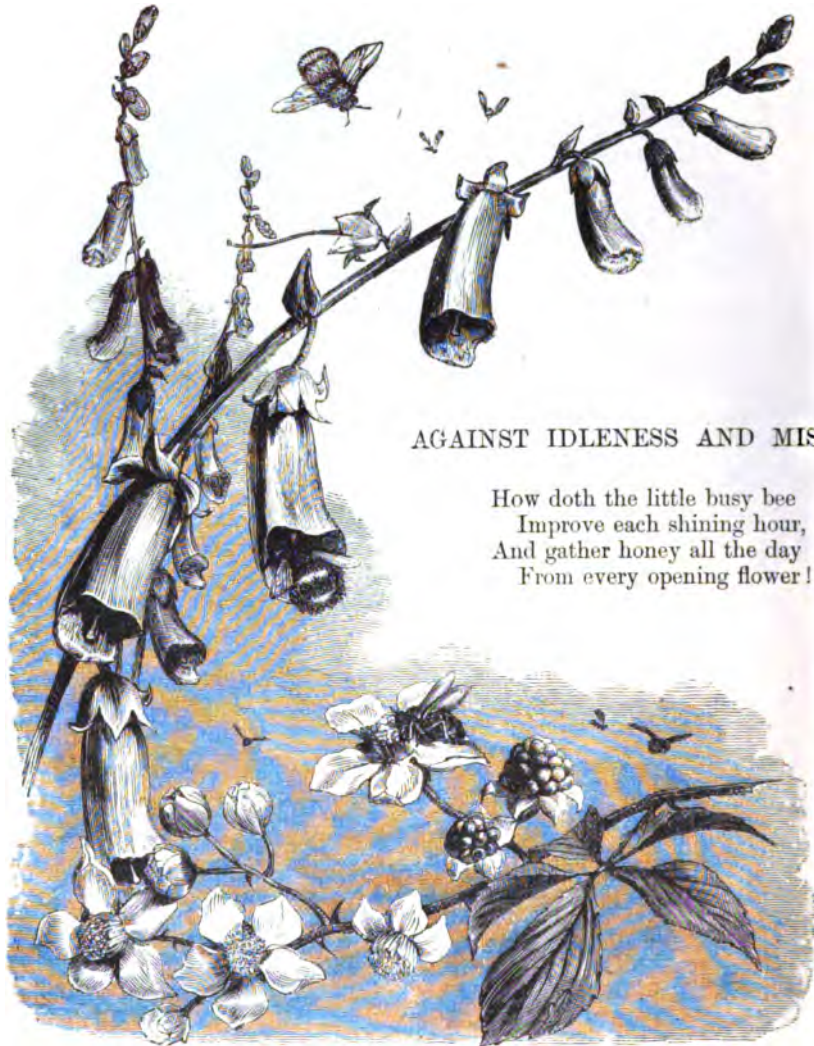
Here are my choicest treasures hid ;
Here my best comfort lies ;
Here my desires are satisfied ;
And hence my joys arise.

Lord, make me understand Thy law :
Show what my faults have been ;
And from Thy Gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

Here would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell :
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heavenly wonders tell

Then let me love my Bible more ;
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

—ISAAC WATTS.



AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill
I would be busy too:
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

—ISAAC WATTS.



A MORNING SONG.

My God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise ;
And, to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies :

When, from the chambers of the east,
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day ;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

Give me, O Lord, Thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain !

—ISAAC WATTS.



SUMMER'S EVENING.

How fine has the day been ! how bright was the sun !
How lovely and joyful the course that he run ;
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there follow'd some droppings of rain :
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best ;
He paints the skies gay as he sinks to his rest, .
And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian. His course he begins
Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears ! then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way :

But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace ;
And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.

—ISAAC WATTS.



PRAISE FOR MERCIES.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see !
What shall I render to my God
For all His gifts to me ?

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more :
For I have food, while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

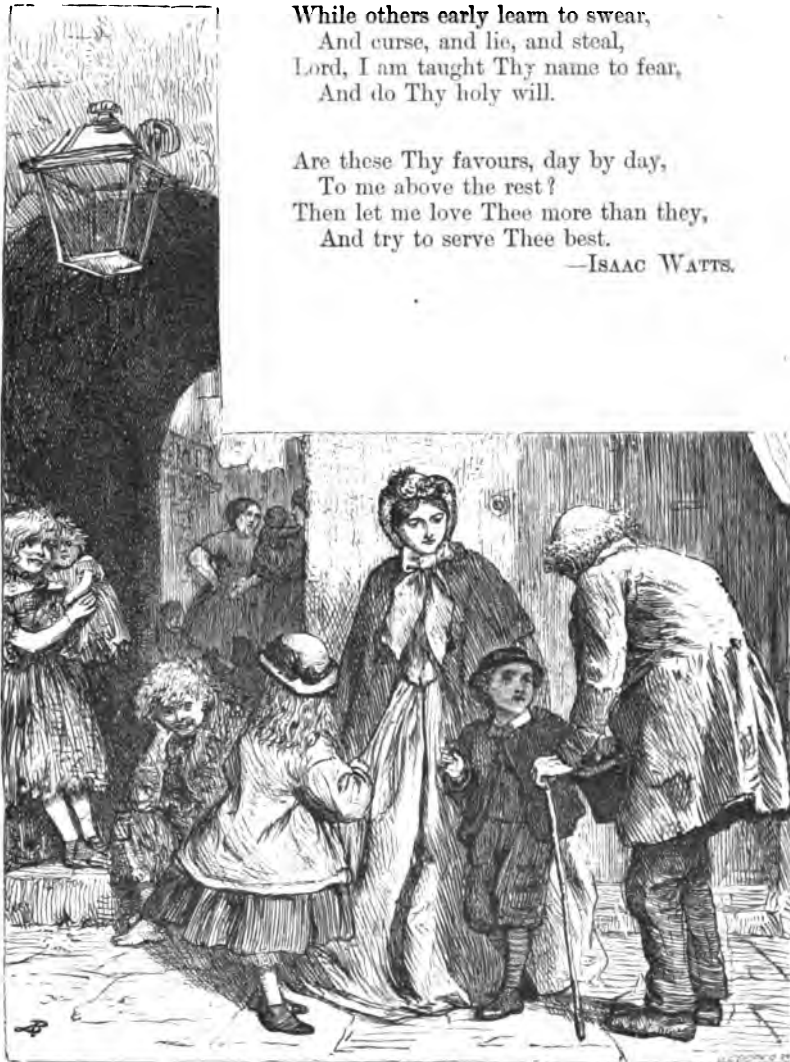
How many children in the street
Half naked I behold !
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold.

While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord, I am taught Thy name to fear,
And do Thy holy will.

Are these Thy favours, day by day,
To me above the rest ?
Then let me love Thee more than they,
And try to serve Thee best.

—ISAAC WATTS.





INNOCENT PLAY.

ABROAD in the meadows, to see the young lambs
Run sporting about by the side of their dams,
With fleeces so clean and so white ;
Or a nest of young doves in a large open cage,
When they play all in love, without anger or rage,
How much may we learn from the sight !

If we had been ducks, we might dabble in mud ;
Or dogs, we might play till it ended in blood :
So foul and so fierce are their natures ;
But Thomas and William, and such pretty names,
Should be cleanly and harmless as doves, or as lambs,
Those lovely, sweet, innocent creatures.

Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we say,
Should injure another in jesting or play ;
For he's still in earnest that's hurt :
How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and mire ;
There's none but a madman will fling about fire,
And tell you, " 'Tis all but in sport."

ISAAC WATTS.





THE SLUGGARD.

'Tis the voice of the Sluggard : I heard him complain,
 "You have waked me too soon ! I must slumber again !"
 As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed
 Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

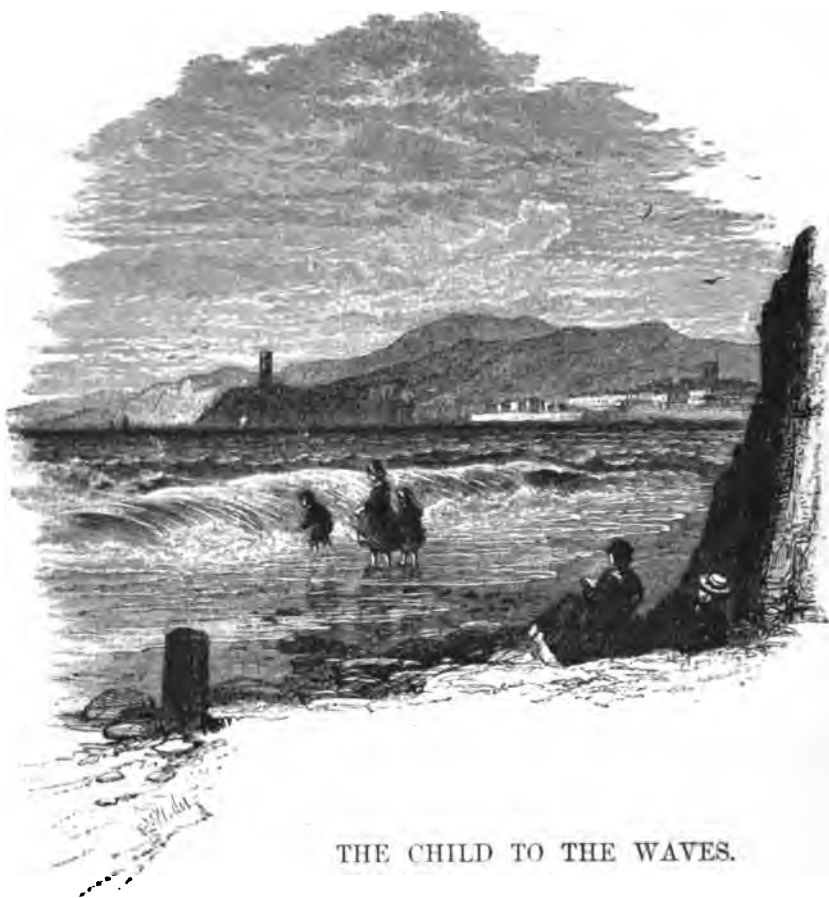
"A little more sleep, and a little more slumber !"
 Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without number ;
 And when he gets up he sits folding his hands,
 Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
 The thorn, and the thistle grow broader and higher :
 The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags ;
 And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
 He had took better care for improving his mind :
 He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking,
 But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me !
 That man's but a picture of what I might be ;
 But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
 Who have taught me by times to love working and reading !"

ISAAC WATTS.



THE CHILD TO THE WAVES.

ROLL, bright green waves, across the bay,
Sweep up like racers fleet,
I love you, in your harmless play,
The diamond sparkle of your spray,
And then your swift retreat.

A pleasant sound it is to me,
When, on our rocky shore,
I hear you, children of the sea,
To your unchanging melody
Soft breaking evermore.

I love, when gentle breezes blow,
To see you dance, and view
The great white gulls a-sailing low,
While little boats rock to and fro,
The best of friends with you.

Roll, bright green waves! but do not come
With angry crests, for then
I think of mother, sick at home,
And fear lest father from your foam
Should ne'er come back again.

—JOHN G. WATTS.



BO-PEEP.

BO-PEEP, bo-peep, playeth the sun,
'Mong golden clouds that go floating by,
And baby wakes all ripe for fun,
Crowing aloud that mother is nigh.
Bo-peep! bo-peep, baby!

Birdies bo-peep out of the hedge,
Linnet and sparrow, robin and wren;
Flowers bo-peep upon bank and ledge,
Happy to see the spring-time again.
Bo-peep! bo-peep, baby!

The violet, blue like baby's eyes,
Bo-peeps up from her sly retreat,
To steal a glance at pleasant skies,
And nod to her sister primrose sweet.
Bo-peep! bo-peep, baby!

Millie bo-peeps from the curtain fold,
Mad with delight is baby boy,
And daddy is coming across the wold
To play bo-peep with his pride and joy.
Bo-peep! bo-peep, baby!

—JOHN G. WATTS.

BE KIND TO ONE ANOTHER.

Be kind to one another:
This is a world of care;
And there's enough of needful woe
For every one to bear:
But if you ease the burden
That weighs another down,
That work of Christian charity
Will lighten half your own.

Be kind to one another;
Scatter the seeds of love
Wide o'er the field of hearts, and rich
The harvest wealth will prove:

A wealth more truly precious
Than aught beneath the sun,
Which India's diamonds could not buy,
And yet—how lightly won!

Be kind to one another;
Not to the good alone,
E'en to the cold and selfish heart,
Let deeds of love be shown.
So shall ye be His children
Who rains His gifts on all,
And even upon the thankless ones
Bids His bright sunbeams fall.

—A. L. WESTCOMBE.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain, the glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train, can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark!—to God the chorus breaks, from every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks—it is the Star of Bethlehem!

Once on the raging seas I rode; the storm was loud—the night was dark—
The ocean yawned—and rudely blew the wind, that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze;—death-struck I ceased the tide to stem,
When, suddenly, a Star arose!—it was the Star of Bethlehem!

It was my guide—my light—my all! it bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall, it led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moored, my perils o'er, I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore, the Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

—H. KIRKE WHITE.

BARBARA FRITCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them orchards sweep,—
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,—
Fair as a garden of the Lord,
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde;
On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall,—
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
(Of noon looked down, and saw not one.—
Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down:
In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead,
Under his slouched hat, left and right,
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.
It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf
She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,—
But spare your country's flag!" she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;
The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.
"Who touches a hair of yon grey head,
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.
All day long through Frederick Street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;
All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.
Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;
And, through the hill-gaps, sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good night.

Barbara Fritchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

THE LOVER'S SACRIFICE.

Honour to her!—and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.
Over Barbara Fritchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!

Peace, and order, and beauty, draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;
And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!
—J. G. WHITTIER.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard—not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried:
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast;
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow!

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him!

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the bell tolled the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone, with his glory!
—CHARLES WOLFE.

THE LOVER'S SACRIFICE.

A GAY gallant once wooed a fair
Of virtue, wealth, and graces rare,
But vainly had preferred his claim—
The maiden owned no answering flame:
At length, by doubt and anguish torn,
Suspense too painful to be borne,
Low at her feet the lover kneeled,
And in pathetic terms appealed:—

“Oh, have compassion, angel fair!
Pity my languishing despair!
Love, that no language can express,
Implores you now for happiness!
Nothing on earth but you I prize,

All else is trifling in my eyes;
And cheerfully would I resign
The wealth of worlds to call you mine!”

The lady smilingly replied:—
“If my consent to be your bride
Will make you happy, then be blest;
But grant me first one small request—
A sacrifice I must demand,
And in return will give my hand.”
“A sacrifice! oh, speak its name!
For you I'd forfeit wealth and fame;
Take my whole fortune—every cent—”
“No, no, it was not wealth I meant.”

"Must I the realms of Neptune trace?
Speak but the word—where'er the place,
For you, dear idol of my soul,
I would explore the frozen pole!
Shall I, like Bonaparte, aspire
To be the world's imperial Sire?
Express the wish, and here I vow
To place a diadem on that brow;
The crown of France to set upon it—
Or else the very best French bonnet!"

"Sir, these are trifles," she replied;
'But if you wish me for your bride,
To link your destiny with mine,
On one condition I am thine:
'Twill then become my pleasing duty
To contemplate a husband's beauty.

Permit me then—'tis all I ask—
Now to commence the pleasing task:
Just let me, as becomes my place,
Cut those huge whiskers from your face."

Like lightning from the ground he sprung.
The while amazement loosed his tongue:
"Cut off my whiskers! O, she jeers;
I'd sooner loose my nose, or ears.
Madam, I'd not be so disgraced,
So lost to fashion and to taste;
To win an empress for my wife!
What! sacrifice the grace of life!
My whiskers! whew!"—he said no more,
But quickly vanished through the door,
And sought a less obdurate fair,
To take the beau with all his hair!

—WOODWORTH.

THE ROBIN.

Art thou the bird whom man loves best,
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,
Our little English Robin—
The bird that comes about our doors
When autumn winds are sobbing?

Art thou the Peter of Norway hoors?
Their Thomas in Finland,
And Russia far inland?
The bird who by some name or other
All men who know thee call thee brother?
—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

DAFFODILS.

I WANDER'D lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretch'd, in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company,
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WINTER.

AND in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and visible, for many a mile,
The cottage-windows through the twilight blazed—
I heeded not the summons: happy time
It was indeed for all of us; for me
It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud
The village-clock toll'd six—I wheel'd about,
Proud and exulting, like an untired horse
That cares not for his home.—All shod with steel,
We hiss'd along the polish'd ice, in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,
The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle: with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron; while the distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy, not unnoticed while the stars

Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cut across the reflex of a star;
Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain: and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Come sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopp'd short; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheel'd by me—even as if the earth had roll'd
With visible motion her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watch'd
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

CHRISTMAS MINSTRELSY.

THE Minstrels play'd their Christmas tune
To-night beneath my cottage eaves;
While, smitten by a lofty moon,
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,
That overpower'd their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
Had sunk to rest with folded wings:
Keen was the air, but could not freeze,
Nor check the music of the strings;
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand!

And who but listened?—till was paid
Respect to every inmate's claim:
The greeting given, the music play'd,
In honour of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And "merry Christmas" wish'd to all!

O brother! I revere the choice
That took thee from thy native hills;
And it is given thee to rejoice:
Though public care full often tills
(Heaven only witness of the toil)
A barren and ungrateful soil.

Yet, would that Thou, with me and mine,
Hadst heard this never-failing rite;
And seen on other faces shine
A true revival of the light
Which Nature and these rustic powers,
In simple childhood, spread through ours!

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait
On these expected annual rounds;
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,
Or they are offer'd at the door
That guards the lowliest of the poor.

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear—and sink again to sleep!
Or, at an earlier call, to mark,
By blazing fire, the still surprise
Of self-complacent innocence.

The mutual nod,—the grave disguise
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;
And some unbidden tears that rise
For names once heard, and heard no more;
Tears brighten'd by the serenade
For infant in the cradle laid.

Ah ! not for emerald fields alone,
 With ambient streams more pure and bright
 Than fabled Cytherea's zone,
 Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,
 Is to my heart of hearts endear'd
 The ground where we were born and rear'd !

Hail, ancient Manners ! sure defence,
 Where they survive, of wholesome laws ;
 Remnants of love whose modest sense
 Thus into narrow room withdraws ;
 Hail, Usages of pristine mould,
 And ye that guard them, Mountains old !

Bear with me, Brother ! quench the thought
 That slights this passion, or condemns ;
 If thee fond Fancy ever brought
 From the proud margin of the Thames,
 And Lambeth's venerable towers,
 To humbler streams and greener bowers.

Yes, they can make, who fail to find,
 Short leisure even in busiest days ;
 Moments to cast a look behind,
 And profit by those kindly rays
 That through the clouds do sometimes steal
 And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial City's din
 Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,
 A pleased attention I may win
 To agitations less severe,
 That neither overwhelm nor cloy,
 But fill the hollow vale with joy !
 —WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

SHE was a phantom of delight,
 When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament.
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
 Like Twilight's too her dusky hair ;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time, and the cheerful Dawn,
 A dancing shape, an image gay
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view
 A spirit, yet a woman too !
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty ;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food :
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see, with eyes serene,
 The very pulse of the machine ;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveller between life and death.
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort and command,
 And yet a spirit still and bright,
 With something of angelic light.
 —WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



THREE YEARS SHE GREW IN SUN AND SHOWER.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown ;
This child I to myself will take,
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse, and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn,
That wild with glee across the lawn,
Or up the mountain springs ;
And hers shall be the breathing palm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute, insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her—for her the willow bend ;
Nor shall she fail to see

Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her, and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place ;
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height ;
Her virgin bosom swell.
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake—the work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run !
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene,
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises :
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory ;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story :
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star ;
Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout !
I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out,
Little flower !—I'll make a stir
Like a great astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an elf,
Bold, and lavish of thyself ;
Since we needs must first have met,
I have seen thee, high and low,
Thirty years or more, and yet
'Twas a face I did not know ;
Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day.

'Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about its nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless prodigal ;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood !
Travel with the multitude ;
Never heed them ; I aver
That they all are wanton wooers.
But the thrifty cottager,
Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home :
Spring is coming—thou art come !

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly, unassuming spirit !
Careless of thy neighbourhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor, and in the wood,
In the lane—there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours !
Buttercups that will be seen,
Whether we will see or no ;
Others, too, of lofty mien ;
They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little, humble Celandine !

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Scorned and slighted upon earth ;
Herald of a mighty band,
Of a joyous train ensuing,
Singing at my heart's command,
In the lanes my thoughts pursuing ;
I will sing, as doth behove,
Hymns in praise of what I love !

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

RUTH

WHEN Ruth was left half-desolate,
Her father took another mate ;
And Ruth, not seven years old,
A slighted child, at her own will
Went wandering over dale and hill,
In thoughtless freedom bold.

And she had made a pipe of straw,
And from that oaten pipe could draw
All sounds of winds and floods ;

Had built a bower upon the green,
As if she from her birth had been
An infant of the woods.

Beneath her father's roof, alone
She seemed to live ; her thoughts her own :
Herself her own delight :
Pleased with herself, nor sad, nor gay,
She passed her time ; and in this way
Grew up to woman's height.

There came a youth from Georgia's shore,—
A military casque he wore,
With splendid feathers dressed ;
He brought them from the Cherokees ;
The feathers nodded in the breeze,
And made a gallant crest.

From Indian blood you deem him sprung :
Ah ! no, he spake the English tongue,
And bore a soldier's name ;
And, when America was free
From battle and from jeopardy,
He 'cross the ocean came.

With hues of genius on his cheek,
In finest tones the youth could speak :
—While he was yet a boy,
The moon, the glory of the sun,
And streams that murmur as they run,
Had been his dearest joy.

He was a lovely youth ! I guess
The panther in the wilderness
Was not so fair as he ;
And, when he chose to sport and play,
No dolphin ever was so gay
Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought ;
And with him many tales he brought,
Of pleasure and of fear ;
Such tales as, told to any maid
By such a youth, in the green shade,
Were perilous to hear.

He told of girls, a happy rout !
Who quit their fold with dance and shout,
Their pleasant Indian town,
To gather strawberries all day long ;
Returning with a choral song
When daylight is gone down.

He spake of plants, divine and strange,
That every hour their blossoms change,
Ten thousand lovely hues !
With budding, fading, faded flowers,
They stand the wonder of the bowers,
From morn to evening dews.

He told of the magnolia, spread
High as a cloud, high over-head !
The cypress and her spire,
—Of flowers that, with one scarlet gleam,
Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
To set the hills on fire.

The youth of green savannahs spake,
And many an endless, endless lake,
With all its fairy crowds
Of islands, that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds.

And then he said, "How sweet it were
A fisher or a hunter there,
A gardener in the shade,
Still wandering with an easy mind
To build a household fire, and find
A home in every glade !

"What days and what sweet years ! Ah me !
Our life were life indeed, with thee,
So passed in quiet bliss,
And all the while," said he, "to know
That we were in a world of woe,
On such an earth as this !"

And then he sometimes interwove
Dear thoughts about a father's love ;
— "For there," said he, "are spun
Around the heart such tender ties,
That our own children to our eyes
Are dearer than the sun.

"Sweet Ruth ! and could you go with me,
My helpmate in the woods to be,
Our shed at night to rear ;
Or run, my own adopted bride,
A sylvan huntress at my side,
And drive the flying deer !"

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.





WOODLAND WALKS.

How sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks
 The wayward brain, to saunter through a wood !
 An old place, full of many a lovely brood,
 Tall trees, green arbours, and ground flowers in
 flocks ;
 And wild rose tiptoe upon hawthorn stocks,
 Like to a bonny lass, who plays her pranks
 At wakes and fairs with wandering mounte-
 banks,—

When she stands cresting the clown's head, and
 mocks
 The crowd beneath her. Verily I think,
 Such place to me is sometimes like a dream
 Or map of the whole world : thoughts, link by link,
 Enter through ears and eyesight, with such gleam
 Of all things, that at last in fear I shrink,
 And leap at once from the delicious stream.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem

Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it has been of yore ;—

Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more !

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose,—
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare ;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair ;
The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief ;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong.

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the
steep,—

No more shall grief of mine the season wrong :
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay ;

Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday ;—
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
shepherd boy !

Ye blessèd creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make ; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal,
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
 Oh, evil day ! if I were sullen
 While the earth herself is adorning
 This sweet May morning ;
 And the children are pulling
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm :—
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !
 —But there's a tree, of many one,
 A single field which I have looked upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is gone :
 The pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat :
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar ;
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home :
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy,
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy ;
 The youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ;
 At length the man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And, even with something of a mother's mind
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely nurse doth all she can
 To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
 A six-years' darling of a pigmy size !
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,

Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's eyes !
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,
 Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral ;
 And this hath now his heart,
 And unto this he frames his song :
 Then will he fit his tongue
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
 The little actor cons another part ;
 Filling, from time to time, his "humorous stage"
 With all the persons, down to palsied age,
 That Life brings with her in her equipage ;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy soul's immensity ;
 Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage ; thou eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
 Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !
 On whom those truths do rest,
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find ;
 Thou, over whom thy immortality
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
 A presence which is not to be put by ;
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom, on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring th' inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

O joy ! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That Nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive !
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benedictions : not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blessed ;
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :
 Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise ;
 But for those obstinate questionings

TO SLEEP.

Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings;
 Black misgivings of a creature
 Moving about in worlds not realized,
 High instincts, before which our mortal nature
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised!
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain-light of all our day
 Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;
 Uphold us—cherish—and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,
 To perish never;
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
 Nor man nor boy,
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy!
 Hence, in a season of calm weather,
 Though inland far we be,
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither—
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then, sing ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
 And let the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound!
 We, in thought, will join your throng,
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,

Ye that through your hearts to-day
 Feel the gladness of the May!
 What though the radiance which was once so bright
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind:
 In the primal sympathy
 Which having been, must ever be:
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering:
 In the faith that looks through death:
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And oh ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
 Think not of any severing of our loves!
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
 I only have relinquished one delight,
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.
 I love the brooks, which down their channels fret,
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they:
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day
 Is lovely yet;
 The clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live;
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears;
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO SLEEP.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,
 One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
 Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
 Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky;
 I've thought of all by turns; and still I lie
 Sleepless; and soon the small birds' melodies
 Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees;
 And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.
 Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,
 And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth:
 So do not let me wear to-night away:
 Without thee what is all the morning's wealth?
 Come, blessed barrier betwixt day and day,
 Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

Fond words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep!
 And thou hast had thy store of tenderest names;
 The very sweetest words that fancy frames
 When thankfulness of heart is strong and deep!
 Dear bosom-child we call thee, that dost steep
 In rich reward all suffering; balm that tames
 All anguish; saint that evil thoughts and aims
 Takest away, and into souls dost creep,
 Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall I alone—
 I, surely not a man ungently made—
 Call thee worst tyrant by which flesh is crossed?
 Perverse, self-willed to own and to disown,
 Mere slave of them who never for thee prayed,
 Still last to come where thou art wanted most!

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE SHIP.

WHERE lies the land to which yon ship must go?
Festively she puts forth in trim array;
As vigorous as a lark at break of day:
Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow?
What boots the inquiry? Neither friend nor foe
She cares for; let her travel where she may,
She finds familiar names, a beaten way

Ever before her, and a wind to blow.
Yet still I ask, what haven is her mark?
And, almost as it was when ships were rare,
(From time to time, like pilgrims, here and there
Crossing the waters), doubt, and something dark,
Of the old sea some reverential fear,
Is with me at thy farewell, joyous bark!

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

ART thou a statesman, in the van
Of public business trained and bred?
—First learn to love one living man!
Then mayst thou think upon the dead.

A lawyer art thou?—draw not nigh;
Go, carry to some other place
The hardness of thy coward eye,
The falsehood of thy sallow face.

Art thou a man of purple cheer,
A rosy man, right plump to see?
Approach; yet, doctor, not too near;
This grave no cushion is for thee.

Art thou a man of gallant pride,
A soldier, and no man of chaff?
Welcome!—but lay thy sword aside,
And lean upon a peasant's staff.

Physician art thou? One all eyes!
Philosopher? a fingering slave,
One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave!

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,
O turn aside,—and take, I pray,
That he below may rest in peace,
That abject thing, thy soul, away.

—A moralist perchance appears;
Led, Heaven knows how, to this poor sod;
And he hath neither eyes nor ears;
Himself his world, and his own God;

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling,
Nor form, nor feeling, great nor small;

A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual all in all!

Shut close the door, press down the latch;
Sleep in thy intellectual crust;
Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch
Near this unprofitable dust.

But who is he with modest looks,
And clad in homely russet brown?
He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noon-day grove;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

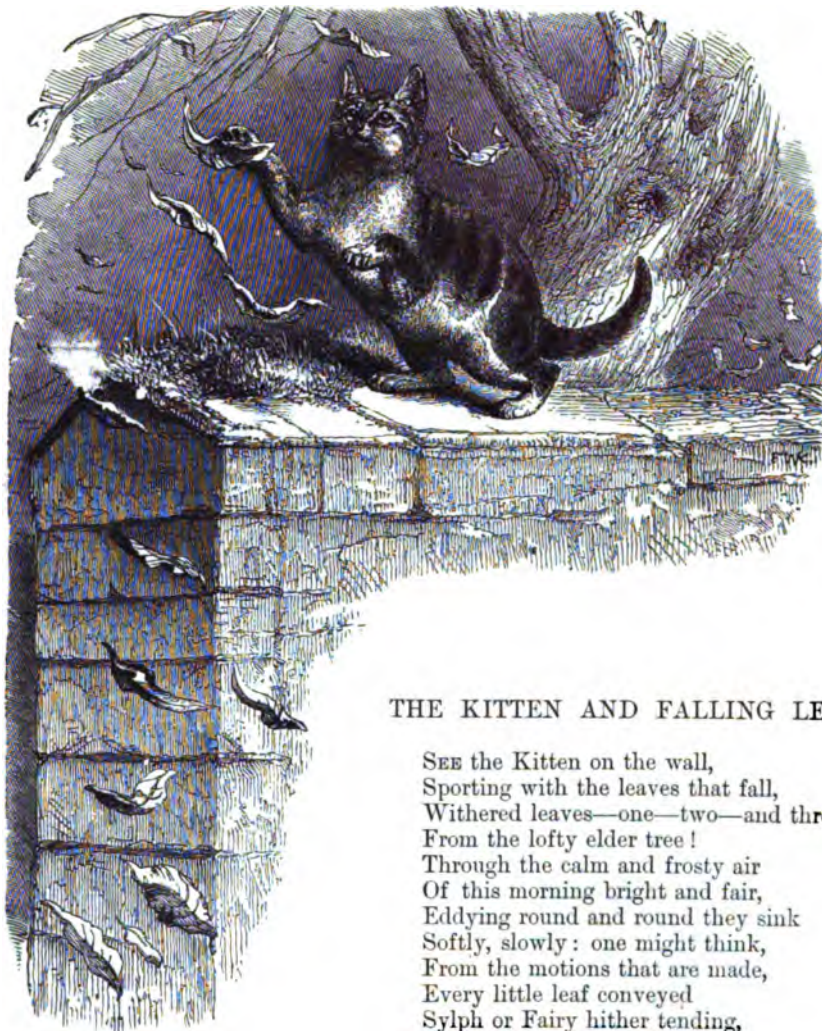
The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie,
Some random truths he can impart,
—The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak, both man and boy,
Hath been an idler in the land:
Contented if he might enjoy
The things which others understand.

—Come hither in thy hour of strength;
Come, weak as is a breaking wave!
Here stretch thy body at full length,
Or build thy house upon this grave.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH



THE KITTEN AND FALLING LEAVES.

SEE the Kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall,
Withered leaves—one—two—and three—
From the lofty elder tree !
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round they sink
Softly, slowly : one might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or Fairy hither tending,
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute,
In his wavering parachute.

—But the Kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts !
First at one, and then its fellow,
Just as light and just as yellow ;
There are many now—now one—
Now they stop and there are none :
What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire !

With a tiger-leap half-way
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again :

Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjuror ;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.
Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by,
Clapping hands with shout and stare,
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd ?
Over happy to be proud,
Over wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure !

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LUCY GRAY.

OFt have I heard of Lucy Gray :
And when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see, at break of day,
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
—The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !

“That, father ! will I gladly do :
’Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon !”

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot-band ;
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

“To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow.”



LUCY GRAY.

Not blither is the mountain roe :
With many a wanton stroke,
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :
She wandered up and down ;
And many a hill did Lucy climb :
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.



They wept—and, turning homeward, cried,
“In heaven we all shall meet !”
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy’s feet.

Half breathless from the steep hill’s edge
They tracked the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall ;

And then an open field they crossed :
The marks were still the same ;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank ;
And further there were none !

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child ;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O’er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind ;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?"

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain:
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in Heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead: those two are dead!
Their spirits are in Heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away: for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

NEVER FORGET TO PRAY.

NEVER, my child, forget to pray,
Whate'er the business of the day :
If happy dreams have bless'd thy sleep,
If startling fears have made thee weep,
With holy thoughts begin the day,
And ne'er, my child, forget to pray.

Pray Him by whom the birds are fed,
To give to thee thy daily bread :
If wealth His bounty should bestow,
Praise Him from whom all blessings flow :
If He who gave should take away,
O ne'er, my child, forget to pray.

The time will come when thou wilt miss
A father's and a mother's kiss ;
And then, my child, perchance you'll see
Some who in prayer ne'er bend the knee :
From such examples turn away,
And ne'er, my child, forget to pray.
—MRS. WRIGHT.

PROCRASTINATION.

BE wise to-day : 'tis madness to defer ;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time ;
Year after year it steals till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange ?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"—
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel : and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise ;
At least, their own ; their future selves applaud.
How excellent that life—they ne'er will lead !
Time lodged in their own hands is folly's vails,
That lodged in fate's to wisdom they consign ;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool !
And scarce in human wisdom, to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,

And that through every stage : when young, indeed,
In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves ; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool ;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves ; and re-resolves ; then, dies the same.
And why ? Because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but themselves ;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden
dread.
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close, where, past the shaft, no trace is found.
As from the wing, no scar the sky retains ;
The parted wave no furrow from the keel ;—
So dies in human hearts the thought of death,
E'en with the tender tear which Nature sheds
O'er those we love,—we drop it in their grave.
—YOUNG.



ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

RETIRE ;—The world shut out ; thy thoughts call
home :
Imagination's airy wing repress :—
Lock up thy senses ;—let no passions stir ;—
Wake all to Reason—let her reign alone ;
Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire :
What am I ? and from whence ? I nothing know
But that I am ; and, since I am, conclude
Something eternal : had there e'er been nought,
Nought still had been : Eternal there must be—
But what eternal ? Why not human race,
And Adam's ancestors without an end ?—
That's hard to be conceived ; since ev'ry link
Of that long chain'd succession is so frail :
Can every part depend, and not the whole ?
Yet grant it true ; new difficulties rise ;
I'm still quite out at sea ; nor see the shore.
Whence earth, and these bright orbs ?—Eternal too ?
Grant matter was eternal : still these orbs
Would want some other Father—much design
Is seen in all their motions, all their makes.

Design implies intelligence and art,
That can't be from themselves—or man ; that art
Man scarce can comprehend could man bestow ?
And nothing greater yet allow'd than man.—
Who motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
Shot through vast masses of enormous weight ?
Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly ?
Has matter innate motion ? Then each atom
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form a universe of dust.
Has matter none ? Then whence these glorious forms
And boundless flights, from shapeless and reposed ?
Has matter more than motion ? Has it thought,
Judgement, and genius ? Is it deeply learn'd
In mathematics ? Has it framed such laws,
Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal ?—
If art to form, and counsel to conduct,
And that with greater far than human skill,
Reside not in each block ;—a GODHEAD reigns :—
And, if a God there is, that God how great !
—YOUNG.









